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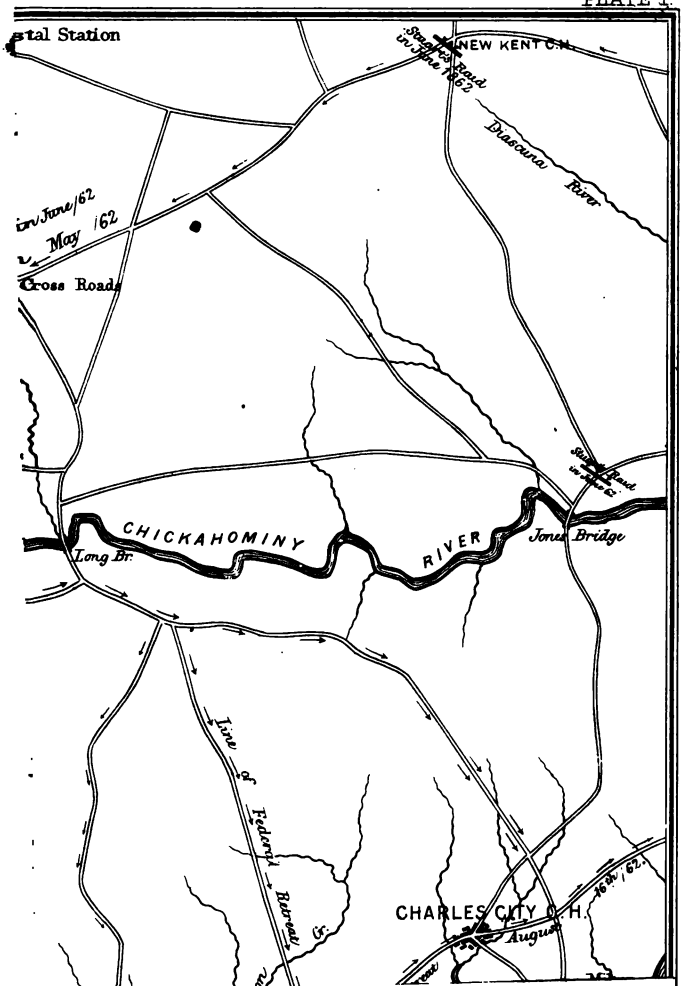
WEEK'S CAMPAIGN BEFORE RICHMOND &c.

PLATE 1.



BATTLE-FIELDS OF THE SOUTH,

FROM

BULL RUN TO FREDERICKSBURG;

WITH SKETCHES OF CONFEDERATE COMMANDERS, AND GOSSIP OF THE CAMPS.

BY

AN ENGLISH COMBATANT,
(LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY ON THE FIELD STAFF.)

WITH TWO MAPS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

JEFFERSON DAVIS,

(OF MISSISSIPPI,)

THE SOLDIER, STATESMAN, AND PATRIOT,

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES,

These Volumes are Dedicated

BY

AS A TOKEN OF PROFOUND RESPECT AND ADMIRATION

FOR THE GALLANT NATION

OVER WHOSE DESTINY HE SO ABLY PRESIDES,

BY

(T. E. C.)

AN ENGLISH COMBATANT

IN THE SOUTHERN ARMY.

"In cases of *deliberate*, *dangerous*, and *palpable infractions* of the Constitution *affecting the Sovereignty of a State* and the *Liberties of the People*, it is not only the *right*, but the *duty* of each State to interpose its authority for their own protection in the manner *best calculated to secure that end*. When emergencies occur, which are either beyond the reach of judicial tribunals, or too pressing to admit of the delay incident to their forms, States which have no common umpire *must be their own judges, and execute their own decisions*." — *Report of the New England States assembled in Convention at Hartford, Connecticut*, 1812.

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INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH the following narrative sufficiently explains itself, and is replete with evidence of the author's feeling, and of the point of view from which he has regarded the fratricidal strife still raging in America, it may be permitted him to remark in this place, that the impulse by which he was prompted in bearing arms for the Southern cause was simply that inherent love of liberty which animates every English heart. With all to lose and nought to gain in opposing the tyranny of Federal rule, and with no legal or political tie to North or South, he could not, in manhood, stand idly by, and gaze upon the despotism which a blind and fanatical majority sought to thrust upon an unoffending and almost helpless minority.

Having travelled and resided long on the American continent, carefully studying national characteristics, he was not surprised by the inevitable disruption of the Union, nor at any time unaware of the causes tending to that result. Rather his surprise has been that Southerners should so long have refrained from rising in arms against the accumulated insults and injuries

which, for a long series of years, have been heaped upon them. They would have been unworthy of their origin, and must have shown themselves less than men, had they longer submitted to the degradation of being deprived of free speech and action amongst a people whose prosperity had been fostered by their industry, and whose history they had ennobled by heroic deeds.

Apart from all untruthful bias, although serving in a cause he enthusiastically espoused, the author has followed the fortunes of Southern armies in this narrative with an honest intention to present facts, uncoloured, and exact in detail, so far as space would allow or his position and facilities enabled him to obtain them. Every statement he has made can be fully substantiated; he would esteem it unmanly, unsoldierly, and degrading to speak untruly of these events.

The real source of Northern prosperity has been misunderstood; so, in the author's opinion, has the real character of the Yankee people. The nasal-toned, tobacco-chewing, and long-limbed gentleman of the present day inhabiting the New England States, speaks the English language, it is true, in his own peculiar way, but Indian, Canadian, Irish, Dutch, French, and other bloods, course through his veins; and from his extraordinary peculiarities of habit and character displayed in this present war, it is extremely difficult to imagine which caste or shade predominates in him. He is a volatile, imaginative, superficial, theatrically-inclined individual, possessing uncommon self-confidence, and is very self-willed, arrogant, and boastful. His

self-conceit is boundless: any one who disputes his ideas is a fool.

The peculiarities of Yankee character displayed during the present war are very amusing, but sometimes, it must be confessed, very offensive. When General Scott was in chief command at Washington, and promised to "disperse the rebels within thirty days," the Northern editors were lavish and servile in praise of "the great chief!" Columns upon columns of editorial flattery daily issued from their journals. A thousand anecdotes and incidents were narrated of him when a precocious child, and, if remembered rightly, it was said his first plaything was a cannon. M'Dowell, his talented lieutenant, came in also for his share of praise, although thousands asked, "Who *is* M'Dowell?" When the reports of the Washington Administration claimed a victory at Manassas, the whole nation vociferously chaunted the praises of Scott and M'Dowell; but when the truth leaked out the day following, not a newspaper in the whole country but vilified them both, calling the first a stupid, ignorant old blockhead, and the latter a traitor.

Butler had appeared upon the scene some short time before. Being from Massachusetts (where none are found of course except men of extraordinary talents, genius, veracity, and bravery), he was going forth from Fortress Monroe to massacre or "bag" the entire Confederate force at Little Bethel. The press was in ecstasies; a swarm of reporters repaired to head-quarters, and Butler could not sneeze but the fact was telegraphed North as something very ominous, and

presaging no good to the rebels. Magruder and Hill whipped him completely in half an hour; and the press, as usual, poured out their vials of wrath, and he was treated to all the derision and vilification of an angry and disappointed populace.

M'Clellan next appeared in the arena, and the whole country was awe-struck at the supposed magnitude of his genius. None dared approach him save on tiptoe; dead silence prevailed wherever he went; reporters stretched their ears to catch the least word he uttered, which, after being highly ornamented and rendered very romantic, was blazoned forth to the North as the "last" good thing of the "Young Napoleon." All the world was supposed to be standing in breathless curiosity to know "what was coming next;" artists of various illustrated journals sharpened their pencils, and anxiously yearned to sketch the rapid succession of victories which were promised to be forthcoming; but time jogged along, and even Northern journalists began to grow weary of M'Clellan's inactivity. They had fully exhausted all their store of flattery and praise, and were now utterly fatigued with the task of fruitless and never-ending laudation.

The "Young Napoleon" had been compared to Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, and Napoleon the Great; but nothing in the history or character of those famous leaders was considered fully adequate to the heaven-born qualities of George B. M'Clellan. His eyes, hair, mouth, teeth, voice, manner, and apparel had all been described in carefully prepared leaders; and even his boots had something pertaining to their make

and style indicative of the surpassing talents of the wearer.* His servant was idolized, and nothing could be too good for him; for it was through this important functionary that a gaping and delighted public were favoured with the last and latest anecdotes illustrative of the great man, his master. Time went on, and the "Young Napoleon" suffered a series of defeats, not only fatal but humiliating.† Although

* The *Washington Chronicle*, June 22nd, furnishes us a case in point. —"THE INFANT NAPOLEON.—An incident which occurred in the city of Philadelphia in the winter of 1826-7 is particularly worthy of record in our present crisis, inasmuch as it relates to the early history of one who fills a position commanding the attention and admiration of the world, and particularly of our own country. I will premise by saying I was in Philadelphia in the winter spoken of, attending medical lectures under a distinguished surgeon, then a professor in one of the institutions of the city. A son was born to our professor, and the event scarcely transpired before the father announced it to his delighted pupils. Scales were instantly brought from a neighbouring grocer. Into one dish he placed the babe, into the other all the weights. The beam was raised, but the child moved not! The father, emptying his pockets, threw in his watch, coin, keys, knives, and lancets, but to no purpose—the little hero could not be moved! He conquered everything! *And, at last, while adding more and more weight, the cord supporting the beam gave way, and broke, rather than the giant infant would yield!* The father was Dr. M'Clellan, and the son—General M'Clellan! our young commander on the Potomac. The country will see a prophetic charm in this incident. Truly, he was weighed in the balance and not found wanting. May his present and future life stand the test as well! Surrounded as he is by traitors at home, while rampant rebellion is before him, I hear him amidst the jealousy and envy of cavillers quietly praying with Job—'Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know my integrity!'"—This beautiful incident of General M'Clellan's youth was *not* written subsequent to the Week's Campaign before Richmond, but at a time when he was the great idol of the North, and had much patronage within his gift.

† The following is the exceedingly modest address of M'Clellan after his disastrous defeat in the Seven Days' Campaign before Richmond, penned from his snug retreat at Harrison's Landing, within a hundred yards of numerous gunboats:— ["*Head-*

he attempted to conceal his disasters, the truth became known at last, and the long pent-up expectation of the

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"*Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac,*
"*Harrison's Landing, July 4th.*

"Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac! Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valour and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces, and without hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle, taking in return guns and colours from the enemy (?). Upon your march you have been assailed day after day with desperate fury by men of the same race and nation, skilfully massed and led. Under every disadvantage of number, and necessarily of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with immense slaughter (!). Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history. No one will now question that each of you may always with pride say, 'I belong to the Army of the Potomac!' You have reached the new base, complete in organization, and unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any time attack you: we are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat. Your Government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people. On this our nation's birthday, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best intentions of mankind, that this army shall enter the capital of the so-called Confederacy, that our national constitution shall prevail, and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace and external prosperity to each State, 'must and shall be preserved,' cost what it may in time, treasure, and blood!

"GEO. B. M'CLELLAN."

General Lee issued Order No. 75, after the Seven Days' Campaign before Richmond, which wonderfully contrasts with the above:—

"*Richmond, July 9th.*

"On Thursday, June 26, the powerful and thoroughly-equipped army of the enemy were entrenched in works, vast in extent and most formidable in character, within sight of our capital. To-day the remains of that confident and threatening host lie on the banks of the James River, thirty miles from Richmond, seeking to recover, under the protection of his gunboats, from the effects of disastrous defeats. The battle, beginning on the afternoon of June 26th, above Mechanicsville, continued until the night of July 1st, with only such intervals as were necessary to

Northern press burst forth in a torrent of abuse. The English language being incapable of illustrating their

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pursue and overtake the flying foe. His strong entrenchments and obstinate resistance were overcome, and our army swept resistlessly down the north side of the Chickahominy until it reached the rear of the enemy, and broke his communication with York River, capturing or causing the destruction of many valuable stores, and, by the decisive battle of Friday, forcing the enemy from his line of powerful fortifications on the south side of the Chickahominy, and driving him to a precipitate retreat. Our victorious army pursued as rapidly as the obstructions placed by the enemy in his rear would permit, three times overtaking his flying columns, and as often driving him with slaughter from the field, leaving his numerous dead and wounded in our hands in every conflict. The immediate fruits of our success are the relief of Richmond from a state of siege, the rout of the great army which has so long menaced its safety, many thousands of prisoners, including officers of high rank, the capture or destruction of stores to the value of millions, and the acquisition of thousands of arms, and over fifty pieces of superior artillery. The service rendered to the country in this short but eventful period can scarcely be estimated, and the general commanding cannot adequately express his admiration of the courage, endurance, and soldierly conduct of the officers and men engaged. Those brilliant results have cost us many brave men, but while we mourn the loss of our gallant dead, let us not forget that they died in defence of their country's freedom, and have linked their memory with an event that will live for ever in the hearts of a grateful people. Soldiers, your country will thank you for the heroic conduct worthy of men engaged in a cause so just and sacred, and deserving a nation's gratitude and praise.

"By order of General LEE,

"R. H. CHILTON, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

The following is the address of President Davis to the Army after the battles before Richmond:—"I congratulate you on the series of brilliant victories which, under Divine Providence, you have lately won, and as President of the Confederate States do heartily tender to you the thanks of our country, whose just cause you have so skilfully and heroically served. Ten days ago an invading army, vastly superior to you in numbers and in the material of war, closely beleaguered your capital, and vauntingly proclaimed its speedy conquest. You marched to attack the enemy in his entrenchments. With well-directed movements and death-dealing valour you charged upon him in his strong position, drove him from field to field over a distance of thirty-five miles,

feelings, new epithets were invented to denote their accumulated contempt and scorn for the "Young Napoleon."* Yankee character delights in extremes: it is all adulation or all abuse.

Fremont, who once ran for President of the United States, had also experienced the changeful feeling of the Northern masses, and bore their strictures, we are told, with but little grace. When appointed to command the forces in Missouri, the newspapers, as usual, were literally crammed with sketches, anecdotes, and illustrations of the "great Pathfinder." Nothing too absurd could be

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and, despite his reinforcements, compelled him to seek shelter under cover of his gunboats, where he now lies cowering before the army so lately derided and threatened with entire subjugation. The fortitude with which you have borne toil and privation, the gallantry with which you have entered into each successive battle, must have been witnessed to be fully appreciated; but a grateful people will not fail to recognize you, and to bear you in loved remembrance. Well may it be said of you that you have done enough for glory; but duty to a suffering country, and to the cause of constitutional liberty, claims from you yet further effort. Let it be your pride to relax in nothing which can promote your future efficiency, your one grand object being to drive the invader from your soil, and, carrying your standards beyond the outer boundaries of the Confederacy, to wring from an unscrupulous enemy the recognition of your birthright—community and independence!

"(Signed) JEFFERSON DAVIS."

* I have frequently heard distinguished Southern leaders speak of M'Clellan in the highest terms of compliment. His successful retreat through the Chickahominy swamp is considered by officers to be equal to the best deeds on military record.

It may not be generally known, but men of high position and great veracity have said in Richmond that M'Clellan offered his services to the South when the war began, and that he asked to command a division. He was answered that, if his heart was in the cause let him join the ranks like Longstreet and others, and fight his way up to that position. There are documents which put this question beyond dispute, but I have not seen them.

said in his favour; all the river cities of Missouri were preparing grand receptions for him; Dutch lager-bier brewers were laying in large stocks to meet the forthcoming demand: for, on Fremont's arrival, the land was expected to flow with milk and honey. Fremont was called "the coming man," "the great unknown," "the master-mind;" in truth, he was extolled and looked upon as a demigod. St. Louis and the West ran riot with delight. Dutch cheese, Dutch beer, Dutch bands, Dutch everything was the order of the day, and delightful guttural Dutch was the language of Fremont's embryo court held with mock state in Choteau-avenue. The "ragged" Confederates, however, put a sudden stop to the round of conviviality and expense in which he indulged. Disaster attended the Federal army in the West, and Fremont sank low in the opinion of even his former admirers. He was suddenly removed, and the Northern newspapers turned against him.

What had become of John Pope, late Commander-in-Chief of the army of Virginia, was matter of speculation among all classes; but, from the fearful clamour raised throughout the North regarding his late series of brilliant defeats, it was considered possible that he had been sent on a reconnoitring expedition among those mountains where, as his despatches stated, he had driven poor Stonewall Jackson.* Rumour said that the Washington Cabinet had

* Regarding this great chieftain (Pope, not Jackson), his doings and his antecedents, it may not be improper to place upon record the follow-

exiled him among the Indians of the North-west, where he might practise the art of war without sacrificing

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ing historical documents. He thus addressed the army of Virginia on assuming command:—

"To the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of Virginia!—By special assignment of the President of the United States, I have assumed command of this army. I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition, and your wants, in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in position from which you can act promptly and to the purpose. I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies—from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when found—whose policy has been attack, and not defence! In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our Western armies in a defensive attitude I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily! I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are so capable of achieving: that opportunity I shall endeavour to give you," &c.

A Northern authority, speaking of the depravity of Pope's troops in Virginia, writes:—

"The new usage which has been instituted in regard to protection of rebel property, and the purpose of the Government to subsist the army as far as practicable upon the enemy's country, has produced a decided revolution in the feelings and practices of the soldiery, and one which seems to me to be regretted. Unless these innovations are guarded by far more stringent safeguards against irregular and unauthorized plundering, we shall have let loose upon the country, at the close of the war, a torrent of unbridled and unscrupulous robbers. Rapid strides towards villany have been made during the last few weeks; men who at home would have shuddered at the suggestion of touching another's property, now appropriate remorselessly whatever comes within their reach. Thieving, they imagine, has now become an authorized practice; and under the show of subsisting themselves, chickens, turkeys, hams, and corn, have become lawful plunder, with no discrimination as to the character or circumstances of the original owner. I blush when I state, that on the march through a section of country, every spring-house is broken open, and butter, milk, eggs, and ham are engulfed before the place is reached by the main body; and it does not seem to matter if such articles are the *only stock and store of the poor inhabitants.* Calves and sheep, and, in fact, anything and everything serviceable for meat or drink, or apparel, are not safe a moment after

from five to ten thousand men at every exhibition of his genius. M'Dowell, Porter, and many old officers,

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the approach of our army; even things apparently useless are snatched up, because, it would seem, many men love to steal."

Regarding his attack upon Jackson's corps, and his repulse, he wrote:—

"*Manassas Junction, August 28th, 10 p.m.*

"As soon as I discovered that a large force of the enemy were turning our right towards Manassas, and that the division I had ordered to take post there two days before had not yet arrived from Alexandria, I immediately broke up my camps at Warrenton Junction and Warrenton, and marched rapidly back in three columns.

"I directed M'Dowell, with his own and Sigel's corps, to march upon Gainsville by the Warrenton and Alexandria turnpike; Reno and one division of Heinzleman to march on Greenwich, and with Porter's corps and Hooker's division, I marched back to Manassas Junction.

"M'Dowell was ordered to interpose between the forces of the enemy which had passed down to Manassas through Gainsville, and his main body moving down from White Plains through Thoroughfare Gap. This was completely accomplished, *Longstreet, who had passed through the Gap, being driven back to the west side* (*!!!*)

"The forces to Greenwich were designed to support M'Dowell in case he met too large a force of the enemy. The division of Hooker, marching towards Manassas, came upon the enemy near Kettle Run, on the afternoon of the 27th, and after a sharp action, routed them completely, killing and wounding three hundred, capturing camps, baggage, and many stand of arms (!)

"This morning (28th) the command pushed rapidly to Manassas Junction, which Jackson had evacuated three hours before. He retreated by Centreville, and took the turnpike towards Warrenton. He was met six miles west of Centreville by M'Dowell and Sigel late this afternoon. A severe fight took place, which was terminated by darkness. The enemy was driven back at all points, and thus the affair rests.

"Heinzleman's corps will move on him at daylight from Centreville, and I do not see how the enemy is to escape without heavy loss. *We have captured one thousand prisoners, many arms, and one piece of artillery.*

"JOHN POPE, *Major-General.*"

Pope's reputation for truth is now so well known to friend and foe, and his despatches are so unique in every particular, that I refrain from any comments. Although "*Longstreet, who had passed through the Gap,*

who had been accused of "treason" by this great and veracious Incapable, were said to be temporarily de-

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had been driven back," Pope met both Jackson and Longstreet on the following day, and thus speaks of the result of the fighting on the 29th in the following "sensational" telegraphic despatch, penned on the morning of the 30th, which was read with uproarious delight by millions at the North, at the very moment, perhaps, when Lee was giving him his quietus:—

"*Head-quarters, Grovetown, August 30th.*

"We fought a terrific battle here yesterday with the combined forces of the enemy, which lasted with continuous fury from daylight until dark, by which time the enemy were driven from the field which we now occupy. Our troops are too much exhausted to push matters; but I shall do so in the course of the morning, as soon as Fitzjohn Porter's corps comes up from Manassas. The enemy is still in front, but badly used. We have not less than 8,000 men killed and wounded; and from the appearance of the field, the enemy has lost two to our one. He stood strictly on the defensive, and every assault was made by ourselves. Our troops have behaved splendidly. The battle was fought on the identical battle-field of Bull Run, which greatly increased the enthusiasm of our men. The news has just reached me from the front, that the enemy is retreating towards the mountains. I at once pushed forward a reconnoitring party to ascertain this. We have made great captures, but I am not yet able to form an idea of their extent

"JOHN POPE, *Major-General.*

General Lee's despatch to President Davis regarding the Battle of Manassas throws light upon Pope's falsehoods:—

"*Head-quarters, Grovetown, Aug. 30th,* 10 *p.m.*

"The army achieved to-day, on the plains of Manassas, a signal victory over the combined forces of Generals M'Clellan and Pope. On the 28th and 29th each wing, under Jackson and Longstreet, repulsed with vigour attacks made upon them separately. We mourn the loss of our gallant dead in every conflict, yet our gratitude to Almighty God for His mercies rises higher each day. To Him, and to the valour of our troops, a nation's gratitude is due.

"(Signed) ROBERT E. LEE."

Pope had attained a place in history as a great falsifier long before assuming command of the Army of Virginia, as documents regarding his operations in the West fully demonstrate.

[Respecting

prived of their commands, and enjoying whisky-and-water among the anti-Administration party of New York.

Respecting Beauregard's retreat from Corinth, General Halleck thus telegraphed to Washington, on the strength of Pope's reports:—

"*Head-quarters, June* 4, 1862.

"General Pope, with 40,000 men, is thirty miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard. He already reports 10,000 prisoners and deserters from the enemy, and 15,000 stand of arms captured.

"Thousands of the enemy are throwing away their arms. A farmer says, that when Beauregard learned that Colonel Elliot had cut the railroad on his line of retreat he became frantic, and told his men to save themselves the best way they could.

"We have captured nine locomotives and a number of cars. One of the former is already repaired, and is running to-day. Several more will be in running order in two or three days. The result is all I could possibly desire.

"H. W. HALLECK, *Major-General Commanding.*"

General Beauregard's comments on the above, published in the *Mobile Register*, were to the following effect:—

"*Head-quarters, Western Department, June* 17.

"GENTLEMEN,—My attention has just been called to the despatch of Major-General Halleck, commanding the enemy's forces, which, coming from such a source, is most remarkable in one respect—that it contains as many misrepresentations as lines.

"General Pope did not 'push hard' upon me with 40,000 men thirty miles from Corinth on the 4th inst., for my troops occupied a defensive line in the rear of 'Twenty Mile Creek,' less than twenty-five miles from Corinth, until the 8th inst., when the want of good water induced me to retire at my leisure to a better position. Moreover, if General Pope had attempted, at any time during the retreat from Corinth, to push hard upon me, I would have given him such a lesson as would have checked his ardour; but he was careful to advance on after my troops had retired from each successive position.

"The retreat was conducted with great order and precision, doing much credit to the officers and men under my orders, and must be looked upon, in every respect, by the country as equivalent to a brilliant victory.

"General Pope must certainly have dreamed of having taken 10,000 prisoners and 15,000 stand of arms; for we positively never lost them. About 100 or 200 stragglers would probably cover all the prisoners he

While the Yankee is extremely bitter towards unsuccessful men, and ungenerously visits upon them

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took, and about 500 damaged muskets is all the arms he got. These belonged to a convalescent camp, four miles south of Corinth, evacuated during the night, and were overlooked on account of the darkness. The actual number of prisoners taken during the retreat was about equal on both sides, and they were but few.

"Major-General Halleck must be a very credulous man, indeed, to believe the absurd story of 'that farmer.' He ought to know that the burning of two or more cars on a railroad is not sufficient to make 'Beauregard frantic' and ridiculous, especially when I expected every moment to hear of the capture of the maranding party, whose departure from Farmington had been communicated to me the day before, and I had given, in consequence, all necessary orders; but a part of my forces passed Boonville an hour before the arrival of Colonel Elliot's command, and the other part arrived just in time to drive it away and liberate the convalescents captured; unfortunately, however, not in time to save four of the sick, who were barbarously consumed in the station-house. Let Colonel Elliot's name descend to infamy as the author of such a revolting deed. General Halleck did not capture nine locomotives. It was only by the accidental destruction of a bridge, before some trains had passed, that he got seven engines in a damaged condition, the cars having been burned by my orders.

"It is, in fact, easy to see how little the enemy respect truth and justice when speaking of their military operations, especially when, through inability or over confidence, they meet with deserved failure.

"If the result be all he desired, it can be said that Major-General Halleck is easily satisfied; it remains to be seen whether his Government and people will be of the like opinion.

"I attest that all we lost at Corinth and during the retreat would not amount to one day's expense of his army.

"G. T. BEAUREGARD."

To complete these documents, an able Northern writer thus speaks of Corinth and its evacuation:—

"The fortifications about Corinth are plain, ordinary entrenchments, constructed of earth and logs, not elaborate or expensive, hardly first-rate, about six miles in length. They are not superior to any of ours thrown up in a couple of days, and not equal in strength and science to those of our right wing. To speak the truth, they are precisely such as a great army, advancing, retreating, or remaining in the face of an equal foe, would throw up in a night. I was immensely disappointed in them.

all manner of contumely and disgrace, he is equally unjust to those in subordinate commands who betray

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I have really got up in the morning, eaten my three meals, and gone to bed again, for the last month, in unutterable awe of these Gibralto-Sebastopolian fortifications of the enemy at Corinth. I walked round about them to-day, marking well their bulwarks, telling the towers thereof till my sides were sore with merriment and my lips sore with chagrin. With the single exception of the abattis of fallen trees, 500 yards wide in front of them, there is nothing under heaven about the fortifications at Corinth—their situation, style, or strength—more than the most ordinary and temporary fortifications possess.

"I went all over the late tented field of the enemy—all over the fortifications—all over the town—talked with the frank druggist and the sturdy Irishman that had worked upon the railroad. And so do I write what I saw in grief, mortification, chagrin, and shame. I said yesterday, 'I'll write no more; others may; I can't. Patriotism will not let me write what I have seen and can swear to.' When I write such words as I am sometimes compelled to, if I write at all, I am afraid lest, in exposing military imbecility, I shall wound and damage our beautiful commonwealth that struggles so tremendously for existence and perpetuity.

"But I do religiously believe that it is best now for the commonwealth to hear and heed what is bitter, undisputed fact—the Confederate strategy since the Battle of Shiloh has been as successful as it has been superior. Taking the enemy's stand-point, and writing when and where I do, I cannot possibly imagine how it could have been more eminent for perfection and success. Taking our stand-point, the stand-point of the Union's hopes and Halleck's fame, I cannot possibly imagine how it could have been more mortifyingly disastrous. If the attack at Shiloh was a surprise to General Grant, the evacuation of Corinth was no less a surprise to General Halleck. If the one ruined Grant, the other has laid out in pallid death the military name and fame of Major-General Halleck.

"The druggist says he was two weeks getting away. But aside from such testimony, could the army of Beauregard be removed so cleanly, and completely, and noiselessly during a night, or day and night, or two days and two nights? Did it require the tremendous concussion of the magazine explosion to get into our ears what we would not get into our eyes—the evacuation? Why, that was the final act of the mortifying drama. On Friday morning we went in. The prisoners that we captured amounted to about 400. Four hundred! Even the beggarly picket regiments and light artillery that fought us so

tokens of ability and success; particularly if they are so unfortunate as to entertain political opinions contrary to those of the Administration. It matters not what ability an officer may possess; if he is not politically identified with his masters, promotion is denied, and the press so effectually gagged that no word of commendation may escape it. Sigel,* Sturges, Grant, Buel,

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boldly, got away. Those that we caught declare that they were kept in ignorance of the movements at Corinth, and were as much surprised at the evacuation as ourselves. Corinth has been searched in vain for a spiked or disabled gun. Shame on us, what a clean piece of evacuation it was!

"Never shall I forget the pertinacity with which that long lean line of Confederate pickets, backed, perchance, by some 5,000 muskets and a few six-pounders, disputed every inch of our advance, while the vast, imposing host behind them—leaders, stores, cannon, commissaries, knapsacks, shoe-strings, tooth-picks, and all—quietly and leisurely flowed away from its entrenchments. I haven't seen the telegram that the Censor sent you. Surely it concluded with the stereotyped encouragement, 'Our cavalry in hot pursuit of the flying enemy.' At this writing there are no results from the 'pursuit.' I prophesied a fight at Corinth, and believed there would be down to the moment that I heard the magazines explode. Beauregard fooled me. I am not much ashamed at that. I am no strategist. I am no scout or spy, and employ none. It is my business to record the doings of the National rather than the Confederate army. General Beauregard fooled, hoodwinked, outwitted General Halleck. I *am* ashamed of that. I winced under it as much as if General Beauregard had spit in General Halleck's face—oh, more, of course! I am speaking the unvarnished, the unpalatable truth. My eyes are writing what they saw, my ears what they have heard, my conscience what it believes. And to say the galling fact, there is nothing here but chagrin and shame, disappointment and disapprobation over these empty entrenchments, this bootless, bloodless occupation of Corinth. Better for General Halleck that he had remained in St. Louis, or had never been born, than to have taken the field."

* Major-General Franz Sigel has proved himself an excellent soldier; and if he had been untrammelled by those in power, or given a distinct command away from Fremont and other incapables, he would have made a great name for himself long ere this. He was born in Baden in 1824, and graduated with much honour in the military college of Carls-

Rosecranz, and others, who have displayed traits of genius under adverse circumstances, have never been called to chief command, simply because they were foreigners, or opposed to the dominant party in politics. Men of ability, without politicians to assist them, can never expect to rise; and if it were known to-morrow that a foreigner was in the ranks capable of guiding the destinies of the nation, he might remain there in obscurity, and the continent be reduced to anarchy, ere Northern pride would succumb to be led by any one who was not born on the soil.

The Yankee proper hates all foreigners, when anything is to be gained or given away. It is conceded, indeed, that Europeans are serviceable as food for powder, and great pains are taken to keep up a plentiful supply of this food by numerous agents, who are busily engaged for this purpose in Europe. But, although they cannot deny that the foreign element has been the stepping-stone

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ruhe; and, in 1847, was considered one of the ablest artillerists in Europe. When the revolution broke out in Germany, he threw up his command and joined the insurgents. At one time he was in command of the insurgent army, and successfully retreated with 30,000, despite all the traps and snares laid for him by an army of 80,000. His generalship drew forth praise from some of the best soldiers in Europe. When the rebellion was crushed, Sigel emigrated to America, and settled in St. Louis, marrying the daughter of a gentleman in whose academy he taught. When the present war broke out, he received command of the 2nd Missouri Volunteers, and was soon appointed brigadier. He served with distinction under Lyon, Fremont, and Curtis. He was removed from Missouri, and appointed to command the 12th Army Corps under Pope, in Virginia, and has greatly distinguished himself. Although much sneered at by those in the Federal army, and subjected on all occasions to many slights and annoyances, Sigel is a much better general than many who have been his superiors in command, and could do more with a division than half-a-dozen men such as General Pope.

to all their past prosperity, and that it has proved itself superior to native blood upon every battle-field, they will unblushingly protest on all occasions that "we Americans" are the great rulers and master-minds, capable of achieving anything and everything of which a mortal man might dream. Poor unfortunate foreigners may sweat and toil, and fight or bleed for them; but, were the war to cease to-morrow, hundreds would be again shot down in the public streets, as happened in Louisville and Baltimore: and for no other reason, perhaps, save that they dare to think for themselves in the use of the suffrage.

In the appointment and dismissal of their generals, the constant practice of the North has made them ridiculous alike to Southerners and to all Europe. A man is called to command because a political faction admires or thinks him capable; though, probably, he has no notion of the duties of an officer. Every new appointment serves to create a "sensation," and, for a time, it appeases the clamour of the press. The newly-fledged commander, however modest he may naturally be, finds himself instantly transformed into a genius, and the eyes of the nation are fixed upon him in ecstatic hope. Something in his eye betrays vast penetration, if not positive knowledge, of the future; his walk may be slow—he is a studious, long-headed man, and all will be well; his step may be quick and elastic—a sure sign of brilliancy and activity. If his speech is loud, he was born to command; if soft, he is dealing in mysteries. It matters not, indeed, what he is, or might have been, or what he has or has not

done—he is a new man, and an untried one. He has many things in his gift, and is quickly flattered out of them by crowds of sycophants, who care not a jot who rules, amid the rack and ruin of the times, so that they themselves have secured something from the national plunder.

If the genius of the hour proves unsuccessful, he is immediately kicked from high places, and sinks into deeper obscurity than he had known before. No inquiries are instituted to ascertain how much he might have been to blame, and whether the disgrace has been caused by himself or his more culpable subordinates; it is sufficient that he has been unsuccessful. The Yankee demands success: it is the master passion of his life; if he cannot obtain a whole victory, he is willing to purchase half a one at any cost. Northern victories have been frequent on paper; but these, he is fully aware, are not sufficient to gratify European tastes, however much they may delight and comfort excitable and inflated Northerners.

The pride and self-love of the North are so extravagant, that the bare idea of defeat in any undertaking is hurtful and humiliating. They think themselves born to unprecedented renown; and it is a foregone conclusion, that no nation ever did, or ever can, approach them in those talents with which they suppose themselves to be transcendently endowed. In machinery of all classes, in ship and boat building, in railways, telegraphs, cities, in energy and success, other nations of the world are supposed to be infinitely their inferiors. And, as to fighting on land or water! they firmly believe that one Yankee is worth any six "Britishers."

In truth, the Yankee proper has hitherto thought, or been taught to believe, that the nations of Europe are seized with fear and trembling whenever an American stump-orator rises to speak.

Not long before the present war began, Yankee programmes of future operations in the Eastern and Western hemispheres were freely circulated and discussed; and the preposterous magnitude of them would have excited smiles of compassion in any but the inflated petty politicians of New England. The whole country, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, was theirs; England was to be deprived of the Canadas, and American emissaries were already there laying plans for any expected or presupposed uprising of the people. England, of course, could do nothing in the matter. It was known that she was much averse to any American quarrel—in fact, feared it: and, should she dare to lift a hand in defence of her possessions, a fortnight would be all-sufficient to "clean out" the whole British empire, east and west. Ireland was to be made a republic, with Thomas Francis Meagher as president. England was also to be revolutionized, and Brown, Williams, or Jones placed in the presidential chair. France was next on the list: Louis Napoleon was to be deposed, and the country partitioned. If Ledru Rollin or Louis Blanc were unwilling to take charge of affairs, the empire should be offered as a gift to their particular friend the Emperor of Russia, as a token of commiseration for the injustice done him by the Western Powers. All the petty German kings and princes were to be sent to the right about; the Sultan was to be thrown into the Bosphorus, and

his lands settled by Russian peasants or free negroes. Mexico was to be appropriated, and all Central America with it; Cuba, of course, was to be annexed; and many predicted that few months would elapse ere the Stars and Stripes should float over the walls of Moro Castle! The West India, Bahama, and all other islands were to be appendages to the American Republic; and if no other use could be made of them, they were to be converted into coaling stations for the omnipotent Yankee navy, rather than that the detested banner of Old England should wave over any portion of territory in the Atlantic Ocean. From the Equator to the North Pole, and from the Canaries to the Sandwich Islands, no spot of earth was to be under any rule save the sway of the omnipotent Yankee; who, complacently picking his teeth on top of the Rocky Mountains, might at one view take in half the world, and call it his own.

This is scarcely an exaggeration of the wild dream of universal empire which haunted the brain of the excitable and self-sufficient Yankee. But the intoxicating idea was rudely disturbed; though not by any aggressive power desirous of forestalling Northern ambition by a similar career of conquest and domination.* When

* Even in this struggle, and towards the border States, Southern leaders have shown no desire to act aggressively. The following was General Lee's address to the people of Maryland on entering their territory:—

"*Head-quarters, Army of Northern Virginia,*
"*Near Frederick, Monday, Sept. 8th,* 1862.

"To the People of Maryland.

"It is right that you should know the purpose that has brought the army under my command within the limits of your State, so far as

hostilities began, the Southerners were comparatively helpless for all purposes of war; their resources were inconsiderable, and but little of the matériel of war was at their command, save brave hearts and willing hands. Yet one short year had not elapsed ere this

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that purpose concerns yourselves. The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties, and reduced to the condition of a conquered province. Under the pretence of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned, upon no charge, and contrary to all the forms of law. A faithful and manly protest against this outrage, made by an illustrious Marylander, to whom, in better days, no citizen appealed for right in vain, was treated with contempt and scorn. The Government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers; your Legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of its members; freedom of speech and of the press has been suppressed; words have been declared offences by an arbitrary decree of the Federal Executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by military commissions for what they may dare to speak.

"Believing that the people of Maryland possess a spirit too lofty to submit to such a Government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore the independence and sovereignty of your State. In obedience to this wish, our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which you have been so unjustly despoiled. This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission, so far as you are concerned. No restraint upon your free-will is intended; no intimidation will be allowed within the limits of this army, at least. Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech. We know no enemies among you, and will protect all of you, in every opinion. It is for you to decide your destiny, freely and without constraint. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be; and while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free-will.

"R. E. Lee, *General Commanding.*"

heroic people stood before the world resolute to defend their idependence, armed with the spoils of victories in many a hard-fought battle-field. The valour and triumphs of the South by land and sea, under the most adverse circumstances, are recorded in these volumes. No people, no nation has struggled more manfully for freedom; and could England truly know the privations, sufferings, and patriotic self-sacrifice of the women and children in that far distant land, compassion would assume some material form to relieve the necessities of these descendants of her ancient and noble emigrants.

Yet the South is just as far from subjugation as when the strife began, despite the almost superhuman exertions of her enemies; and there is little doubt but that she will ere long claim recognition from the European Powers as an independent nation.

BATTLE-FIELDS OF THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

First Acts of Secession—Measures of the Southern Leaders—Major Anderson and Fort Sumpter—Southern Preparations for War—Drilling of Volunteers—Preparing to march—Patriotic Spirit of the South—Journey by Rail—Camp at Corinth—Regimental Officers—A tragical Episode.

As an English resident in the then United States of America, I watched intently the progress of public affairs after the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, and the probable disruption of the time-honoured Federation filled me with serious concern. The stirring political events that followed thick and fast were deeply impressed upon my mind as they occurred, and the most minute details of circumstances bearing upon the calamities that succeeded them are ineffaceable from my memory.

When the Southern leaders were recalled home by the States they severally represented in the United States Senate and House of Representatives, and those States had sèceded from the Union, acts of confederaration were immediately agreed upon; Montgomery

(Alabama) being judiciously chosen as the temporary seat of Government. Several States had not as yet (April 1st) sundered from the North; yet no one doubted that they would all secede either unanimously, or by vast majorities, as they subsequently did.

The Southern leaders had for months past begged the parent Government to allow the seceding States to retire peaceably and without bloodshed; and commissioners had been sent to negotiate for the transfer of Government property hitherto mutually possessed. But the Government, instead of officially communicating with the envoys, put them off with specious promises from day to day, until it became obvious that the North was manœuvring for *time*, in order to strengthen the coasts and harbours, and seize the most eligible strategical positions, and thus by mere physical force resist, and if possible prevent, secession. To have quietly allowed President Lincoln to reinforce the Southern garrisons and forts, would have been equivalent to submission; and aware, despite all asseverations to the contrary, that he *then* had on the way heavy reinforcements for Charleston harbour, Fort Sumpter was instantly reduced, its colours hauled down, and the Confederate flag raised over its ruins.*

* Major Robert Anderson, 1st Artillery, was commandant here. He is a native of Kentucky, and nearly sixty years of age. He entered the service as brevet 2nd lieutenant 2nd Artillery, July 1st, 1825. On the evening of the day that South Carolina formally seceded from the Union (December 20th, 1860), a grand banquet was given in Charleston, at which Major Anderson assisted, and, apparently, very much enjoyed himself; so that a party of gentlemen accompanied him to the wharf, where a boat was in readiness to convey him to his head-quarters at Fort Moultrie; Fort Sumpter, the strongest of all the forts, placed in

This decisive act was bitterly anathematized in the North, both from pulpit and press; but the clamour partook less of manly indignation than of hypocritical expostulation, and ill-concealed annoyance at the failure of the Government scheme.

Now arose the question—What were the prospects of success for the new Confederate Government? Their munitions of war were some hundred thousand stand of arms found in the State arsenals, and ammunition for

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the middle of the bay, not being tenanted. But the major's inebriety was all assumed, for at midnight he spiked the guns, and conveyed all his men and stores to Fort Sumpter; so that next morning, when it was thought the Confederate troops might take possession, the Union flag betrayed the fact that Anderson was already there. Our leaders were greatly incensed at the major, but President Buchanan would not disapprove the act, and we had to bombard the fort.

Before hostilities commenced, however, the citizens of Charleston treated the major and his little garrison with much considerate politeness, allowing them to procure fresh provisions from the city daily; and it was not until all negotiations had failed, and a large fleet had been sent by President Lincoln to the assistance of the fort, that it was bombarded and reduced by General Beauregard, after an expenditure of 2,000 shot, during parts of two days. The Federal fleet outside the bar were witness to the whole transaction, but did not attempt to force a passage, even when a conflagration in the fort, the number of his dismounted guns, and the shattered walls induced the major to surrender, April 13th, 1861. Anderson was allowed to march out with the honours of war, and to salute his flag. During this latter ceremony, one of his guns burst, killing four of his men—the first blood shed during the whole affair. When Major Anderson arrived among his friends in the North, he was greatly lionized, and cried up as a "martyr" by fanatics; and, on the plea of sickness, he used his leave to travel round the country, feasting and speech-making. He was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and appointed to command the forces then gathering in Kentucky for the Western campaign; but he unexpectedly resigned, averring that the fatigues and hardships endured at Fort Sumpter had ruined his constitution. In truth, he was not willing to jeopardize his easily acquired reputation, by commanding men in whom he had little confidence, and in a cause he thoroughly despised.

twice as many. But for what purpose were these arms likely to be required? Not for vengeance, seeing that not one drop of blood had been spilled; and except the battered walls of Fort Sumpter, no material damage had been effected. The danger clearly perceived was the intention of the North to force the Confederate States back into the Union, and to meet this a call was made for 75,000 men, and heartily responded to.

The chief difficulty proved to be the proper equipment and command of the volunteers. The arms in the State arsenals were nothing more than common percussion muskets, and the cartridges proved almost useless, being filled with very old, common, large-grained blasting powder. Our ports were blockaded; the North had free communication with Europe; exchequer we had none; our opponents could raise millions at home or abroad; our leaders were few, of inferior rank and little reputation; our foes had one at their head fondly called by themselves "the greatest general of his age." Save Lee, Johnstone, Beauregard, and Cooper, we had not one single officer of note; and the first-named was only a colonel of dragoons in the old United States' service. It is true that several officers (among them Van Dorn, Longstreet, Ewell, and Evans) in the Indian countries, or on the Border, immediately threw up their commands, and joined the fortunes of their respective States; but little was expected of them, since they could only be regarded as men of theory, with but little experience in warfare. Common expectation, however, was most agreeably disappointed in these officers.

While General Scott and a host of officers were drilling and marshalling their men at Washington, the State of Virginia seceded. Her arsenals and naval works were, as a consequence, blown up or fired by the enemy, and evacuated; the only spoil that fell to our lot, at Norfolk and other places, being charred and broken hulls, empty dockyards, spiked cannon, and damaged ammunition. The seizure of Harper's Ferry secured to Virginia several thousand stand of arms; but beyond these, little fell to the Confederates; the Federal officers, before departure, having carefully planned and executed the destruction of all Government property, at the various factories and depôts.

When it became evident, from the vast preparations of the enemy, that hostilities would very shortly commence, the Confederate capital was changed from Montgomery (Ala.) to Richmond (Va.). The railroad junctions had to be protected, as within no great distance from our seat of Government were several lines of road leading to and through the heart of the Southern States to the very Gulf. Manassas station (on the Washington and Alexandria Railroad) was selected, as commanding all approach from Washington in front, or on the flank, from Harper's Ferry, through the Shenandoah Valley. This accordingly became the grand rendezvous, and the troops that first arrived were camped there: some few were sent twenty-five miles to the front (Fairfax Court-house and station) to watch the enemy, while General Johnson proceeded down the Shenandoah Valley with all he could gather, to watch and oppose General Patterson, who was mass-

ing his troops on the Maryland bank of the Potomac, and threatening Harper's Ferry. General Peagram was in Western Virginia, watching the Federals in that direction, who, under General M'Clellan, were threatening to advance circuitously and take us in the rear. Such, in brief, might be said to be the state of things in the middle of April, 1861. I now proceed to a simple narration of facts, of which, for the most part, I was an eye-witness, throughout most of the engagements of the war.

And in the first place let me observe, that prior to the proclamation of April, 1861, in which President Lincoln warned us "to disperse to our homes in thirty days," there were many who fondly expected that common sense would rule in the councils of the North, and that the Government would not force a war upon their "brethren" of the South. We were all mistaken; and when the proclamation was read on the bulletin boards of the telegraph offices in every town, crowds perused the document with roars of laughter, and derisive cheers for the great "rail-splitter" Abraham! Companies were formed upon the spot from among the wealthiest of the youth, and thousands of dollars were spent on their organization, drill, and equipment; indeed had President Davis so desired, he could have had 200,000 volunteers within a month, for any term of service.

At the first whisper of war among these excited crowds, a hundred youths repaired to a lawyer's office, drew up a muster-roll, inscribed their names for twelve months' service, and began drilling in a concert hall.

Subscriptions for arms and accoutrements began to pour in, and an emissary was despatched Northwards post haste to get these requisites. Many among us having studied at military or semi-military colleges, the details of infantry drill were perfectly understood, so that squads were quickly placed under our care; and in every vacant building-lot of the village might be seen some half-dozen or more going through the movements, at the command of striplings. Muskets, formerly used for holiday parades, were immediately appropriated; and before a week had elapsed, two full companies were drilling thrice a day, and marched through the streets every evening to the sound of fife and drum. Banners of costly material were made by clubs of patriotic young ladies, and delivered to the companies with appropriate speeches; the men on such occasions swearing that they would perish rather than desert the flag thus consecrated.

After a few days, one of these companies, originally intended for Pensacola, received marching orders, and in a brilliant uniform of rifle green with red facings and gold lace, bade adieu to the little town of Yazoo, amid great rejoicing; and taking steamboat to Mobile, started on their twelve months' service, with light hearts and great shouting. Although the members of our company were individually rich, and the greater number of them well educated, we had much quarrelling regarding uniform and general outfit. Some desired costly attire, and the most expensive rifles; but, upon consulting the State Executive upon the first point, we learned it was the desire of President Davis that all

volunteers should be attired in grey flannels and light blue cotton pantaloons—such articles being inexpensive and more adapted for service. A note from the President to his old friend, our captain, concluded with these words: "The young gentlemen of your company must be thoroughly impressed with the idea that their services will prove to be in hardships and dangers—the commonest material, therefore, will be the most durable; and as for arms, we must be content with what we have: the enemy will come superabundantly provided with all things that money and ingenuity can devise; we must learn to supply ourselves from them."

Our officers were elected by acclamation from among the more aged and influential, who insisted on taking up arms for the country's defence. Several of these gentlemen already bore the title of colonel, major, or captain; but these were holiday, or honorary titles, in which nearly every old planter and merchant rejoiced: even the gentleman who made my boots flourished in the style of "*Colonel* Smith." No great harm resulted from this sort of ostentation in the previous circumstances of the country, but had we selected younger and less influential persons for such important positions at the present crisis, it would have been much better for all.

To prevent us from prowling about the town, and to instil discipline, it was decided to encamp in fields proffered for that purpose. With an ample supply of tents and all things needful, we commenced camping, and the novelty was delightful. From sunrise until sunset it was incessant drill. At evening came parade;

and when all assembled on the greensward, and scores of fair creatures visited the grounds, and strolled about with brothers, sons, or sweethearts, we all thought it a fine thing to be a soldier, to strut about, or dance quadrilles to the music of a town band made up of four German cabinet-makers. After two weeks' incessant drill, guard-mounting, parades, &c., we yearned for "active" service, and many began to murmur at the monotony of daily routine. All wished to go forth and fight the Yankees—not that the Northerners were deemed worthy of that honour, but there was a strong desire to get to "close quarters" with the enemy and settle the question without further delay. There was not a youth but fancied himself a match for any half-dozen New-Englanders; and from morning until night the surrounding woods resounded with the reports of fire-arms.

Our men, however, did not really need such practice, for every youth was accustomed to the woods and to hunting; each had killed his dozens of panthers, deer, or rattle-snakes; and with his own rifle could "bring down" anything within a distance of four hundred yards. In fact, nine-tenths of our company seemed born to arms, and were never so happy as when shooting. The country in which we lived had in early times been an unbroken swamp. Even after twenty years' settlement, we numbered but 1,400 voters in the county (forty miles wide), and at this moment the dense woods skirting the town, interspersed with a few cotton plantations, abound with reptiles of every description; and panthers, bears, deer, alligators, wolves, and wild cats

frequent the byways. Still, though accustomed to fire-arms in the chase, we had never used muskets, and some practice was deemed necessary. A target five feet high and fifteen inches broad was erected, and opposite this, at a distance of 150 yards, we took our stand.

"Now," said our captain, jocosely, "fancy the board is Old Abe, and, at the command 'ready,' let all cover it well." The allusion was received with a grin; and at the word "fire," a volley was admirably delivered, and ninety-five holes counted in the target out of a hundred who had shot. "Save your powder, boys," said the captain, with a smile: "you'll do." This would be marvellous if it were not accounted for by the fondness of the Southern youth for hunting and wood-ranging. As a proof of this, it is not uncommon for a party of youngsters to leave home without a word of warning, and with blanket and gun take to the woods for weeks at a time, depending solely on their rifle and knife for sport and food.

The Governor of the State having been requested to enrol us immediately in some regiment, made answer that he had but three regiments to fill, and had 150 companies to pick from! In fact, he was perfectly bored with offers from every part of the State; and political reasons had, of course, some influence upon his selection. Under these circumstances the welcome telegram arrived, "Strike tents, and march for Corinth —the regiments will form there within two weeks." Great was our rejoicing to break up camps and start for the wars. Captains of other companies begged us to give up our call, and offered munificent compen-

sation if we would let *their* companies report instead. Such offers were spurned with contempt. "Give up the chance of going to fight the Yankees?" No, indeed! We were "favoured" individuals; and not all the wealth of California could have bought us off in favour of others! Poor fellows: how soon the tune changed! glad would some of these hot heads have been to return home, months subsequently.

For several days before leaving, parties and balls were of frequent occurrence in camp and town, at the residences of members: all vied with each other in passing the time agreeably; and in our daily intercourse there was little or no distinction apparent between officers and privates. In fact, in worldly matters, many of the privates were far superior to their officers. The ambition of all was "to carry a musket in the holy war" of independence; and although our company of one hundred men represented property in the aggregate worth not less than 20,000,000 dollars, I never saw any signs of insubordination, drunkenness, or foul language amongst them. Having negro servants to do the cooking and camp offices, we had passed our term of encampment very agreeably. Now that the moment approached for departure, the busy note of preparation was heard in all directions. With knapsacks well filled with everything needful by the hands of female friends, we formed rank in marching order, revolvers and bowie-knives by our sides, and, with muskets shouldered, listened to the remarks of our captain, who, encircled by hundreds of our friends and relatives, spoke in a fatherly manner to us of the duties we should have to perform.

If any were afraid to meet the enemy, now was the time to say so, and retire; for none were desired of timid temperament, or who feared to fight for their country. "Fight" was the word, he said: let none imagine that child's play or a holiday excursion is before them; for it was not so. In a few weeks many of us would be numbered with the dead; and if any were afraid of death in their country's cause, let them retire; if any were of Northern birth or feelings, let them retire; or if any were physically incapable of enduring a soldier's duty or fatigues, from infirmity, disease, or malformation, let *them* retire also — and they should incur no blame. Yet no one stirred— not a sound could be heard in the whole assembly save occasional sobs from the fair spectators; and, at the conclusion of the address, one loud yell * rent the air.

Then the band struck up "Dixie's Land," and our colours waved in the wind, and amid cheers and tears from young and old, male and female, we gaily marched through town, towards the steamboat *Hope;* and, amid the cheers of the multitude, and waving of handkerchiefs, started for the rendezvous at Corinth. Though many tears were shed, and mothers clasped children to their bosoms for the last time; though fathers grasped the hands of sons, or bashful sweethearts and sisters wept copiously on our departure, not one word was whispered of probable "failure:" no sign of diffidence was betrayed by young or old, but the universal senti-

* The English "hurrah" is not heard in the Southern armies, but a yell not unlike that of the Indians when rushing to the charge.

ment was, "Go, my son, never be shot in the back: be always in the front rank: fight as a Southerner, and, if need be, die like a patriot. Never ask 'quarter' from Northern hirelings. Be merciful in the hour of victory, and courageous under defeat: behave as men—as true sons of the South. If ever you act otherwise, never turn your face homewards again." Such was the language even of the fair ones we left behind; and that this was the idea of all seemed apparent, for at every place that the vessel passed in steaming down the river, crowds collected to greet us; and ladies literally burdened us with presents, trifles, fruit, and provisions: none were more enthusiastic for the cause than these same gentle ones. At every landing we chanced to stop, whether it were night or day, military companies were under arms to salute us, the "favoured" ones, who had thus preceded them to the seat of war.

By railroad it was the same. The telegraph signalled our approach, and the newspapers having flatteringly noticed us as "one of the crack companies of the State," the stations were crowded with all sorts of people; tables with breakfasts, dinners, or suppers, were spread for our accommodation, and that of other companies on their way to Corinth; while young and old, whites and blacks, all seemed to vie in rendering our journey an unbroken ovation. Male and female schools would line the track and rend the air with shouts, or toss bouquets upon us by hundreds; planters would have waggon-loads of choice provisions for our accommodation. We picked up, at different stations, company after company likewise bound to Corinth, and our train gradually

lengthened to fifty cars. Another and another train being filled, we at length formed three long trains with six engines, puffing along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Such noises as the men made are indescribable. Some of us were in passenger cars, but the greater number had to put up with baggage cars having temporary seats; and for want of sufficient ventilation, muskets were freely used in knocking out the panels to admit air. Some passed days and nights, riotously, on the roof, and beguiled the time with playing cards, or, having violins and banjos, with singing and dancing, scarce heeding the many bridges that jeopardized their heads, or the uneasy and dangerous rolling of overloaded and ill-constructed cars.

Tired with this trip of one thousand miles—having travelled this distance without leaving our own State—we were glad to find ourselves at Corinth. This town owes its existence to the intersection of two great lines of railroad, and except its two thousand inhabitants, or thereabouts, and a few wooden stores, contains nothing worthy of observation: its chief edifice is the Tishomingo Hotel. The lines of railway that intersect here are those of the Mississippi Central, and the Mobile and Ohio Railroads: the first was an unbroken line from New Orleans, and crossing the Mobile road at this place, ran to Grand Junction, whence one branch went to Memphis (Tenn.), and the other to Huntsville, Chattanooga, and thence into Virginia; the second ran direct from Mobile, passed the junction at this place, and ran on to Columbus (Kentucky). In a military point of view, the occupation of this point was of vital

importance, as will appear at once to any intelligent reader who glances at the map.

North of the town we found the fields and woods picturesquely dotted with tents; we could see various regiments under drill in the distance, and faintly heard the word of command of field officers. On leaving the train, we took up the line of march for our camping grounds; and ere sunset had pitched tents, and our numerous mess-fires were surrounded with busy and talkative groups. On the low grounds in the distance we saw hundreds of camp-fires reddening the scene; and as the moon rose over the woods, bayonets glancing in the moonlight revealed sentinels keeping the regimental "bounds;" the hoarse challenge of guards fell upon the ear; "patrols" and "relief guards" went their rounds; and as the clear notes of bugles or drums fell upon our unaccustomed ears at "tattoo," we all began to feel that our liberty was suddenly circumscribed, and that we must make up our minds to be obedient, and observant of military discipline. One day was allowed for rest, and then commenced incessant daily drill in the manual exercise and company field movements.

As we formed but eight companies, several companies unattached, proffered themselves to our officers, to fill up the regimental quota. But the eight captains considered their respective commands very "select," as being composed of the *élite* of their localities, and so, much negotiation ensued. At last an ex-Governor of the State (an ex-U. S. senator also) came forward with *his* "select" company, and, being well known, was

instantly allotted the place of company I. Next day came another ex-U. S. senator with *his* company—all representatives of "the first families," of course—and was unanimously assigned the place of company K. The companies being at last assembled, and all being proficient in company drill, there was great rivalry among us to see who should be considered "*the*" company of the regiment; but as field officers had not yet been elected, we were drilled as a regiment on successive days by different captains: and a pretty farce some of them made of it! We were put through all kinds of movements, and several of these extemporized colonels put us into figures that defied all extrication, and then, in despair, left the ground for the companies to "unbungle" themselves as best they could. Several, bolder than the rest, rashly promised to "form square" for us on the first convenient opportunity; but after energetic endeavours, they ended by throwing all the companies into inextricable confusion, and left us all in high dudgeon at their bungling pretensions. At last a non-commissioned officer (a school-fellow of mine) got the boys together one evening, after dress-parade, and forming us into sections, formed square immediately: several captains taking note thereof, understood the manœuvre at once, and plumed themselves thereafter on their skill and experience. Generally speaking, our officers, with all their pretensions, were quite ignorant of tactics; yet, in truth, little should have been expected from them; for they, like ourselves, were fresh from civil life, and knew infinitely more of law and of plantations than of life on the tented field.

After much canvassing, we elected field officers from the regiment, and despite all electioneering and party spirit, selections were made from among the most deserving: our boys wisely preferring "talent and experience" to all other considerations of wealth and social position. There was much heart-burning, of course, among the non-elected, and several immensely wealthy gentlemen, who had travelled hundreds of miles to offer their services as "colonels," "lieutenant-colonels," and "majors," received not a single vote to gratify their vanity. To such the companies gave a blank refusal. "If you wish to serve with us, as you say, and to fight for the common cause, why not be sworn into the ranks, and prove your disinterestedness? We intend to vote for none who are not enrolled to serve with us; and in our choice of superiors, we desire no other qualifications than 'ability and sobriety.' As to the champagne suppers eaten at your expense, gentlemen, they were no more than courtesies offered to each other, and returned. We are used to all that kind of thing at home. We should be happy to receive you into our ranks, and should you join, your 'talents,' no doubt, will soon remove every obstacle to quick promotion in the future." Such were the sentiments of our regiment, and generally of all others.

Although there were not less than six or seven regiments hard at drill when we arrived at Corinth, good order and sobriety seemed to prevail, and thus it continued for several weeks that we remained there. As might be expected, however, among thousands of hot-

blooded Southern youths, rencontres *would* occasionally occur; and as in the South pugilistic science is little resorted to, or understood, knives and pistols were used in emergencies, and several were killed, including two or three commissioned officers. Courts-martial were held, but investigations proving that these homicides were simply the results of legitimate quarrels, and not premeditated "killing," the offenders received only a reprimand.

One instance I may mention, to show the spirit of those about to fight for the freedom of their country. A commissioned (company) officer having donned his grey uniform and gilded shoulder-straps, began to strut about camp and assume "airs," eager to show his "little brief authority" on all occasions. This unfortunate fellow disgusted those who had elected him, and although the men were desirous of learning their duty thoroughly and expeditiously, he seized upon every opportunity to "blackguard" his former associates. He was frequently told how obnoxious his assuming manner was; but not heeding the admonition, several threatened to take him out and "whale" him. Laughing at these suppressed remarks, he dared to lift his sword to slap one of the men when on parade: he was told what the immediate consequence would be, but foolishly raised the weapon again, and slapped one across the shoulders; when, in an instant, the rifle was dropped, a bowie-knife flashed, and the officer lay dead on the turf, stabbed five or six times in as many seconds. The company did not stir, but looked on, and applauded; the culprit quietly wiped his knife,

resumed his place in the ranks, and dress-parade proceeded as if nothing had happened! Courts-martial could not—or, at all events, *did* not—attempt to exercise any jurisdiction in this, or similar cases: they were reckoned affairs of self-defence, or "honour."

CHAPTER II.

Despatch of Troops—State of Southern Arsenals and Stores—Practices of the Jews—Troops ordered to Virginia—Rejoicings in the Camp—Hospitalities on the Road—Patriotism of the Women—Northern Sympathies in East Tennessee—Camp at Lynchburg—By Rail to Manassas Station.

APRIL having passed, and the intentions of General Scott not being as yet developed, it was conjectured that operations might commence simultaneously at different points. Troops were therefore sent to Union City (Kentucky), near Cairo, on the Mississippi, and to Columbus (Kentucky), on the same river; the latter place being the last station of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and of great importance in many ways. Troops were also hurriedly despatched to Western Virginia, but not in large bodies. Indeed, our infant Government seemed overwhelmed with care and anxiety to meet the storm that was rapidly approaching, and could scarcely attend to the wants of her little army. It is true the various State arsenals contained more arms than were necessary for the 75,000 men called upon — thanks to the statesmanlike foresight of our leaders, and the co-operation of Governor Floyd, ex-Minister of War under Buchanan — yet their quality and effectiveness were very indifferent indeed, while the

ammunition found at hand on the outbreak proved to have been made up of the very worst description of powder; so much so, that after the second discharge our muskets were so dirty as to become almost unserviceable.

The quartermaster's and commissary departments, also, were in great confusion, and the service far from efficient. Although the country abounded in corn-meal, bacon, flour, &c., it was evident our stores could not last for ever, as the two last-named articles were chiefly (and perhaps solely) to be found North. We were rich in cotton, sugar, tobacco, rice, hemp, &c., but these were not commissary stores, or absolute necessaries, and as we did not produce any other, and were not in any sense a *manufacturing* people, we found the whole North ridiculing us and our preparations for conquering our independence. Indeed, their common taunt was, "How can you live without us? Why, we will *starve* you into submission." At the outset, however, President Davis and his military advisers had foreseen, and provided for, many of our most needful supplies: with funds immediately furnished by private negotiation, they had bought up many millions of various rations in Northern markets, while merchants by the thousand quietly proceeded up the country and procured immense supplies of merchandise and wares, before the North had arrived at any distinct idea of our determination to be free, and of the certainty of warfare. The Israelites, as usual, far surpassed the Gentiles in shrewdness at this auspicious moment, and laid in stocks (procured on credit) which, in almost every instance, were retailed at

rates from five hundred to one thousand per cent. above ordinary prices; cash being always exacted. Many of these gentry proved unscrupulous knaves during the war; for having husbanded their goods for one or two years, and converted them into coin, if they did not decamp from the Confederacy altogether, they found a thousand and one excuses for not bearing arms for the country that had enriched them, and in which perchance they had been born. This is true of Hollanders generally, and of Dutch Jews almost universally.

It becoming apparent that General Scott's main line of advance and attack would be from Washington towards the Confederate capital of Richmond, the majority of our forces were directed to a point midway between both places. From our camp ground we daily saw trains passing onwards to Richmond, the locomotives and cars being decked with flags and banners, while on the top of the cars bands of music might be seen, and crowds of soldiers shouting and yelling to us as they passed swiftly onward. The Washington artillery (four companies) from New Orleans had gone the day before, and we almost envied them their trip to Richmond. We were much afraid the War Department would order us to Union City; but one evening as we sat chatting round our camp fires, the agreeable order was given—"Strike tents! pack up for Virginia, boys!"

Such rejoicing, such confusion, such hilarity, and obstreperous behaviour as characterized our camps on the reception of this news, can scarcely be imagined.

Some joined hands and capered round their camp-fires in an Indian war-dance; pots were turned over, and immense bonfires made of straw and wood, while yells and howls rent the air, so that the drums and bugles at tattoo could be scarcely heard in the unearthly din. Regiments on the hills, in the woods, in the plain, and from every direction, caught up the shout, and for one full hour the whole scene far and wide was nought but noisy merriment and excitement. The ceremony of "roll-call" *that* night was certainly a ridiculous farce: the "orderly" was laughed at, and coughed at; a general buzz and suppressed laughter ran along the whole company line, and the usual calls for "Smith John, Jones James," were received with derisive cheers, as if it were impossible any one *could* be absent on so momentous and joyful an occasion.

Tents were soon struck, "four days' rations" were quickly cooked, and all the camp equipage expeditiously packed and carried down to the railroad station and properly guarded. Many journeys were necessary to transfer all our extra baggage to the depôt, and from the alacrity of the men in proffering their services to carry things, and the cloudy, mystified appearance of those who had been detailed for that duty all the evening, our officers suspected that some strange barrel had been tapped by them in their frequent journeys to and fro. The incoherent answers of the men, and the long absence of the sergeant and his guard, caused a scout to be sent out, who reported that the sergeant and his squad were dancing in a bar-room, all of them in a blissful state of intoxication. A corporal's guard was

sent to arrest them, but the tipsy sergeant challenged the corporal to play the violin, and in less than half an hour the fourth corporal and his guard were no better than their comrades, and commenced dancing like so many madmen. When discovered, the corporal was found seated upon an empty whisky barrel, playing the fiddle, while all hands were industriously kicking their heels in a cotillon. They were of course marched back to camp under escort.

To prevent intoxication, the greatest precaution had been taken by our officers: no person was allowed to sell or give liquor to the men; but as Southerners usually drink in excess compared with other people, every artifice was resorted to by the men to obtain it; as much as five dollars (1*l.*) being freely given for a pint of liquor. But as all had to go to the well, and as guards were not over exact on an occasion like this, the men easily stole through the "lines," filled their canteens at some out-of-the-way "doggery," * and before morning broke, nearly every man was amply provided for his journey.

With a full head of steam on, and with the Stars and Bars floating on the front of the engine, we gave one long and unearthly yell as we passed our old camping ground, and at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, dashed along the road to Virginia in gallant style, the band playing "Dixie," and other tunes peculiar to the times. Four trains followed ours, keeping in sight all day; and as we progressed farther on our

* A low bar-room is so called.

journey, we overtook other trains, similarly freighted, and bound for the same destination.

At every town, the cars were received with much rejoicing; the ladies being foremost in the expression of their patriotism and fervour for the cause in which we were all embarked. Military companies were frequently drawn up at the depôt; the men vexed beyond expression, because they had not, like us, received "marching orders." Collations were prepared for us on every hand, and if the train stopped but for a few minutes to replenish fuel or water, milk, buttermilk, boiled eggs, ham, bread, cooked vegetables, cakes, pastry, and a thousand et-ceteras, were lavishly bestowed upon us, while the old ladies would wave handkerchiefs, and shout, "God bless you, boys. Teach them how Southerners can fight; be men, and never give up." Such patriotism as the women displayed is certainly beyond all description; they seemed to give all heart and soul to the cause: where men would smile or look serious, mothers and daughters put on their best looks with their holiday attire, and while almost smothering us with bouquets, would cheer us onwards with words of hope and praise, and try to hide the eloquent tear-drops glistening in their eyes. The negroes, too, at the plough, in the cotton fields, or beside their cabin doors, rushed out, hat in hand, mounted the fence, and rolling their eyes in wonder or delight, would shout success to us on our journey.

We travelled to-day hundreds of miles through our own State — to-morrow as great a distance through another—and yet there was always the same feeling

displayed; there was no repining, but all rejoicing and hilarity: and, save through a district of a few miles in East Tennessee, where the inhabitants are proverbially cold, hard-fisted, and of Abolition sentiments, through the influence of a few Northern office-holders, we never heard the slightest whisper of Union sentiment, but, on the contrary, the most intense Southern feeling. Although our men, in passing through the disaffected district (East Tennessee), had frequent opportunities to wreak their vengeance on the persons or dwellings of a few Northern sympathizers, yet not a word or gesture was exhibited by the boys contrary to the behaviour of gentlemen; and this, notwithstanding the incontestable evidence they possessed that some few miscreants had meditated our total destruction by obstructions on the rails, and attempts to fire bridges across the streams. At length, on arriving at Lynchburg (Virginia), we thought our travels were at an end, for now we were on the sacred soil of the *first rebel* (!), the immortal Washington: but still our troubles and annoyances were far from ended. Many troops had arrived before us, and nearly every available spot in and around the city was occupied by forces from nearly every State in the Confederacy. After tedious and harassing marches to and fro, in search of camping grounds, we at last pitched tents outside of the amphitheatre of the Fair Grounds, and commenced to drill, as usual, three times a day. The guards were now so numerous and strict that it was next to an impossibility for any one to elude them, or obtain permission to visit the city, basking in the sunlight at the foot of the hill. The thought of

"Lynchburg tobacco" tempted many to make large investments for the campaign; but in this we committed grave mistakes, for we were compelled to carry every pound of freight we accumulated, and found from experience that tobacco of a far superior quality could be obtained thousands of miles away on the Gulf Coast.

After a few days' stay, we continued our march, and for the first time heard mention of "Manassas," and "Manassas Gap." Our quartermasters being inexperienced, we suffered many disappointments before we could leave: train after train started before us, and we had to bivouac around the railroad station as best we could for two nights, waiting for accommodation. At last we got started, and rapidly traversed one of the most beautiful regions in the world: hills and valleys, adorned with picturesque little villages, substantial and elegantly laid out towns, and colleges and schools without number. When night came on we travelled through a flat unbroken country. Seeing no houses for many miles, and supposing we were far from our journey's end, nearly all went to sleep, myself among the number. Feeling cold, I awoke, and looking out of the cattle cars in which we were stowed, was astonished to learn we had arrived at Manassas station, thirty miles from Washington, and about eighty from Richmond.

I could scarcely believe that this was a great military depôt, there being nothing within my range of vision to indicate that such was the fact. The station itself was a low, one-storied building, about seventy-five feet in length, with bales and boxes scattered about; a house

of refreshment close by was uninviting, and except one or two small cottages scattered here and there, nought was to be seen. Two or three tents were standing close to the depôt, with lights in them; a guard here and there walked his post noiselessly, and in the distance, on neighbouring hills, a few smouldering camp-fires were discernible. Only a mound of newly turned earth, here and there, indicated that the spade and shovel had been at work in fortifying, while the muzzles of a few guns in the embrasures pointed up the track towards Washington. A trooper or two would occasionally go jingling past in the direction of a cottage a few hundred yards in advance; and from the lights in windows, and groups seated round camp-fires, in the orchard, I learned that the dwelling was General Beauregard's head-quarters.

CHAPTER III.

Arrival at Manassas—Appearance of Things by Night—Operations of our Army opposed to Patterson around Harper's Ferry—Forward Movements of the Enemy—Jackson opens the Ball—Colonel Maxey Gregg attacks the Northern Troops on the Railway at Vienna—Earthworks at Manassas—Strength of our Troops—Scouting Parties—Letter from a Friend, giving Details of the Action at Carthage.

OUR engineless train lay along the track, with others in the rear; no one was stirring; the stars shone out in the clear cold skies with unusual brilliancy. To amuse myself, I spoke to the nearest guard, and gleaned scraps of information regarding the topography of the country. "Do you see yonder chain of hills rising in the south-west, and running north? Well, that is a spur of the Blue Ridge; and where you now see the moon rising, and those flickering lights, *that* is the 'Gap,' through which the railroad runs from here to Strasburg. From the latter place to Winchester, twelve miles, there is a break in the track. From Winchester, however, the road runs to Harper's Ferry, and there joins the Washington and Baltimore roads to the east, and with the Western Virginia and Ohio Railroads to the west. General Joe Johnson is at the Ferry with a small force guarding the passage; for if General Patterson and his 40,000 men pour across from Mary-

land and Pennsylvania into the Shenandoah Valley, they can march on this place by the flank, while Scott moves down from Washington in our front. 'Tis fully sixty miles, however, from the Ferry here, and if we hadn't so many traitors and spies around at all points, night and day, our boys wouldn't be obliged to guard the 'Gap' yonder this cold night" (May 1, 1861).

The troops were nearly all from the far South, which accounted for their chilliness. Giving the guard a drink of brandy, we became friendly in a short time, and he continued: "Yonder black streak you see rising from the south south-west, running north, and turning off due east, is the timber around Bull Run; 'tis about three or four miles distant from here to any point, and the high grounds you observe rising abruptly beyond the stream—the table-land I mean, northward—and shelving to the east across the track, is Centreville. A small detachment and military telegraph post is stationed there watching the roads from the Upper Potomac and Leesburg, coming in west, and keeping open communication with General Bonham, who holds Fairfax Court-house and the railroad station midway between Washington and this place. Trains run there night and day. See yonder!" said my companion, pointing towards Centreville. "They are working the telegraph! See them repeating the signals on yonder hill? Wait a minute, and you'll perceive the answer given from Beauregard's quarters."

In a few minutes, one of the men sitting around the large fire in front of the general's quarters, seized a long red faggot from the flames, and going to the north

end of the house, began swaying it to the right and left, according to directions; now horizontally, again perpendicularly, and seemed to be cutting an imaginary circle at different angles. The signs were instantly repeated from post to post, and thus traversed fifteen miles within a very few minutes! "General Bonham's got his answer before now, I know," said the sentry; "I wonder what it is all about, though? There'll be hot work, shortly, or they wouldn't be working that machine so often at night." In a few moments I heard some distant voice shout out—"Third Relief. Turn out, Third Relief!" and after a little bustle, jingling of accoutrements, and a hurried calling of the roll, I saw bayonets glistening and advancing in the distance, to relieve my agreeable companion; so, giving him another drink of brandy, I bade him good night, and picked my way back again to our cattle cars, to sleep as best I could for the rest of the night.

When morning came, we all thought that Beauregard and other generals would call, and inspect or review us; but our vanity was not so flattered. We were marched some two miles past the station; our baggage was brought down by an engine and cars, and before we could well recover from a journey of 1,300 miles, we were unceremoniously marched into some large open fields parallel with the railroad, and about two miles from Bull Run. Camps being formed, drill was commenced and proceeded with incessantly. Little could be gleaned regarding Federal movements. General Joe Johnson had evacuated Harper's Ferry, we knew, and the act was much censured by non-

military critics; as for the troops, they said nothing, but reposed implicit reliance in the wisdom and skill of our generals.

Patterson was massing his troops for a descent into the Shenandoah Valley, but at what point to expect his crossing no one could tell. Colonel Jackson (subsequently named "Stonewall" by way of distinction) was second in command under Johnson, and guarded the Upper Potomac with great vigilance. It was evident the Federals did not intend to force a passage at the Ferry, for we held the town and heights above it, and could defy all their attempts. It was soon apparent that they intended to cross higher up; so having no means or force to garrison the place, we destroyed the works, removed all *matériel*, and evacuated it; advancing higher up the river towards Martinsburg, and for the most part lying in ambush. When their advance had crossed, Colonel Jackson's force (about 3,000) assailed them vigorously, took many prisoners, a few arms, and drove their main body back to the river. They had crossed, however, in such strength, that it was impossible to inflict any decided punishment with the few troops under his command; Colonel Jackson, therefore, retreated slowly and orderly towards Charlestown (midway between Harper's Ferry and Winchester), whither Johnson's main force had retired. While Johnson's and Patterson's forces were thus facing each other near Charlestown, things were unchanged at Manassas. Reports, indeed, were circulated daily regarding the enemy's movements, but nothing of consequence transpired.

While seated by the tent-door one afternoon in June, I heard three distinct reports of light field-pieces from the direction of Washington, but did not attach any importance to the fact. Next day we learned that one of the Federal generals (Schlich by name) had been out on a reconnaissance, and met with a serious reception from a handful of Confederates. Schlich, or Schlick, had novel notions of warfare, and intended to carry on operations in a free-and-easy style: so embarking two or three Ohio regiments on a long train, with two field-pieces, he proceeded down the Orange and Alexandria road, with the engine in the rear. Colonel Maxey Gregg, with the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, was guarding the road; and his scouts reporting the approach of the train, he prepared to give it a warm reception, and placed two field-pieces on a wooded eminence commanding a long curve in the road. Leisurely approaching, Schlick and other officers were enjoying themselves with champagne and cigars, unconscious of danger, when, as the train entered the curve mentioned, our guns opened with such destructive effect that seven cars were detached from the train, smashed to pieces, and nearly every occupant killed or wounded. The engine was instantly reversed, and disappeared in a few moments, leaving hundreds of killed and wounded behind. Unaware of their force or intentions, Colonel Gregg changed his position and retired towards General Bonham at Fairfax Court-house.

This incident was the origin of those wonderful stories manufactured at the North about "masked batteries," &c., and which served for a time to create hob-

goblin notions regarding us, and to account for any reverse they might meet with at our hands.

As the month of June drew to a close, our preparations in and around Manassas began to assume a formidable appearance. Heavy guns were brought up, and earthworks began to rise in different directions around the station, but nowhere else; woods were felled by the acre to give free range for artillery, and troops were placed in different directions, but with what design I could not imagine. The strength of our forces, and the number of guns, were not generally known. Quartermasters and commissaries seemed to be the oracles in such matters, and as they were supposed to be acquainted with the secrets of head-quarters, the majority seemed to place implicit reliance in their statements. As might be expected, these important individuals were in great request, and answered the most simple interrogatories with great solemnity and caution. Our strength from such sources of information was put down at from 75,000 to 100,000; while the truth was, our whole army there assembled did not muster more than 20,000 men, and twenty guns; Johnson having 10,000 men and twenty guns with him in the Shenandoah Valley.

Daily reports now began to possess interest. Peagram had been surprised and defeated by M'Clellan, at Rich Mountain in Western Virginia (July 12th), and from reports of killed and wounded, it was very evident the Federals had no idea of amusing themselves by throwing snowballs at us. Scott began to push his outposts towards Fairfax Court-house, and sharp skirmishing was of daily occurrence; but with little

damage to either side. We learned that our independent scouts around Alexandria caused much annoyance and loss by their unerring aim; and judging by the exploits of some few of those adventurous individuals who visited us in camp, I cannot wonder that the Northern press was so bitter against them. They were well mounted, and accoutred, and dead shots at five hundred yards. Most of them were gentlemen of means, who took delight in the work, and were as crafty as Indians in their movements.

In the beginning of July, scouting companies, mounted and foot, daily scoured the whole country, within and without our lines to the front; while lines of picket guards dotted Bull Run, and watched all the fords with such vigilance that several cows advancing to drink as usual were mistaken for spies crawling among the bushes in the dark, and met an untimely fate. When one fired, some other feverish guard would follow suit from force of imagination, and within a few moments a succession of "poppings" could be heard along the whole picket line. This carelessness of the outposts caused us all much annoyance.

A company of Virginians held the railroad bridge over the Run, when about two A.M. their advance fired three shots in rapid succession. The nearest regiments beat to arms, and within two minutes drums were sounding in all directions, while the only words spoken were, "They are coming! It is a surprise! Old Scott is advancing over the hills with 50,000 men!" Thump, thump, sounded the big drums, bugles called the "assembly," while the incessant rattle of small drums

was alarming. "They are coming — fall in, boys, quick!" were the only words passed from one to another. "Fall in" we did, and in an immense hurry: some without boots, hats, or coats seized their arms, and the regiment was formed and drawn up ready for action within five minutes from the first alarm. Many were on the sick list, and had not been out to drill for days; yet out of two hundred who had thus shunned duty previously, not one was out of place in line of battle. Captains might be seen in their shirt-sleeves smoking cigars, men sat on the grass, expecting orders every minute, but after standing shivering in the cold morning air for an hour, all marched back to quarters, much disappointed and annoyed.

Alarms of this nature became frequent, and were often resorted to by our colonel when desirous of ridding the doctor's list of a few score of those playing the "old soldier." For be it said, to the credit of our men, that, although many counterfeited sickness or ailments to escape drill, marching, or police duty, I knew none who would not turn out with alacrity whenever there was any prospect of a fight: some, indeed, who were really sick had to be forced out of the ranks, so anxious were all to do their duty, and render service in our common cause.

About this time I received the following letter from a friend in Missouri, descriptive of the battle of Carthage, and the uprising of the people in that State. It is inserted here as an authentic account of the incidents leading to the engagement, and of the rout of the Federal troops:—

Cowskin Prairie, M'Donald Co., Missouri,
July 8, 1861.

"DEAR TOM, — I suppose the heading of this letter will surprise you, for I am no longer in my comfortable office in the good city of St. Louis, but one of Price's "rebels," camped in this out-of-the-way place, near the Indian nation. As you desire to know everything regarding our movements, I will narrate things as they occurred since I last saw you.

"When the Border States found that a coercive policy was determined upon, Missouri was one of the first to oppose it. We had no arms, but were certain the sympathies of our people would sustain us. Lincoln's hirelings were stirring up the German element in different parts of the State, trusting, by the distribution of arms in abundance, to overawe any expression of feeling in favour of our sister Southern States. Governor Claiborne Jackson, feeling that delays might prove dangerous, ordered (in May) the State Guard to go into encampments for their customary annual drill. Brigadier-General Frost pitched his camp in the outskirts of St. Louis, and called it "Camp Jackson;" a full regiment of city companies assembled, and daily went through the customary exercises. The Abolition German element was opposed to this, and, unknown to the majority of us, Captain Lyon led them in great numbers around our camps, and forced our men to deliver up their arms and disband. This was a piece of treachery we did not expect from Frost, our general, who we thought was favourable to sustaining State-right principles. The cowardly Germans, however, were not content in

thus humiliating us, but, on some slight pretext, fired upon the assembled crowds, killing and wounding many; and getting drunk on lager beer, committed all manner of depredations in and around the city. The arsenals, and all the railroads, were in their possession, and as the city was watched from several points, citizens being arrested, arms seized, houses searched, &c., it was soon perceived that Lincoln and Lyon were determined to suppress, by force, any Southern feeling existing in the State, and to spare none that opposed them. As nine-tenths of our State, to your own knowledge, was soundly democratic and Southern, we awoke to find ourselves under the iron heel of tyranny.

"Determined that the State should not be manacled without a struggle, and fully informed that Lyon meditated seizing the capital at Jefferson City, Governor Jackson, in June, issued a call for 50,000 volunteers, and transferred the archives to Boonville, about eighty miles above, on the Missouri River. Ex-Governor Sterling Price was named general in chief of these forces, *whenever they could be gathered,* and seven or eight brigadiers appointed to assist him, including Rains, Parsons, and others.* The call was immediately responded to by three or four hundred men, myself among the number; for I was tired of witnessing the

* Brigadier-General Gabriel J. Rains is a North-Carolinian, and has greatly distinguished himself throughout the Missouri campaign. He is about fifty years of age; entered the U. S. service as brevet 2nd lieutenant 1st Infantry, July 1st, 1827; brevet major, August 20th, 1847, and held that rank in the 4th Infantry when he joined Price in June, 1861. He was immediately appointed brigadier-general by Governor Jackson, and has been present in almost every fight.

tyrannical acts of Lyon, and his friends the Dutch Abolitionists. On arriving at Jefferson City, I found that all the State officers had gone to Boonville, with boatloads of books, papers, and other property, and proceeding there, I found that our collective force did not exceed 700 men, armed with such weapons as they could find, and attired in every variety of costume. Some had fine clothes and 'stove pipes,'* some were ragged, if not totally destitute. Altogether, I felt discouraged, as you may suppose; for I knew that Lyon, at St. Louis, had thousands of men, well armed, well drilled, and uniformed; and, being in possession of the railroads, could throw a heavy force in our route whichever way we moved.

"The 'Southern Question' by this time seems to have aroused the rural population, and they swore that the Dutch in the river cities should not rule the State, even if supported by all the wealth and power of the Lincoln Government. We had not been at Boonville long, ere it was ascertained that Lyon and Blair contemplated a movement upon that place, in order to crush the rebels the instant they stirred. At this critical moment, Price being sick and unable to attend to business, Colonel Marmaduke took command of our force, if a body such as I have described deserves the name. But their strength consisted in the fact that a pure patriotism had caused them to take the field.

It was soon ascertained that Lyon was approaching up the Missouri with several thousand men and half-a-

* Dress hats are so termed.

dozen field-pieces. Colonel Marmaduke * was fearful of the disparity in force, and wished to retreat, but the men under Lieutenant-Colonel Brand were determined to 'fight.' When the enemy appeared, therefore, our handful of volunteers drew up in battle array and confronted them, and within two hours killed and wounded more than 200, our loss not amounting to a dozen. We then gave up the fight, and retired towards Cole Camp, where, it was said, a force of the enemy were stationed to intercept us; these were attacked during the night by Colonel Kane with a small body of rebels, and defeated, with a loss of more than 200 men killed, 100 taken, and 500 stand of arms. This capture assisted in arming hundreds who were flocking to us on our line of march towards Warsaw, on the Osage River.

Though pursued by Colonel Totten and a thousand cavalry, Governor Jackson safely reached Warsaw, where we rested, and began to look about us. Our case was desperate; we were but a few ill-armed men of all ages and all sizes, unaccustomed to military service, and less used to privations and sufferings. We had no tents, no commissary, or quartermaster's stores, few waggons, and those of an inferior kind—in truth, we were a small band of patriots vastly in need of everything but 'pluck.' As the enemy were making

* Colonel John S. Marmaduke is a Missourian: entered the service as brevet 2nd lieutenant 1st Infantry, July 1st, 1857; was 2nd lieutenant 7th Infantry, August 1st, 1857; joined the Missourians at Boonville, with rank of colonel, and on account of services is now brigadier-general, acting in the same State.

dispositions for our capture, and had full command of the railways, word was sent to General Price at Lexington to hurry along with his recruits, so as to form a junction with Jackson's small force, and, by common consent, both little wings met and joined in Cedar County, July 3rd.

"Information was now received that Siegel had been despatched from St. Louis with over 3,000 men by the south branch of the Pacific Railroad, and was actually in Carthage, not many miles distant in our front, while Lyon, Lane, and others were rapidly approaching on the flanks and rear! For a little army of not over 3,000 badly equipped men, this was a sad situation, and all began to prepare for the worst; nevertheless, on the 5th of July, at 2 A.M., we boldly began our march towards Carthage. After a march of seven hours, word was brought by our scouts that Siegel was in front, with the number of troops first reported, and eight guns. Still we moved on, until between 10 and 11 A.M. we came in full view of the enemy drawn up in three detachments, posted on a rising ground in the prairie, ready to dispute our passage. Although much tired with our long march, and although several hundreds in our command had no weapons of any description, we instantly prepared for the attack, and, pushing ahead, drove in the enemy's pickets. We had several old cannon, which had been picked up here and there on our route—pieces which had done no more than fire salutes on 4th of July celebrations and the like—but we were deficient in ammunition: these guns we were careful to place in commanding positions. Our

small force of cavalry, after much discussion, was placed upon the wings, and hardly were these dispositions made, when Siegel's guns opened on us with great fury; nor was it possible for our cavalry to attack them either in flank or rear, as intended, for their constant cannonade frightened the horses and made them quite unmanageable.

"After more than an hour of indecisive fighting and 'bush whacking,' our officers, who were determined to bring the affair to a crisis, ordered a 'charge.' As soon as we began to advance at the 'double-quick,' the enemy broke and ran, crossing a broad creek in their rear, and destroying the bridge, leaving many score dead and wounded behind. They halted after a run of about two miles in the direction of Carthage, and many of us having crossed on logs and floating timber formed line, and followed in pursuit. We were badly circumstanced; for the enemy had obtained a splendid position; being concealed in the woods, their artillery could play upon us as we advanced through the open fields. Our cavalry, finding their horses of little value in such an irregular fight, dismounted and assisted us as infantry. Again closing up with the enemy, we fought them for about two hours, when they gave way, and made a running fight of more than four miles. We had thus driven them before us into Carthage, where they made a third stand on the edge of the town, and from behind houses or barns maintained a hot fire upon our advance. After some time, our numbers began to increase, and we determined to drive them from the town. Collecting all our strength, we again succeeded,

by superior shooting, in driving them before us, and in our progress through the town captured many hundred stand of arms. Still following close after them, we chased them for several miles on the road to Rolla, and continued the pursuit until long after sunset! Their killed and wounded amounted to 600 men, scattered up and down the road for a distance of twelve miles or more. The people of Carthage rendered us all the assistance in their power, furnished accommodations for our wounded, and provided us with refreshments, of which we were much in need.

"This victory caused great rejoicing, especially among the farmers, whose sons now came forward 'to help fight the Dutch,' and were anxious that other opportunities might soon offer for whipping the Abolitionists. For myself, I know not where all this is to end, or how we are ever to succeed in Missouri, where the river, the cities, and the railroads are held by the enemy. In other parts of the South our friends have railroads at their command, and manufactories of different kinds in their midst, to 'create' supplies; but here we have no commissary or quartermaster, no doctor, and but few arms, while the enemy have abundance of all things, and can collect any number of men from neighbouring States to hurl against our little band of adventurers. Nevertheless, we shall prove tough subjects for Lincoln's minions to control, for we are hardened, and know the country so thoroughly, that not a ford or mountain pass but is well marked by scores of trappers and hunters in our ranks. We know that all the weight of the North and North-west will be

thrown against us, but if their troops are to succeed they must be made of better metal than that we lately encountered at Carthage.

"The day after the battle, General M'Culloch, of Texas, and General Pearce, of Arkansas, arrived to our aid with about 2,000 men. It appeared that our forces and theirs were advancing to the same place, to prevent either little band being overpowered by a sudden dash of the enemy, who is said to have already an army of 40,000 men in the State. These are not Missourians, but a mixed crowd of Germans and others who have volunteered from every State, under German leaders. There are not five hundred Missourians arrayed against us, and St. Louis to-morrow, together with *all* the river cities, would carry any election in favour of the Southern cause, if uncontrolled by Federal bayonets. More of this soon.—Yours,

"POLK."

CHAPTER IV.

Warlike Preparations around Manassas—Beauregard and other Generals—Our Position at Bull Run—Advance of the Enemy—A Night Surprise—Loss to the Enemy—General Tyler advances to force a Passage at Blackburn's Ford—Battle of Bull Run, July 18th—The Enemy retire, with Loss—Anxiety regarding Johnson's Movements—Night Adventures—Courage of an English Landowner—Our Generals forewarned of meditated Movements.

For several days I was unwell, and could not attend to duty, but being allowed to walk about at leisure, I frequently strolled down to the Junction, to watch the progress of our preparations. A large redoubt about half a mile long, and a quarter wide, had been erected since my previous visit; it was at least ten feet high, and as many wide on the top, with a large ditch in front. The batteries at the angles were semicircular, with embrasures for four 32-pounders, the mouths of which looked like black bulldogs, protecting the road. In the interior were other works of greater or less magnitude, connected by covered ways, all well provided with ammunition and bomb-proof magazines. There were several smaller batteries placed in front on elevations, and the works altogether seemed formidable enough to protect the depôt and stores, should the enemy penetrate so far.

"But who are our generals?" thought I, walking about, and meditating; "our men are as brave as steel, but who are to lead them?" Our best officers are from the old army, yet none of them held higher rank than that of colonel. R. E. Lee was in the cavalry, and a lieutenant-colonel; Joseph E. Johnson was quarter-master-general, and ranked as lieutenant-colonel; Beauregard had been major of engineers; Evans, Longstreet, and others, did not rank higher than major of cavalry or infantry, and had seen but little service, except on the frontier among the Indians; Bragg was a retired captain of artillery; T. J. Jackson was professor of mathematics and of tactics in the University of Virginia; D. H. Hill was a lawyer; Polk, an Episcopal bishop in Louisiana, &c. This was all the talent we had, and much of it was only said to be "promising." General Lee was at Richmond, acting as Secretary of War; General Cooper was there also as adjutant-general; Bragg and Polk were in Tennessee, and Johnson in the Valley; Beauregard was alone at Manassas, having Evans, Ewell, Longstreet, and a few less known names, as subordinates in the approaching struggle.

Of Beauregard I knew little, but had heard much. He was continually moving about from place to place, his appearance and escort being so unostentatious that many met and passed without knowing him. It was his custom to walk in the garden of the cottage where his head-quarters were established after meals, smoking; and it was there I first saw him. He is a small man, with a sallow complexion, a heavy black moustache,

and closely cut hair. With the left hand in his trousers pocket, a cigar in his mouth, a buttoned-up coat, and small cap, he is the exact type of a French engineer, and could not anywhere be mistaken for a civilian. He is jaunty in his gait, dashing in manner, and evidently takes delight in the circumstance of war. It must be confessed his modesty is equal to his merit —he is not imperious or overbearing, bears great respect for his brother officers of the old service, and is never seen to such advantage as when standing on an earthwork, and giving orders, or conversing with animated gesture.

It was now the 14th of July, and the enemy were advancing in four columns upon Fairfax Court-house. General Bonham's brigade of South Carolinians held the post, and had fortified it. Having made every disposition for the fight, of which he was in anxious expectation, it was much to his chagrin and disappointment that he received orders to retreat when the enemy were but a few miles distant. With much cursing, the brigade hastily fell back to Centreville, and camped on the heights on the evening of the 17th, the enemy's fires being visible about a mile distant. On the same day our brigade received orders to move to the front, and we quietly bivouacked in the woods on the banks of the Bull Run to guard M'Lean's Ford. In this position we formed the right centre, and as our troops stood in excellent repute with the army, it was surmised that there was warm work in store for us—a supposition that was strongly confirmed when not less than seven guns of the Washington Corps were detailed for our

support. From our position to Blackburn's Ford was half a mile, and there Longstreet was posted with a strong brigade. Ewell was to our right, lower down, and across the Run at Union Mills. While we stood in line of battle, scouts came in, reporting the enemy's approach *en masse*. In the afternoon an Alabama regiment came in, in good order, bringing all its baggage. They had skirmished with the enemy for several miles, taking advantage of every turn in the road, and firing from the woods with good effect. From their reports we learned that all the outposts had made good their retreat, and our skirmishers had done so much damage, that the enemy were extremely slow and cautious in their movements.

Towards nightfall four companies of our right wing crossed the ford and occupied a small valley which led to Centreville. Our pickets had not long been posted in the timber, when a cavalry scout came across the open, and reported the approach of a strong force. The men were all quietly placed and ready for business, when we distinctly saw several hundred Federals placed in the edge of the wood opposite, and could hear their conversation occasionally. One of our negroes, taking advantage of the darkness, went over to the enemy.

During the night the lieutenant-colonel, anxious for our safety, attempted to reach us. Thanks to the runaway, the enemy had enclosed us on three sides, the fourth being a range of hills, beyond which was the river. Determined to extricate us, the colonel swam the river, and before the morning dawned we had safely forded it, recrossed again lower down, and flanked the

enemy. The sequel was exciting. Believing us to be surrounded, the Yankees moved cautiously towards the spot, and two battalions opened close volleys. Discovering their exact whereabouts by the flash, we all took accurate aim, and pouring volley after volley into them with great rapidity, scattered their force in all directions. Wet to the skin, but much elated, we were peremptorily commanded to retire across the Run by an orderly of the general's, who said our firing had aroused every man in the division. As we approached M'Lean's Ford through the woods, our outposts, horse and foot, were as thick as flies, and such was the danger of being fired into, that scouts had to be sent in advance to report our approach. The ford was much deepened, and the river had risen. We crossed as best we could on fallen trees; and as the moon rose, plainly saw our horse pickets on the opposite hill, while the glare of the enemy's camp fires around Centreville looked like thousands of stars flickering against the dark blue sky.

It was evident the enemy were perfectly informed of the topographical peculiarities of the region, for there seemed to be little hesitation in their movements, but great knowledge of available ground, and practicable roads. Their extended wings and superior force led many to suppose that it was their real intention to surround and cut us off from all escape. The men laughed at such an idea, and, to use their own language, were "spoiling for a fight." When the morning of the 18th dawned, our regiments formed in line, and waited hour after hour for the attack, which was now certain.

About noon, several shots in the direction of Blackburn's Ford indicated that the advance was exchanging compliments with our pickets. Shortly afterwards, I was sent on duty up the Run, and, reaching an elevation, saw that the enemy had crossed above Blackburn's Ford, and were shelling the woods in all directions. Presently, several of our light batteries came galloping on the ground, and an artillery duel immediately ensued, with fluctuating fortune; our volunteers, however, seemed to have the advantage, for they worked their pieces with such rapidity, that the Federal regulars retired, and allowed their infantry to advance, which they did in fine style, and commenced to fan out in skirmishing order. Ours did the same, and advanced. Presently the skirmishers on both sides fell back, and formed; then both sides advanced in line.

After some manœuvring and firing, eight companies on our side (they were the 1st Virginian Volunteers) deceived their opponents by a well-executed ruse. Having first advanced against the enemy, they suddenly turned and fled, at quick time, but in perfect line. With cheers, the Yankees pursued; but when they were fairly drawn out into the open field, the major in command gave the word, and the Virginians, facing about, fired a most destructive volley. Astonished, the Yankees stood aghast at their loss; and at the instant were charged by the Virginians, who threw themselves, with an Indian yell, upon the foe. Then the Federals threw away their arms and fled precipitately to the river bank: the artillery duel was resumed with great fury, shells bursting in all direc-

tions; and our infantry advanced on the enemy's flank, while distant musketry could be plainly heard like the pattering of rain. It was evident the enemy could not effect a permanent lodgment on the south bank; and, satisfied with the trial, they were retreating to Centreville, under cover of their numerous artillery. Advancing at a gallop across the open ground, our light batteries took up a position, and unlimbered with great celerity and coolness under fire, and so great was their precision of aim, that the enemy retired in haste. Our infantry pursued for some short distance across the river, while the artillery played until their shots fell into the Federal camps on the hill. Had a small force of cavalry been at hand, we might have inflicted serious loss and captured several pieces. As it was, the Federal enemy left many of their dead and wounded behind, together with several hundred stand of arms, and decamped in great confusion.

This auspicious opening of our campaign in Virginia spread great joy among the volunteers, and such was the enthusiasm it caused, that many regiments who, in ambush, had witnessed the fight, could scarcely be controlled by their officers: the 7th Louisiana obliged their commanders to move forward into the open ground, to participate in the engagement, but they were too late, for the "game" had taken wing to their nest on the hills. It is strange to remark that the retreating foe shouted vociferously, and their bands struck up "Yankee Doodle" and other Northern airs, perhaps in joy for their safe retreat, it being impossible to imagine any other reason. At the critical moment, General Beau-

regard rode to the front, sent orders to Colonel Ferguson of his staff to pursue as far as practicable, and, galloping past our position, ascended a hill, whence he could view the Federal rout in detail. "Poor Tyler," said some one in the group, "his decapitation has come early;" and, true enough, his name has scarcely ever been whispered in the North since that fatal 18th day of July. In Northern reports, indeed, this affair is lightly spoken of as "a reconnaissance that was eminently successful in every way;" nevertheless, we positively know that that division was so roughly handled and dispirited, that it was withdrawn to the rear, and did not fire a single shot in the great battle fought on the following Sunday. The escapes of Beauregard that afternoon were almost miraculous. Shells penetrated his head-quarters in a dozen places, bursting in the kitchen, and blowing the cooking apparatus about in all directions. The terrified black cooks struck work, and could not be prevailed upon to resume their labours till nightfall.

Expecting the attack to be resumed with great fury on the morrow, every preparation was made for it, strong picket guards being posted in all directions. It was while I was out on this duty, far away to the front, that news was brought of Patterson's retreat from the Shenandoah Valley into Maryland, his object being to effect a junction with the forces of General Scott around Washington in time for the great struggle. At the same time, telegrams informed us of Johnson's retreat to Winchester and Strasburg; and he himself had arrived at Manassas on Friday night (the 19th), while

Jackson, with one or two brigades, was on his way by railroad. The rest of Johnson's army, it was expected, would reach us before Sunday, and participate in the general engagement. This was excellent news, and Johnson's manœuvres raised him high in the opinion of the men.

During the night we picked up several stragglers from Scott's army, and learned from them that M'Dowell was in chief command, and had 75,000 men. These prisoners did not wish to be sent far from Manassas, and for peculiar reasons. "Don't send us to Richmond," they said; "our army will be in Manassas before Sunday, and therefore we wish to save trouble. Lincoln and Scott both promise to be in Richmond within a week, and as the thing will be over so soon, we don't wish to be sent far off," &c. We could not help laughing at the simplicity of these would-be "conquerors," but allowed them to continue cherishing their fond expectations, resolved, however, to make breastworks of our bodies rather than allow these Northern hirelings to rule over us.

On Saturday morning, early, we were provisioned for three days, and everything seemed to denote a forward movement on our part. Some sharp skirmishing occurred on our right, but towards 9 A.M. we were withdrawn to the position occupied on Thursday. I did not, and do not, believe that an advance was seriously intended by Beauregard, although he is proverbially a dashing and spirited commander; for the enemy were in immense force on high ground, and superabundantly supplied with artillery. This partial

advance was more probably a "feint," designed to make the enemy believe we intended to move forward, and thus engage their attention, and gain more time for our troops in the Valley to join us. Up to Saturday noon, not more than 5,000 had arrived, while, could we avert the impending attack until Sunday, it was thought all would have come up from that and other directions, making an aggregate of 15,000 additional to our strength. The idea, if correct, was commendable; yet, although Johnson had made every possible preparation for the transport of his force, unforeseen circumstances completely thwarted the design, and up to 1 P.M., none had arrived. The more observant were particularly silent—things did not exactly please them; yet these were the men to speak encouragingly to all, and plead unbounded confidence in the ability of our leaders.

To encourage the troops, a report was spread that all Johnson's force had safely arrived, together with several thousand additional from different quarters. All seemed pleased; and when tattoo sounded, a terrific howl rent the skies, commencing on our extreme right, and gradually extending away to the left. What it meant none could tell; the men seemed to shout and howl from an overflow of spirits, and from no other cause. Being on distant picket duty at the time, I could not help remarking the effect these Indian yells had on the Yankees. We had crept so close as to see them plainly moving about and hear their conversation. One of the pickets was very valorous in his speech; he was willing to stake anything in the world that "the

rebels would evacuate Manassas before morning! He only wished he came across half-a-dozen rebels! *He'd* show them what fighting stuff Union troops were made of—*he'd* show them what old Massachusetts could do!" &c. Determined to try the metal of this pugnacious individual, two of us crawled through the underbush, Indian fashion, and waiting an opportunity, seized this bombastic New Englander, without the shadow of resistance, and, having gagged and tied him, led him into our lines! From this trembling hero we learned that the greater part of M'Dowell's forces were on the move across country to Stone Bridge or the vicinity, and that the fight would certainly begin at dawn; heavy masses being sent round to turn our left, and get into Manassas by the flank. When we were relieved at midnight, we communicated our fragments of information to the officer of the guard, and returned across Bull Run to our regiment, bivouacked in a cedar grove, and refreshed ourselves.

But ere I attempt to give details of the important engagement of the morrow, I must be permitted, in a short digression, to speak of important movements that were taking place all night long within the Federal lines. Mr. Thornton, an English gentleman, possessed a very large and handsome estate about a mile northward of Centreville, and, being of Southern sentiments, left his plantation on the approach of M'Dowell's forces (on Wednesday night), and fled with his friends across Sudley's Ford towards Manassas—a distance of some seven or more miles. Hearing that the Yankees invariably destroyed all property found deserted, he returned

on Saturday through the woods to ascertain the fate of his house, barns, and stock. When within half a mile of his premises, he observed large columns of the enemy making a *détour* through the country, so as to flank Sudley Ford. That this was their intention he had no doubt, for it was far beyond our left wing, and the stream there only ankle-deep. He attempted to retreat at nightfall, but found that the ford was hemmed in by large masses of troops—far greater in number than he observed congregated round Stone Bridge (our extreme left), about two miles lower down the stream. Determined to advise our generals of these movements, he made several attempts to pass the lines, but failed, and was fired at repeatedly. Penetrating the woods by cow-paths well known to him (being an exentsive stock raiser), he finally succeeded in crossing the Run, and set off post-haste for the nearest head-quarters. It was past 2 A.M. on Sunday when Mr. Thornton ushered himself into the presence of Colonel Nathan Evans, who commanded a brigade near Stone Bridge. Evans listened to the narration, asked important questions, and, arriving at conclusions, maliciously showed his white teeth with a wicked grin, and, ordering coffee, dressed himself. Mounted men were immediately sent to Beauregard, yet no additional force arrived, and Evans was left to his own resources. Detaching a portion of his brigade, he immediately moved up towards Sudley Ford, and reinforced the 4th Alabama Regiment and a Mississippi battalion he found stationed there.

CHAPTER V.

Battle of Manassas Plains, Sunday, July 21st—Disposition of the Southern Forces—Plans of the Enemy—The main Battle on our Left — Struggle at Sudley Ford and Stone Bridge — Attack of Louisiana Irish—Critical Situation of our Forces—Stonewall Jackson—Preparations for a final Advance on both Sides—Arrival of Johnson's Reinforcements—Total Rout of the Enemy.

FROM various causes, I was destined to enjoy but little sleep, and was on the move nearly all night. The great lights around Centreville seemed to die out about midnight, but then arose a low murmuring noise, as if large bodies of men had thus early risen, and were marching through country west of the river. Soon afterwards, being sent to the outposts, my ear quickly detected heavy masses moving along the road towards Stone Bridge, and I could faintly hear the shouts of teamsters and artillery drivers whipping up their horses. The bumping of heavy waggons and artillery was distinctly audible, while now and then the command could be faintly heard in the still night—"Attention, battalion!—forward, march!" This continued passage of men along our front gave me very melancholy forebodings regarding the enemy's force, more especially as serious fears were entertained regarding the

remainder of Johnson's command in the Shenandoah, for it was now nearly 3 A.M., and still no troops had arrived!

Could it be that the enemy had sent a heavy force, torn up the track, and seized the "Gap?" None could tell; few dared speak on the subject; but those who knew our weakness, and the necessity for the speedy arrival of reinforcements, whispered their fears of the deadly conflict that would be surely ushered in at dawn. Again and again cocks on neighbouring farms carolled forth the hour. At last the first grey streaks of morning appeared in the sky, with the pure pale moon slowly descending below the distant woods. The waters of the river audibly rippled past—otherwise, not a sound was heard save the quick, sharp challenge, "Halt!—who goes there?"

By entering into conversation with a well-informed comrade, I ascertained the precise position and number of our forces. Ewell's brigade constituted our extreme right, and was across Bull Run, posted at Union Mills; D. R. Jones's brigade came next, being south of the river, at M'Lean's (or Wolf) Ford; Longstreet's brigade was at Blackburn's Ford; Bonham's brigade at Mitchell's Ford; Philip St. George Cocke's brigade was posted at Ball's Ford, three miles farther up stream; while Colonel Nathan Evans, with two regiments, guarded Stone Bridge—making a distance of nine miles from the right to our extreme left. There were several other fords farther up, viz.—the Red House Ford, and still higher, Sudley Ford, &c.; but Stone Bridge was generally considered our extreme left. The

right of our line was much stronger than the left in position and numbers, even without considering the two reserve brigades of Holmes and Early, which were stationed with the former for emergencies.

At which of these points the meditated blow might fall none could foresee. Scott was said to be a crafty general, and there can be no doubt that he taxed his little genius rather heavily on this occasion to assist M'Dowell, who, as our prisoners assured us, held the chief command. I had scarcely returned to camp, about 5 A.M., when all were afoot and ready for moving. The sun had risen in more than usual splendour, and as I stood on a hill across M'Lean's Ford, gazing upon the distant landscape, the effect was beautiful. To our right and eastward, on the heights of Centreville, Porter's artillery was deliberately shelling Blackburn's and M'Lean's Fords, the smoke, in the most beautiful and fantastically formed volumes, curling away from the cannon's mouth. Westward, rose the dark outline of the Blue Ridge, which enclosed, as in an amphitheatre, the woods and hollows, the streams and open spaces of Manassas Plains. Smoke, ascending from the woods on both sides of the stream of Bull Run, eight miles away in the direction of Stone Bridge, told that the fight had commenced there, while the frequent reports of artillery proved that both sides were becoming angry, and replying sharply and vindictively to each other. Occasional sounds of musketry fire, fronting Blackburn's and Mitchell's Fords, indicated that Longstreet's and Bonham's brigades at the centre were engaged in heavy skirmishes, though the enemy

seemed disinclined to attempt any serious assault upon those positions.

As soon as the first guns disturbed the peace of this calm and beautiful Sabbath morning, Johnson and Beauregard had galloped forward, and taken up a position on a hill to the left and rear of Bonham at Mitchell's Ford, where a full view was obtained of the entire line of Bull Run. The enemy saw the group of officers, and shells fell thick in the vicinity. These demonstrations met with no response: our generals-in-chief were intently watching the development of M'Dowell's movements, and seemed undecided as to his real point of attack. They had not remained long searching the plain with their glasses, when an increasing volume of smoke four miles to the left revealed the fact that the Federals were in force at that point. This was presently confirmed by the arrival of orderlies, who reported that the fire was brisk at Stone Bridge; that we held our own there, but that a strong column under Colonel Hunter had successfully crossed higher up at Sudley Ford, driven Evans back, and was slowly progressing, at right angles to the river, towards the Red House.

Colonel Evans having been forewarned of this movement, as we have elsewhere shown, had posted about 1,000 men and two light pieces near the intersection of the Warrenton Turnpike and Sudley Road. This handful of troops resisted the advance of Hunter, until they were compelled by superior numbers to retire across the Ford; and this being effected, they took up another position in the woods. The movement was

misunderstood by the enemy, who, believing our force to be routed, halted at the Ford some little time to refresh themselves and fill their canteens. They then crossed in admirable order, and had advanced about a mile, when our two guns opened fire upon them, and blocked up the lane with dead. The enemy now hurried forward their artillery, and, soon overpowering ours, advanced again, meeting with a desperate resistance from Evans's heroes, whose precision of fire inflicted severe loss on the masses opposed to them.

While these events were progressing at Sudley Ford, other parts of the field began to develop more fully the enemy's plan of battle. The reader must picture to himself Wheat's immortal battalion (the Louisiana) and a few other troops still engaged with Tyler's (1st) division of three brigades at Stone Bridge,* while Evans

* General Thos. W. Sherman (brigadier of volunteers, in Tyler's division) is a fine, well-made man, six feet high, erect, moderately stout, precise in manner, but quick and voluble in discourse, fair complexion, and closely shaven. He was captain 1st United States Artillery, and served during the Mexican war. His battery was well-known for its efficiency and drill, and was generally called "Sherman's battery." When he retired from the United States' service he ranked as major. He lived in Louisiana for some time, and conducted a semi-military academy at Alexandria in that State, in which occupation he realized much money. When war seemed inevitable between the North and South, he gave up his academy, and offered his services to the Lincoln Government, to assist in killing the pupils who gave him bread. He was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, and made himself conspicuous at Manassas. In the old army he enjoyed great reputation as an artillerist, but now seems to have sunk into oblivion, or all talent has departed, for we never hear of him as distinguishing himself. His once famous battery, subsequent to his resignation, was commanded by Captain James B. Ricketts, of New York, who greatly distinguished himself at Manassas, and quite eclipsed the fame of Sherman as an artillery officer.

at Sudley Ford is slowly retiring before the four brigades of Hunter. Then Colonel Heinzleman, with the 2nd division, is seen moving towards Red House Ford between these two valiant leaders; and joining forces with Hunter, he proceeds—still at right angles with the river—to Stone Bridge, his object being to disperse the little force under Major Wheat, and allow Tyler's division to cross. Heinzleman was, in some degree, baffled and held in check. But arriving at and crossing the ford, he discovered one of our regiments (4th Alabama) drawn up to receive him. Recalling his skirmishers, Heinzleman cheered on the New York "Fire Zouaves" (1,500 strong), leading gallantly himself. Our Alabamians allow them to approach within fifty yards, when they deliver a volley from 800 Mississippi rifles, and scatter the Zouaves beyond all recal. They are re-formed, harangued, reminded of their vows, their banners are shaken out, and cheers given for the Union—but "advance" they will not. The morale of these braves was destroyed: they were afterwards seen in companies, or small detachments, but never as a regiment.

Disgusted with their behaviour, Heinzleman turned in his saddle, and observing the gallant appearance of the 14th Brooklyn (New York) Zouaves, placed himself at their head, and again advanced; but again the calm line of Alabamians delivered a fatal volley, and again the crack Federal troops broke and fled. A Massachusetts regiment was next brought up to clear the way, but this, and two other regiments which followed it, quailed before the murderous volleys of the "4th."

The only regiment that *did* stand *two* volleys was a Michigan, or Western regiment. Numbers, however, began to tell, and Bee, who commanded the Alabamians and Mississippians, slowly fell back. By this time, it will be seen, the enemy had three full divisions and many guns across the stream, and the conflict began to assume a sanguinary aspect. To oppose their advance we had two light guns and one regiment under Evans, 7th and 8th Georgia under Bartow, 4th Alabama, 2nd, and two companies of the 11th Mississippi, and four guns of Imboden's battery under Bee,—a total of six guns and five regiments against 15,000 (including "regulars" and "marines") and twenty pieces of rifled artillery. Such being the disparity of numbers, the fight was maintained with desperation on our side. The enemy's line, at right angles with the river, was increasing in length every moment; their design, so far as we could judge, was to cut us off from Manassas, and entirely surround our small but heroic band. To add to our misfortune two small brigades had been detached from the division in front of Stone Bridge, and, finding a fordable place, had crossed under Sherman and Keyes, and appeared forming to our right and rear, leaving sufficient force at the bridge to occupy our small force under Major Wheat.

On the left the fight up to this time had been desperate. The attack on Hunter's column at Sudley Ford was made by Evans with a full consciousness of the disparity of force, and he expected no more success than consisted in delaying the movements of the enemy; yet such was the ardour of his men and

their precision of fire, that he accomplished wonders. They were so exhausted, however, with continually advancing to the attack, and were so much weakened in numbers, that at last the men for the most part were firing from the woods in skirmishing order, and, being excellent marksmen, inflicted much loss. It was impossible at this time to concentrate them at any one point, for each was fighting in his own style—"bush-whacking," as it is called. Yet they did not flinch, but continued an incessant fusilade upon the enemy, who seemed to fear that the attack was from our main body. In that conviction, they moved but slowly down towards the Red House Ford, where Bee's Mississippians and Bartow's Alabamians were struggling against the craftiness and numbers of Colonel Heinzleman.

I have already recorded how five of their best regiments were successively beaten back by a single one of ours, or rather parts of two. Bee led his men admirably. Again and again he formed and reformed his little band, encouraging all with words of kindness and confidence. He frequently assailed overwhelming numbers to prevent them securing the passage of Stone Bridge, beyond which heavy divisions were waiting to cross. He was only relieved when Jackson's Brigade and Hampton's Legion were brought up; then joining with Evans, their combined forces formed a longer and better line, and repelled the enemy with more ease, although the strength and precision of the opposing artillery made fearful havoc.

It will be remembered that Major Wheat's Louisiana battalion were left sole defenders of the bridge itself.

Although few in number, these heroic soldiers sustained every shock with unwavering courage, and on more than one occasion dropped their rifles, and rushed among the enemy with long bowie knives. But when it was known that Hunter had crossed at Sudley Ford, and formed a junction with Heinzleman at Red House Ford, Sherman's and Keyes' brigades left the force at Stone Bridge, and crossed a few hundred yards higher up, as related above; and Wheat was sent to prevent their junction with the other forces on the same side. As the majority of Wheat's command were Louisiana Irish, they robbed the dead of their whisky, and were in high spirits when ordered to assail Sherman and Keyes. They could not attempt this alone, but, receiving reinforcements, wrought such havoc among the enemy that their progress was extremely slow and uncertain. The fighting was irregular. Now, the battalion would keep up a lively fire from the woods, creep through the brush, make a sudden charge, upset a cannon or two and retire. Again, they would maintain a death-like silence until the foe were not more than fifty paces off; then delivering a withering volley, they would dash forward with unearthly yells, and as they drew their knives and rushed to close quarters, the Yankees screamed with horror.

It is only fair to state that the Federal colonels Hunter, Heinzleman, and others, nobly did their duty, and handled their troops with great precision and judgment. Scott's idea of attracting our attention on the right, and at Stone Bridge, while columns were marching through the woods to cross at Sudley and Red

House Fords, was an excellent one, and it was carried out to the letter by his scientific subordinates. Had not our small force made a terrible resistance, it was more than possible the day would have proved disastrous to us, for our line was scattered over a distance of more than eight miles up and down the river, and our weakest point had been selected for the assault.

The events I have attempted to describe occupied the time till midday. There could be no longer a doubt of the enemy's real plan; and our small force under Bee gradually fell back towards the Robinson House, against vast odds, suffering severely at every yard. Johnson and Beauregard furiously galloped to the left, to retrieve our failing fortunes. Hampton's Legion and Jackson's Virginia Brigade had already arrived to succour Bee, and were ordered to lie down behind a bit of rising ground, so as to form the centre of a new line when Bee retreated thus far. Riding up to Jackson, who, on a mound, sat his horse like a statue, viewing the whole scene, Bee said, "General, they are beating us back—we're obliged to give ground." "Well, then, sir," was the dry, calm reply, "we will give them the bayonet!" Riding hurriedly back to his men, Bee cheered them with encouraging words, saying, "Look at Jackson yonder, boys!—he is standing like a stone-wall!"

Finding that the enemy still assailed our left with overwhelming numbers and fury, General Beauregard conceived the idea of a forward movement on the right, hoping that it might serve as a diversion. Ewell and Jones were ordered to move into position and attack.

The latter general marched three miles, and took up his line within half a mile of the enemy; but the extreme right failed to fire, and after remaining three hours, Jones retired south of the Run. It has been said that Ewell never received these orders. Be this as it may, Ewell, Jones, and Longstreet remained idle with their magnificent commands, while the roar of battle to the left was increasing every moment. In the distance shot and shell were ploughing up the ground. Towards Manassas the dark Federal line was approaching slowly, like an immense serpent moving through the fields, while the numerous artillery of the enemy belched forth grape and shell upon our weak and small line.

The situation was now exceedingly critical, but reinforcements were rapidly approaching from Bonham's and Longstreet's brigades on the right, together with several pieces of artillery and some cavalry. Seizing an opportune moment, General Beauregard led on one wing, while Johnson, grasping the colours of the 4th Alabama, rode to the front; and with a wild yell our men advanced again, and quickly recovered lost ground, having to move forward under showers of shell and small shot that assailed them at every step. Brilliant as this charge was, the enemy, it was plain, were overpowering us by weight of numbers. They had seized a plateau on which stood two wooden houses (Widow Henry's, and the free negro Robinson's), and had placed thereon Ricketts' and Griffin's celebrated batteries.

General Beauregard, determined to repossess himself of the position, formed his line for an assault, and his right rushed to the charge, while our centre,

under Jackson, pierced theirs. The plateau was won, together with several guns, but the enemy some time afterwards threw forward a heavy force of infantry and dispossessed us again.

It was now about two P.M., and the battle still raged furiously on the left, though nothing, save skirmishing and an occasional discharge of ordnance, occurred on our right. The brigades of Holmes and Early were ordered up, and the first arrived opportunely at the moment when our generals were preparing for another advance: at the same time, additional pieces of artillery came galloping up, by their eagerness for action and cheerfulness inspiriting all with bright hopes for the future. At the word to charge, our men seemed to have received new life, and advanced with loud shouts to drive the enemy from the plateau. Our artillery replied admirably, but the enemy were more than a match for us, and inflicted much loss. Our infantry, however, nothing daunted by the forces massed on the hill, resolutely attacked them, and after a stubborn and sanguinary combat the plateau, with the enemy's guns and ammunition, was again in our possession.

Pursuing the foe through the fields, our men never seemed weary of slaughter, although their own ranks were perceptibly thinning. It was while driving the enemy through the "open" that Bee and Bartow, riding in advance of their commands, fell mortally wounded. The latter, with colours in hand, survived a few moments, and, smiling on his comrades, said, "They have killed me, boys; but never give up the

fight." The enemy were puzzled and astounded by the change which two hours had produced in the tide of fortune; as for ourselves, though still inferior in numbers, we had now no doubt of success: our reinforcements were rapidly arriving from the right, steadily our advance was continued through fields and woods, over hundreds of dead—friends and foes.

Such was the state of the battle, when, from appearances in the distance, it became evident that the enemy were planning and arranging some great final stroke for our overthrow. But while they rallied their broken line, under shelter of fresh brigades, and prepared for the renewal of the struggle, signals from the hills warned General Beauregard to "look out for enemy's advance on the left." I must here remind the reader that the remainder of Johnson's army had been anxiously expected from the Shenandoah Valley during the whole of the previous night; and it was these troops—Kirby Smith's brigade—that had been mistaken for the enemy. As the train approached Manassas, Smith knew by the firing that a great struggle was in progress, and, having stopped the engine, he formed his men, and advanced through the fields. Every countenance was brightened by the intelligence of his arrival at this juncture. "Johnson's men have come at last!" was the remark from mouth to mouth, and that commander instantly made dispositions for an enlargement of our line. While this was going on, Early's brigade also came up from the right (for though the message, as I have before stated, was sent at noon, it was not received until past two),

and was instantly sent to our extreme left, while Kirby Smith was ordered to assail the enemy's right and rear, which his advance through the fields enabled him to do easily. Other reinforcements were coming from Bonham, Cocke, and Longstreet, and as they arrived were placed in position for a general advance.

On the side of the enemy, Colonels Hunter, Heinzleman, Sherman, Burnside, Keyes, and others, saw the storm approaching, and made every effort to meet it. They had re-formed their line, and endeavoured to outflank our left; but at the very moment when Major Elzey with Kirby Smith's brigade of 1,700 men and four guns, and Early's brigade (17th Virginia, 7th Louisiana, and 13th Mississippi), attacked them on the right flank and rear, Beauregard and Johnson, also, threw forward their whole line, and with loud shouts advanced to the attack; twenty pieces of cannon at the same time shook the earth with their deafening roar. Among other regiments the following formed this last grand charge, viz.:—11th, 2nd, and 13th Mississippi; 7th and 8th Georgia; 7th Louisiana; 6th North Carolina; 4th Alabama; 10th, 17th, 4th, 5th, 27th, 43rd, 18th, and 28th Virginia; Stuart's Cavalry, and Hampton's Legion; 4th, 2nd, and 8th South Carolina; 3rd Tennessee; 1st Maryland, &c.

When the order was given to advance, couriers were sent to our right, with instructions for Longstreet Jones, and Ewell, to make a strong demonstration towards Centreville. The roar of cannon and musketry on the left was terrible; clouds of smoke and dust hung over the entire plain; high above the din of the strife

might be heard one of the enemy's heavy pieces, a 32-pounder, called "Long Tom." Simultaneously attacked on all sides, and with unexampled fury, the foe made a determined resistance on a rising ground in the vicinity of Chinn's House, and it looked like an island round which flames were gathering in all directions. Appalled by the unexpected change of fortune, the Federal commanders knew not what to do. It was now past three in the afternoon, yet no reinforcements were at hand, and their cannon were being captured at every turn. In vain they rallied their forces; no sooner were they formed than our troops broke them again, until at last their line, thousands in number sought safety in sudden flight. The landscape was darkened by their fugitive masses flying in all directions, and pursued by the half-wild victors.

The pursuit was the business of Stuart's cavalry, aided by artillery, and the scene that ensued was awful and heartrending. Ten miles from Centreville heights, these fugitive thousands rushed across Bull Run by the various fords, and horse, foot, artillery, waggons, and ambulances were entangled in inextricable confusion; the roads were blocked up, reinforcements arriving were seized with a panic, and every one rushed towards Centreville by the roads, through the woods and fields. To add to their horror, Jones's brigade on the right, without waiting for Ewell or Longstreet, attacked their reserves on Centreville, and turned what would have been an orderly retreat into a disastrous rout. Thousands rushing towards Centreville for safety, only arrived in time to learn that our troops were advancing

on the village, and that Blenker's and other reserve corps, unable to withstand the pressure, were rushing towards Washington. For miles around clouds of smoke and dust obscured the landscape, while the rattle of musketry and the cheers of Jones's brigade, as they, rushing into the deserted camps, and seizing upon the artillery, only added additional fears to the horror-stricken multitude. Kemper's and Beckham's batteries, on our left, also pursued the enemy, and kept up such a destructive fire upon them, that at many points of the road waggons, artillery, caissons, ambulances, and carriages were jammed in masses, and thus barricaded the roads. At these points the fugitives took to the fields and woods, throwing away their arms and accoutrements, and whatever might impede flight. Even the sick and wounded were dragged from ambulances, and their places taken by red-legged Zouaves; ambulance, waggon, and artillery horses had their traces cut, and were mounted by officers of every grade, from captains to generals and governors of States. Such a roar, confusion, and dust it is impossible to imagine. Every road leading from Manassas was crowded by the fugitives—soldiers in every style of costume, ladies, members of Congress, governors of States, editors, "special correspondents," "own correspondents," telegraph operators, surgeons, paymasters, parsons—all were running for dear life,—hatless, bootless and ragged, dusty and powder-blackened. Behind them thundered our avenging cavalry and artillery; while the sharp rattle of musketry at the foot of Centreville heights told where Jones and Longstreet hurled destruction on their flank.

CHAPTER VI.

The Pursuit—Immense Booty—Our Prisoners and their Behaviour—A Ride over the Field of Action—Incidents of the Fight—Arrival of President Davis during the Action, and its Effect—Behaviour of the New York Fire Zouaves—The victorious Army did not advance upon Washington or Maryland—Relic-mongers on the Field of Battle—Personal Appearance of President Davis—Sketches of Evans and Longstreet.

THOUGH a general pursuit was ordered, it was found impossible to overtake the enemy, so precipitate had been their flight; and as we advanced, the signs of the dreadful combat of that day seemed to multiply at every step. The dead and dying are common to every battle-field; but here were broken cannon-wheels, deserted camps, overturned caissons, large supplies of commissary stores, files of prisoners, captured waggons, maimed and staggering animals, dead horses, cannons in the mud—innumerable proofs of the haste, confusion, and discomfiture of the enemy. Now small squads of cavalry dashed in advance, then scattering musketry could be heard faintly in the distance; now a line of Federal waggons were found blocked up in the road, the traces cut and horses gone; again we came up with squads of red and blue-legged Yankee Zouaves marching good-humouredly to the rear; now a captured

battery jingled along in the same direction; and as for the processions of stores, tents, waggons, ambulances, and private carriages, they seemed endless in number and variety. Completely exhausted with our labours, the regiment countermarched and bivouacked in one of the deserted camps, where barrels of excellent fresh crackers, hogsheads of hams and bacon, boxes of cheese, raisins, white sugar, coffee, tea, macaroni, well-fitted mess chests, blankets, mattresses, and whisky in abundance, soon made us forgetful of our late privations.

Our men were frantic with the glory of the day and the opportune discovery of such plentiful supplies. The Yankees had been lavish of expense in preparing for the "trip to Richmond," and their accumulated luxuries had fallen into the hands of those who could appreciate them. We found large numbers of beeves slaughtered and ready for butchering in their camps, but all the animals had been stolen from neighbouring farms on their march. In fact, the destruction of private property, generally, was so great, that farmers were raving—they had been despoiled of almost everything, and nothing was paid for. Hedges and fences were all rendered unserviceable; stacks of hay and straw were carted off or burned, and the inhabitants had to flee to the woods to escape insult or violence. Not a horse or mule was left in the country for miles around; the fugitives had seized and driven them off to Washington—as many as three being often seen bestraddling one poor, jaded beast—so anxious were these invaders to escape us. Coats, hats, boots, muskets, and accoutrements lined all the roads, and

every bypath leading northward; remnants of clothing hung on every bush; and over all dense clouds of dust arose, blinding and choking every one. As the last rays of the sun shone upon the neighbouring hills, we could plainly discern, with the aid of glasses, the roads of retreat marked by dense lines of dust rolling over the dark green landscape in the distance.

The prisoners taken were more dead than alive—men so pale and exhausted I never saw. Their uniforms were in tatters; they were, for the most part, shoeless, hatless, and literally gasping for water. With hair dishevelled, powder-begrimed and dusty faces, bloodshot eyes, and unstrung nerves, they were more the objects of pity than derision. As night came on, bodies of troops were moving in all directions; cavalry jingled by with strings of prisoners, and such were their pitiful appeals for water in passing, that several of our negroes were constantly employed in drawing it for them. Many of the wells we found choked up with all kinds of rubbish—some being filled with ammunition boxes, offal, and earth. Standing on the heights of Centreville the entire plain was made visible by the large number of camp-fires and bivouacks; and over all arose the busy hum of voices. Everywhere lanterns and torches flickered in the gloom, while Manassas Junction seemed to be in a blaze from the multitude of lights and fires. Every house in Centreville was converted into an hospital—long lines of wounded were carried in mournful procession, while in retired spots fatigue-parties were opening trenches for the dead. But all were thoroughly exhausted: few were tempted

by pleasure or curiosity to move, and about 9 P.M. our men were sound asleep in their tents or around their watch-fires, and the sentinels themselves stood as stationary as statues.

The incessant rumbling of batteries, waggons, and ambulances broke my slumbers, while ever and anon I started up half in fear: I was fighting the battle over in my dreams, and in this state of semi-consciousness experienced far more danger and adventure than I had done in the actual engagement. Aroused by the crowing of cocks at twilight, I refreshed myself with a bath in Bull Run, and found all kinds of clothing floating past, torn, muddy, and bloody. Then, having received orders to proceed to Manassas, I procured a good mount, and chose the most circuitous route, by Stone Bridge and Sudley Ford. My course was for some distance parallel with the river, through scenes of carnage and destruction indescribable. Near the bridge crossing Cub Run there were not less than a dozen waggons overturned; wounded men were sheltering themselves under trees from the heavy rain; tents were torn and flapping in the wind on every hand, and the mud was almost impassable. Approaching Stone Bridge, my sight was pained by corn-fields trodden down; meadows trampled to mud; farm-houses riddled by shot and shell, and orchards destroyed for ever; chimneys and gables, stone fences and walls, were crumbling in ruins, while the dead, and sometimes the dying, lay in heaps as they had fallen.

Having crossed Stone Bridge, I perceived that the face of the whole country in front was disfigured, if not

destroyed; and here numerous mounds of newly-turned earth bespoke the labours of fatigue-parties. The scene was too melancholy. Recrossing, I proceeded up the stream, and passed the large and beautiful fields over which the Federals had marched in their flank movement and line of retreat. As much as possible, this movement had been concealed from us by marching through the woods; but as I approached Sudley Ford, the proofs that great bodies of men had passed here were multiplied. The Ford was not more than knee-deep; and as I crossed, every step convinced me that the combat had begun in earnest the moment it was attempted by the enemy. The old Stone Church and all the neighbouring houses were perforated with shot, and the ground was thickly covered with branches of trees cut by shot and shell. All the houses, barns, and out-houses, and also the church here, were used as hospitals, not less than 500 of the enemy being under the treatment of their own and our surgeons.

Hastening towards Manassas, I came upon the fields where the enemy's flanking column had been routed on the previous afternoon. The ground was excessively heavy from the fall of rain, and I did not examine it minutely: in fact, the sight of the wounded —of headless and limbless trunks, and all the sad aspects of war — was too revolting, and I passed hurriedly by without numbering or examining the large pits newly opened for the reception of the dead. This was the spot (about two miles from Manassas,) which the closing scenes of the day had rendered for

ever memorable, some additional particulars of which may here be given.

From a distance, on the day of battle, I had observed the gradual lengthening of a large black line from Sudley Ford towards Manassas, but until the afternoon could not comprehend it. This, however, was the brigaded force of the enemy preparing for the final struggle; and about three P.M., not fewer than twenty-five of our pieces opened fire upon it. Our scattered infantry, at the same time, were re-formed and reinforced, but so steady was the progress made by the enemy, that Beauregard had thought it prudent to call up Colonel Jackson with the reserves to protect the retreat that seemed inevitable. Colonel Evans had not proceeded many yards on this errand when he was recalled, our general having been warned by the field telegraph that troops were approaching on the left. Whether they were friends or foes could not be determined, till an orderly, dashing forward, resolved all doubts. "Colonel Terry," said Beauregard, his face lighting up, "ride forward and order General Kirby Smith to hurry up his brigade, and strike them on the flank and rear."

This important episode in the events of the day occurred in front of the enemy. At the same moment, Manassas station was the scene of a transaction not less memorable for its bearing upon the final issue of the struggle. The Richmond train, which had started at seven A.M., but from various accidents did not arrive sooner, was drawn into the station, and from it President Davis instantly alighted, and, mounting his horse, galloped towards the scene of action. The first

person he met was his own brother, Colonel Joe Davis. "Return, brother," said the latter, "the day is lost—they have outflanked us, and will be here in less than half an hour." "If that be true," the President replied, "our right place is on the field with the boys." Rapidly galloping towards the line of fire, he discovered Kirby Smith's brigade advancing at the "double quick," in obedience to the order just received from Beauregard, and the President being recognized, a wild enthusiastic yell burst from the men as they furiously dashed on the Yankee flank, and instantly broke it! The scene of confusion that then ensued was truly appalling. Believing that the whole of Johnson's army was in their rear, the right wing of the enemy broke and fled in inextricable confusion, crossing the Run at different points, and infusing a panic into whole brigades and divisions, as already related.

To return to my remembrances of the field, after the battle. Manassas Junction, when I reached the spot, resembled a vast fair. Hundreds of persons were moving about from enclosure to enclosure, viewing the particoloured prisoners, who were temporarily confined in sheds. In one place were several hundreds of muscular fellows in red trousers and caps, blue jackets and white gaiters: these were the famous Fire Zouaves of New York, about whom so much had been said and written by the whole North. Their behaviour was scandalous, and outraged all decency: it being incredible that troops who had behaved so cowardly before an inferior force, should still be so full of bombast as to insult the very men who had voluntarily deprived themselves of

food and blankets to feed and warm them. But let this pass. In all directions were prisoners of every grade, of every corps, and every imaginable style of uniform. Around the depôt were piled immense stores of flour, rice, sugar, coffee, clothing, medicines, ammunition, and, conspicuous above all, thirty pieces of cannon. Other pieces were in our hands, but had not yet been brought in. The rain pouring in torrents, rendered walking impracticable; so having fulfilled the orders entrusted to me, and satisfied my curiosity, I remounted, and crossing the fields south of the Run, rejoined my regiment, now snugly encamped in the Yankee tents beyond Centreville.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more dreary than the face of the country over which I had journeyed. Th erain was pouring in torrents, thunder rolled and crashed in every direction, and stately trees were struck down by the lightning. Conveyances were sunk in mud up to the axles; horsemen picked their way as best they could; the whole army was wet, dreary, drowsy, dirty, and mud-locked. It was physically impossible for troops to advance in such weather, and not all the ingenuity of man could have moved an army over such a country. But even had this been possible, the army was totally unfit to move. We had gained an important victory by accident, but our troops required far more experience than they then possessed to commence siege operations and beleaguer the capital of a numerous and opulent people. Small as our army was, it was deficient in everything but courage: the quartermaster's, commissary, and other departments

were in the hands of inexperienced civilians; the cavalry was totally inadequate to our necessities; the artillery weak and unorganized, imperfectly supplied with matériel of the worst description, and indifferently disciplined. It was impossible it could be otherwise in an army so hurriedly formed as ours had been; and hence, having a fair knowledge of the facts, I cannot but fully concur in the majority vote of the council of war which decided against an advance on Washington. Besides military, there were doubtless cogent political reasons for this decision; but, though partially informed, it is not my province to speak of them here.

Leaving the direction of affairs to those responsible for them, and with unbounded confidence in their ability, our men betook themselves to gaiety on a small scale, or occupied their leisure hours in writing home; the daily mail occasionally weighing not less than one ton. Strangers poured into Manassas daily to see the "sights," and carry off "relics." Uniforms, arms, buttons, caps, and even skulls were seized with avidity, and where Bartow, Bee, Fisher, and other heroes had fallen, the woods were stripped of every branch that could be converted into a walking-stick or cane. The vitiated tastes and vulgar curiosity of these people were disgusting. Hundreds of non-combatants daily trudged through the mud from field to field, examining localities with intense curiosity and loquacious patriotism. Even when, during warm weather, the effluvia from graves and unburied matter was unbearable, these relic-mongers might be seen, hovering over the fields like carrion

crows, carrying off all kinds of trifles, including twenty-four pound shot and shell: any imaginable article, heavy or light, that could, with any show of reason, be called a "relic."

During the week, when the weather had cleared and the scorching July sun blazed again as of old, by common consent we all took to the woods, and encamped there. As for "Jeff. Davis," it appears that when the rout of the enemy was complete, he had ridden without escort along the lines; but his features and figure were so well known that he was quickly discovered, and loud yells of delight rang out from our whole army. Taking advantage of the fall of evening, he "dropped in" upon our officers (many of whom were fellow-townsmen, or ex-members of the U. S. branches of Legislature) to have a quiet chat. As I had never seen a live President, my curiosity was on the *qui vive*, and when his presence was whispered to me, I found him sitting at our colonel's tent-door, with a circle of captains and lieutenants, conversing very quietly on State affairs, but with no more animation or sign of pleasure than if a victorious army was not around, or a beaten one flying from, him. In citizen attire, with beaver hat, and smoking a cigar, he listened to all that was said, assented or dissented with a nod of the head, and some time afterwards, mounting his grey mare, ambled off to Manassas, as unostentatiously as if he were the least person in the Confederacy. Since then I have seen the President frequently on different fields of battle, and have observed little change in his habitually modest and thoughtful demeanour, although on many occasions

his proud and victorious troops, unconscious of his presence, were rending the skies with their shouts or charging the enemy with unexampled fury.

The brigadier under whom we had hitherto served pleased the men so little that it was deemed advisable to appoint in his stead Colonel Nathan Evans, whose generalship and gallantry at Stone Bridge and Sudley Ford had won for him universal esteem. We had been informed that our command was under marching orders, and parade was just over when three horsemen galloped into camp, and saluted the colonel. These were none other than Evans, Longstreet, and Ewell—names that are now for ever hallowed in the hearts and history of our gallant army. From their style of riding and peculiar seat in the saddle, I at first sight took them for dragoons, and was not mistaken. Evans was very restless, and his horse reared and chafed, and plunged to the right and left all the time he stayed with us. He is about forty years of age, with a head of the cast of Tom Moore's; slightly bald; small restless black eyes; heavy black moustaches; and when he smiles, displays incomparable teeth; but has a quick, cunning, and snappish look, although his manner is polished and polite. His countenance looks like one who dissipates occasionally; he is of medium stature, angular in his movements, never happy but when in the saddle—a perfect soldier in everything, and "swears like a trooper."

Longstreet is a powerfully-built man, somewhat bald, about five feet ten inches high, with sandy hair and whiskers—the latter allowed to grow untrimmed. He possesses a fine bluish-grey eye, of great depth, pene-

tration, and calculation; seldom speaks unnecessarily, seems absorbed in thought, and very quiet in manner. Ewell I did not see distinctly; he was continually moving about, prying into our camp arrangements, and looking towards Manassas with his glass. All three were dressed as citizens, with heavy black felt hats on, and, except pistols in their holsters, were unarmed and unattended. These officers have since acquired immortal fame. I myself have been witness to their achievements, of which more anon.

CHAPTER VII.

Battle of Oak Hill in Missouri—The Confederates under Price and M'Culloch are surprised, but prove victorious—Death of the Federal General Lyon, and Promotion of General Fremont—Misunderstanding between Southern Generals—Cruel Devastation of the Country by Federal Troops—Character of Fremont—Siege and Capture of Lexington by Price—Immense Booty.

THE scene of action now shifts to Missouri, and, as before, I am able to give authentic details of the events that took place in that State, having received the following letter descriptive of the battles of "Oak Hill" and "Lexington:"—

"DEAR TOM,—My last letter informed you that, after the action of Carthage, the small commands of Price, M'Culloch, and Pearce were on their way to Cowskin Prairie, in order to recruit and organize. We had not remained in this wilderness of a place many days when information was brought that Lyon and Sturgis had suddenly ceased their pursuit, bewildered by the unexpected discomfiture of Siegel at Carthage. After a halt, Lyon, Siegel, and others formed a junction at Springfield, where they numbered some twelve or fifteen thousand men, well armed, disciplined, and counting among them a heavy force of U. S. regulars of all arms. In the meantime we ourselves were receiving

reinforcements, and in a few days could count upwards of nine thousand, under the command of General Price; of these, however, thousands had no arms whatever, and had to depend entirely on chance for their future supply.

"Not only were we deficient in weapons, but when the march on Springfield commenced our commissary and quartermaster's departments, but recently organized, proved very indifferent, and it was seldom the men drew full rations. They made up for all deficiencies, however, by laying violent hands on everything that came within reach, appropriating large quantities of green corn, and eating it. They also extensively patronized the various corn-cribs on their several routes, and, shelling the corn, pounded it between rocks until reduced to powder, and then made bread. Hogs were plentiful, as also beef cattle; and farmers, being friendly to our cause, willingly sold all things for Confederate paper, so that it much relieved the commissariat, and eased the line of march. Ben M'Culloch, with his small column, led the way; Pearce of Arkansas followed; and last came the hero and patriot, Sterling Price, with his ragged, half-fed, and ill-armed band of Missourians.

"After many days of toilsome travel, we approached a point thirty miles south of Springfield, where it was reported Lyon and Siegel were encamped on hills beside the road. We halted until the next morning, and then, cautiously advancing, found that the enemy had decamped and gone in the direction of Springfield. Their strength we could not ascertain with precision, but they

were said to number at least 10,000 men, well armed well drilled, and counting thousands of 'regulars' among them. They also had a strong force of cavalry, and some twenty pieces of artillery—Totten's battery being considered one of the best in the old Federal army. Our effective force amounted to about 5,000 ill-armed, badly drilled men, and some 6,000 horsemen, who were, for politeness' sake, called cavalry; but they had not a particle of discipline among them; they had been drilled to serve on foot, and were armed with every imaginable weapon; their horses, too, were little better than skeletons.

"Finding that the enemy had fallen back the day previous before our advanced guard, we hurried forward in pursuit; but after a march of some twenty miles, the men were completely broken down from fatigue and the want of proper supplies. On the 10th of August we camped at Wilson's Creek, about ten miles south of Springfield, and the whole country was scoured for provisions. Whatever the fields produced was instantly appropriated, and many of us thanked Providence for the abundance of green corn. Ben M'Culloch had halted his advance on the right of the road, assisted by Pearce; while Price was on the left of it; and thoughtless of danger—in fact, never dreaming of Lyon being in the vicinity at all—threw out no pickets; or if any *were* in advance, they were few indeed. In the evening little was thought of but amusement: most of the boys were dancing and kicking up their heels until a late hour, as lively as if the enemy were a thousand miles away. But hardly had the sun risen, when the sharp

report of firearms on our right and rear awoke every one, and the word passed from mouth to mouth, 'They are here! fall in, fall in! we are surprised! quick! quick! we are surrounded! fall in! fall in!' M'Culloch *was* surprised, as none will venture to deny, and before his line was formed, loud drumming in Price's command convinced him that we were all alike in a precarious condition. Siegel, in fact, was attacking our right and rear with great vigour, and his shot and shell were bouncing into our camps and throwing everything into confusion.

"When our men had recovered from their excitement and formed line, it was found that Siegel had already advanced some distance, while Lyon, hearing that Siegel was fairly engaged, pushed the centre and left with great energy. Totten's battery was admirably posted on an eminence, and ploughed up the ground in our front. Yet there old Price, our gallant commander, rode up and down the line, with white hair streaming in the wind, cheering, forming, and encouraging his ragged musketeers, who, by their incessant discharges and their accurate aim, stopped Lyon's advance, and equalized the fight in the centre and left, while M'Culloch was stemming the storm on the right and rear. Observing the destructive effect of the fire of Siegel's guns, M'Culloch determined to make a bold dash, and, if possible, silence them. Collecting a few Louisianians, he rushed to the right and rear, and found one of our batteries already engaged in that quarter. Some confusion was caused by the accuracy of our fire, taking advantage of which, M'Culloch

dashed forward with his companies, and before the enemy could recover from their astonishment, five guns fell into our hands, and other forces instantly following up the movement, our irregular horse dashed in upon them with a terrific yell, discharging their shot-guns, rifles, and revolvers, at short distance, captured their sixth and last piece, and began cutting and slashing about them with the wildest fury. Siegel was totally routed! His infantry, opposed to ours, were not better than Dutchmen usually are; and their flight was expedited by artillery, which hammered away at them, dropping shell into every little group, and clearing our whole front in that direction.

"But while the battle progressed in our favour on the right, Lyon was pushing Price with great vigour in the centre and left. Our men stood manfully to their guns against the accurate and deadly fire of the Federal 'regulars,' but their loss was considerable, for the enemy occupied a hill, and every advance upon them was opposed by discharges from their whole force. At length, owing to the success of our right, Price was reinforced both with men and artillery; perceiving which, it was obvious to Lyon that nothing short of desperate courage could turn the tide now setting against him. Rallying his forces in a gallant manner, he rode to their front, and waving a handkerchief, cheered them on, making himself a conspicuous mark for our musketeers. He had been wounded in the leg early in the day, but rode to the rear, had it dressed, and laughingly observed that 'all was going on well,' and 'he'd turn up trumps before night.' As our men

advanced up the hill against the masses of infantry launched against them, Lyon (whom I recognized on the field, having frequently seen him in St. Louis) was riding hastily from point to point, cheering and leading his men; but when we reached the top of the hill he was not to be seen, and I concluded he must have fallen by one of the many muskets that were pointed at him.

"On reaching the brow of the hill, we found the enemy strongly posted, and apparently determined to make a stout resistance. We cheered, and made a rush for the guns, but masses of their infantry came forward and protected the retreat; and it was not until our whole force was collected and hurled at this point, that they finally gave way, and left the field in great confusion. Having secured the field, the wildest excitement and howling ensued; our cavalry were sent forward to follow them up, but little was effected. We captured many prisoners and arms, besides ammunition and stores. We pursued the enemy several miles, and then returning to camp, made ourselves comfortable on the good things which had fallen to our lot. The body of poor Lyon was found among the dead, and was decently coffined and sent to Springfield for interment. It was discovered that two small buckshot had penetrated, one above, and another below, the left nipple: death must have been almost instantaneous.*

* Major-General Nathaniel Lyon was a Connecticut Yankee of the abolition type; not more than forty-five years of age, small in stature, wiry, active, with dark hair and complexion, small black eyes; fond of military pomp, but an excellent, though restless, and ambitious officer. He entered the United States' army as second lieutenant, July 1st, 1841; was made captain by brevet, August 20th, 1847; and arrived in St. Louis

"In this action, we captured six cannon, many waggons, a quantity of stores, and five or six hundred stand of arms. Our loss was estimated at 250 killed and 1,000 wounded and missing; of these Price claims to have lost 150 killed, and 500 wounded. The loss of the Federals in killed, wounded, and prisoners was about 2,000. Of the battle-field I can say little, except that our safety was due to the impetuosity and valour of our men, as both Siegel and Lyon crept upon us during night, and took up commanding positions, from which the latter was driven with much difficulty and not until after an obstinate and bloody fight. We ought to thank God that things turned out so favourably for us, as the most sanguine could never have anticipated such a complete overthrow of the enemy.

"When our troops had fully rested themselves, and the various departments were reduced to a better system of daily routine, it was the desire of Price to move on with the whole army towards the Upper Missouri, seize the enemy's stores, supply the unarmed

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in April, 1861, having been sent from his post far in the south-west to stand a court-martial on the charge of peculation. His great activity in aiding the suppression of Southern feeling in St. Louis endeared him to the abolitionists; he seized the arsenal, erected defences round the city, disarmed the Camp Jackson Southern sympathizers, and rapidly rose from the rank of captain to that of major-general in two months. His cruelty to all suspected of Southern sentiment, and in the administration of affairs, will long be remembered by all who had the misfortune to live under his brief and arbitrary rule. But his bravery was undoubted, and had his troops imitated his reckless daring, events might have proved very unfavourable to us in Missouri. His body was interred by us in a metallic coffin at Springfield, but subsequently given to his friends, who removed it north to Connecticut, where it now reposes beneath a costly monument.

with weapons, and, if need be, procure them upon the battle-field, ere the foe could recover from his late defeat, and mature fresh plans. As one reason, I ought to mention that information was constantly reaching us that Fremont, the new Federal commander-in-chief, was actively engaged in forming a large army in St. Louis, and, having unlimited funds and supplies, was likely to take the field in great strength. The desire of Price, however, did not meet with the approval of General M'Culloch, who wished to fall back on the frontier of Arkansas, and allow the enemy to weary themselves in hunting for him. Price was patriotic enough to waive every personal consideration, but in this case his judgment was against concession, and as the State had not then "formally" seceded, he held no commission under the Confederate seal, and was not bound to obey M'Culloch. Accordingly, finding there was no prospect of arriving at unanimity either in sentiment or action, he pushed forward alone towards the Missouri, and was everywhere hailed as the chief and father of all. You never saw such patriotism as was displayed on every hand; and although, at best, we were a poor undrilled body of adventurers living upon the public, and trusting to heaven for supplies, our regiments and brigades were animated with a burning enthusiasm for action, and an unbounded confidence in our leader, which were enough to carry us through any enterprise.

"Everywhere, as we proceeded, signs were multiplied of the wanton waste and recklessness of the Dutch dastards and Northern fanatics in the pay of Fremont. He was the most ultra abolitionist who could be

found, and Frank Blair pointed him out as 'of the right stripe'—the 'coming man'—'one who would put the war upon a proper footing! seize and confiscate the property of all who dared oppose the ruling system of Northern Government,' &c. Truly the barbarities of our enemies are beyond all description. All law—save military law—is suspended, banks robbed of specie, wealthy men 'compelled' to contribute largely for the wholesale destruction of friends and relatives, to say nothing of their political rights; prisons full in every city where their rule is paramount; Habeas Corpus laughed at, dwellings seized, property confiscated, negroes sold and carried away, farms destroyed, cattle driven off, barns, houses, burned before their owners' eyes, while mothers, wives, sisters, or daughters are insulted and disgraced, and oftentimes murdered. All this is true. God forbid I should exaggerate: and were I willing to do so, things are so bad they could *not* be painted worse, with all the colouring in the world. Our whole march to this place has presented harrowing sights—widows, wives, children, and the aged, standing houseless by the wayside, their homes in flames and ruins, 'because the rebels are coming, and it is a military necessity!'

"You will not ask if they are Missourians who have done these things: you know the character of our fellow-countrymen too well. These destroyers are the valiant German and Dutch heroes of Siegel, runaways from battle-fields, who show their paltry spite to helpless little ones, whose fathers and brothers are fighting for freedom of thought, word, and action. Heaven

forbid that the name of Missourians should be placed on such a record! Yet there *are* ambitious leaders among them, who riot in devastation and care not who perish, so they may rule. A German republic or empire is their dream, and already their general is assuming all the trumpery and airs of foreign courts —already he travels in state, has a German body-guard, tricked out in what appears to be the cast-off finery of a third-class theatrical wardrobe. When he travels on the river an entire steamboat is not more than sufficient to accommodate the majesty of Fremont; guards pace before his door night and day; servants in gay livery hand around catawba on silver waiters; grooms and orderlies flit about like poor imitations of the same class of servants in German cities, while the ruling language of the court is *very* low Dutch, redolent of lager beer and schnapps! But to return to the true object of this hurried letter.

"From those constantly arriving in camp, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that Fremont was strongly fortifying all important cities on the Missouri River, to serve as a safe base of operations, whence supplies could be easily transported into the interior by waggon trains or boats. Lexington, held by Colonel Mulligan and a heavy force, was known to be strongly fortified, and being on high ground it commanded all approaches from the interior, while the river was kept open for the transit of any number of troops from St. Louis. Price determined to march forward and attack it, but was informed that large bands of outlaws from Kansas, under General Jem Lane and others, were devastating

the whole country on his left flank and threatened to get in his rear. Suddenly diverging from his proper route, Price sent Rains and Parsons up in that direction with a small force of determined men, and so secretly was the expedition conducted that they unexpectedly came upon Lane at a creek called Drywood, and after a confused fight of some hours, drove the enemy from the field, pushed forward to their headquarters at Fort Scott, and captured it, with everything intact. Joining the column under Price again, our army of 5,000 effectives and five guns pushed forward towards Lexington, and arrived in the vicinity on the 13th of September.

"Our 'irregular' horse (for I can call them nothing else) did good service in scouring the country for supplies, and keeping the enemy within the lines of the town, and although frequently invited to combat, the noble Yankees remained quietly within their chain of breastworks, and refused every offer. By the 18th, our ammunition waggons and artillery had arrived, and the infantry being sufficiently rested, Price broke up his encampment at the Fair Grounds, several miles from town, and advanced against the city. The Fair Grounds, I may tell you, would have proved an admirable position for us had the enemy ventured to attack: indeed it was surmised that, upon hearing of our appearance at Lexington, Fremont would have collected his available force in St. Louis, and coming up in boats, reinforced Mulligan and chased us out of the country.

"Our general was aware of the strength of the city,

and made his dispositions accordingly. He knew there were several steamboats under the bluff, and that the enemy's supply of water depended entirely upon the river. An assault was out of the question, as the college buildings and other strong edifices had been converted into forts, and mounted with guns which swept every approach. Our men knew, however, that there were immense supplies of all kinds in the place, including cannon, horses, waggons, ambulances, thousands of small arms, important state documents, and much specie, which had been robbed from banks throughout the country; and as some thought the officers were too slow and careful in approaching through the outskirts, they resolved to charge the enemy's line of intrenchments placed higher up in town. They made the trial, and suffered considerably, and were then satisfied that cautious measures were the best. Rains' force moved forward, and without much opposition occupied a good position north-north-east of the breastworks, and with two batteries maintained an effective and destructive fire upon them, from which there was no escape; Parsons moved up south-south-west, and was also favourably posted; each of these brigades having supports within call, should the enemy sally down from the hill, and attempt to dislodge them from their hastily constructed field-works. A heavy body of sharpshooters, thrown out in front, were ready to harass and cut off the gunners, and all such as might appear in sight carrying water from the river or the wells. By these operations gradual approach was made upon the foe, who lost every hour

from the deadly accuracy of our skirmishers, and made several attempts to dislodge them without success.

"While these events were transpiring at Lexington, Price received word (September 18) that General D. R. Atcheson (formerly President of the United States Senate) and Colonel Saunders were coming down the north bank of the river to support him. Having reached a point twenty-five miles above the city, 2,000 of this force crossed with Saunders, Atcheson being left in charge of the remainder. General Jem Lane, however, was also approaching in the same direction with a heavy force of his Kansas 'Jayhawkers' to reinforce Mulligan in Lexington, and, finding Atcheson with so small a force, vigorously attacked him. The Missourians knew these 'Jayhawkers' of old, in many a border fight, and, taking to the woods, they maintained such a murderous fire that Lane was soon routed, with a loss of more than 200, while Atcheson lost but ten! The Missourians then effected a junction with Price, and instilled new ardour into the whole army.

"Lane was defeated, but now it was known that Sturgis was approaching, also, on the north bank, his object being to cross over and assist Mulligan, with over 1,500 cavalry. To accomplish this, he depended upon the ferry-boats for transportation; but these boats, lying snugly under the bluff, Price determined to capture, at whatever cost, particularly as a large steamboat also lying there was reported to contain considerable quantities of stores. Directing Colonel Rives to this point, that officer carefully approached from the west, along the river's edge, partly within view of the forti-

fications, and effected the important capture in gallant style, removing the vessels beyond reach of destruction. Mulligan saw the manœuvre when too late, but opened a vigorous fire upon the party, and as many men fell, on account of the enemy's possession of a house on top of the bluff, several companies were detailed to attack it. Although advancing under a deadly fire from musketry and artillery, the Missourians took the house in gallant style, but not without loss; nor were they allowed to hold it with impunity. As this house was within 150 yards of his main works, and could be made to command them, Mulligan collected a strong force, sallied forth, and retook it, slaughtering its captors without mercy: not one man was spared. Still the enemy were not allowed to retain possession; our forces, having attacked and carried the high grounds to the north, so pounded the house from this position that it was soon vacated as untenable.

"Thus we were gaining ground on all sides, and the enemy's position becoming more and more circumscribed every hour; while our artillery, moving upon conquered positions, blazed away right and left, sweeping everything before them. Mulligan's position, however, was still a strong one, and he could have held out for a long time, but, being completely cut off from water, his men were failing in strength every hour. Hearing that Sturgis was fast approaching the north ferry landing, Price got up steam on his captured boats, and transported a strong force over to that side, under Parsons, who managed the enterprise so warily, that Sturgis barely escaped capture; his whole

command retreated in the wildest disorder, leaving hundreds of tents, camp equipage, and large stores behind, untouched.

"Since the first opening skirmishes on the 13th, we had gradually worked our way through the town; but real business, as I have said, commenced on the 18th, and this with great success on every hand. It now being the 20th, over fifty hours of incessant fire had been maintained on both sides, the loss of the enemy being very considerable. Seeing his boats captured, and that Lane and Sturgis, instead of fighting their way to him, had 'skedaddled' in all directions, Mulligan showed evident signs of yielding, and it must be remembered that he found it impossible to obtain water for his men, who were on constant duty night and day. At the same time, fearful of Fremont's or some other officer's arrival to raise the siege, our men redoubled their efforts, and maintained a heavy fire from every point, the result of which was that Mulligan hoisted a white flag on his works towards 4 P.M. on the 20th. Firing then ceased, and loud, deafening yells from all points of the compass informed me that the brave Mulligan had unconditionally surrendered.

"When the Federals stacked arms, and marched out, we found that we had captured 4,000 effectives, rank and file, half-a-dozen colonels, 120 commissioned officers, several stands of colours and brass bands, two mortars, five rifled guns, over 4,000 stand of arms, scores of sabres, lots of cavalry and waggon harness, 800 horses, numerous waggons, mules, ambulances, and medical

outfits; immense supplies of every description; much clothing, shoes, tents, ammunition, and camp utensils, together with about 1,000,000 dollars stolen from various banks, which we instantly returned. Mulligan's sword was politely returned to him by Price with a 'neat speech,' and all the prisoners being paroled, were immediately sent North on their way rejoicing. Such jubilation was visible in every camp as I will not attempt to describe, although, from your description of Manassas, I suppose one scene is very much like another in this respect. My left arm was wounded in the assault on the bluff, and has caused me much suffering; but to keep my promise I have partly written and partly dictated this scrawl, so that you may form some idea of our doings. The mails between us are few and far between, but I look for a letter from you every day. Love to all your boys and any old friends, for I suppose you meet old schoolmates every day in various regiments. I do not know how long Price will remain here, but, judging from reports and Fremont's uneasiness in St. Louis, suspect Price will be again moving, heaven only knows where, in a few days.—Yours always,

"POLK."

CHAPTER VIII.

March to Leesburg—Fertility and Beauty of Loudon—We are subjected to many Alarms, much Labour, and incessant Duty—Cavalry Fights—Perfidy of Northern Sympathizers—Infantry Encounters—Marauding Parties of the Enemy cross into Virginia—Their Capture and Punishment—Artillery Duels—Heavy Picket Firing—Movements of the Enemy, who mass heavy Forces, and endeavour to shell Leesburg from their superior Position.

WITHIN a short time it was definitely settled that we should move up the country to Leesburg—a stone's throw from the Potomac and Maryland. What our ultimate destination might be, none knew or cared. Anything to get away from Manassas and Centreville, any place where we could have a change of scene, and find butter, eggs, and poultry procurable for money, all such articles having been consumed where we then were, or so few remaining that fabulous prices were asked for them. A couple of chickens could not be had for less than 5 dollars (1*l.*); milk was 1 dollar per gallon; butter, 50 cents per pound; whisky hardly attainable at 10 dollars (2*l.*) per gallon, and other things in proportion. When it was known, therefore, that we had orders for Leesburg, Loudon county—the most fertile and richest county in Virginia—we were envied by every corps in the army, and were generally looked upon as the advance guard of some important movement.

Taking up the line of march, we passed northwards through the most picturesque and delightful farming country the eye perhaps ever beheld. All was decidedly English in aspect, and the people remarkably so. The lands were highly cultivated; the cattle fat and of superior stock; the farm-houses, out-houses, and negro quarters were all substantially and neatly built; they were also scrupulously clean, and marked by an air of comfort and contentment superior to anything I had seen farther south. Mountains and valleys, hills and dales, fine springs and majestic woods came into view at every turn of the road, while overloaded barns and corn-cribs, neat school-houses, and rustic churches by the wayside, cozy villages, and strong, masculine, rosy-cheeked inhabitants, contrasted favourably with the tumble-down appearance, sallow, fever-and-agueish aspect of the immensely wealthy, but careless and fast-living Cotton States. The habits, dress, look, language, and all things reminded me much of England; but nothing more so than the buxom, rosy-faced, and white-aproned mothers and daughters who lined the wayside, and brought out of their store to entertain the weary soldiery as they toiled up the hills of this beautiful region.

Our reception by the inhabitants was enthusiastic and cheering. It had been rumoured that Loudon County was a den of traitors to the patrictic cause, but such cordial behaviour was a more than sufficient contradiction of the calumny. This county, situated in the north-eastern corner of the State, was mountainous and rolling in its physical character. The Potomac ran on

two sides, north and east, separating it from Maryland, while in the north-west we could see the mountains which separated us from the Shenandoah Valley. Harper's Ferry lay under the northern extremity of the Loudon heights, the Potomac washed its foot, while on the opposite bank towered perpendicularly the heights of Maryland, commanding the Ferry, by its only lines of approach from Loudon County or the Shenandoah Valley. The distance by the river (unnavigable here) from Leesburg to the Ferry was about forty miles; the land route was about thirty-five miles, with two or three very small towns in the valleys—among them Lovettsville, on the south bank, and but four miles from the Ferry. A body of the enemy were reported to be in possession of this last-mentioned place, and General Evans grinned good-humouredly in reply to inquiries, and promised to "shake them out of it one of these fine mornings!" The whole aspect of the country from Leesburg to the river, north and east, and far in Maryland, was unbroken rolling land, but to the north stood a cluster of three isolated hills, the tallest and most conspicuous of which was called the "Sugar Loaf."

The Federals occupied the last-mentioned eminence on our approach, and from it they obtained a full view of all that transpired on our side of the river, with the advantage of being but fifteen miles distant from their forces at Harper's Ferry, and the same from Poolesville, where General Stone commanded a large force. Their pickets lined the whole river from the Ferry to Washington, so that it was impossible for troops to approach

the Potomac without being discovered, when the fact was instantly telegraphed from post to post to M'Clellan, who was now chief in command. To deceive the enemy, however, Evans had divided his force into small parties, with an over-allowance of tents; and as white canvas-covered waggons were continually seen moving about over the hills, and as our various camps were wide-spread and plentifully supplied with fuel, it was thought by their journals that Johnson was in chief command of our troops, and had not less than from 30,000 to 40,000 men.

The truth is, that Johnson and Beauregard were manœuvring around Fairfax Court-house with the main army, while Centreville and Manassas were being impregnably fortified; the total force with which we made so great a show numbering only some 3,000 infantry, with four light field-pieces, and a squadron of cavalry. Evans, however, moved us about continually; now we marched opposite the Sugar Loaf, our tents still standing in the old camp ground near Leesburg; next day would find us in some other direction, so that at last the enemy were completely deceived as to our number or position, and were ever on the *qui vive*. So complete was the illusion, that our scouts daily informed us of counter-movements by the enemy, who, with whole brigades and divisions, were continually marching from place to place to prevent our supposed attempts at crossing! The Federal commander Stone was an old school-fellow with Evans at West Point, and smart messages, it is said, were frequently passed between the rival commanders across the river. Picket-firing was

constantly maintained between the guards on opposite banks of the stream, with more animosity, however, than decided effect.

The enemy was still on our side of the Potomac at Lovettsville, and it was determined first to entice them into the interior, and then surround them, if possible. Scouts came in daily, correctly informing us of the position, number, and depredations of the enemy, but we were sorry to learn that the inhabitants of the surrounding country patronized them. The people of Lovettsville and Waterford were chiefly Pennsylvania Quakers, who had of late years settled there, and although their creed forbade warfare, they fought amazingly well with the tongue in favour of Unionism, and had on several occasions betrayed our men to the enemy. General Evans had warned them against harbouring the foe, but they replied by concocting a plan to destroy all our cavalry in the neighbourhood. An old broad-brimmed proprietor of an antiquated hotel invited the captain of cavalry to halt and refresh his men. The soldier willingly did so, but while engaged at dinner, the premises were surrounded by several hostile squadrons. Our men mounted and fought their way out as best they could, but lost half their number in killed and missing.

Exasperated at the perfidy of these fanatics, Evans summoned his brigade, and leaving camps standing, to deceive the telegraph at the Sugar Loaf, sallied forth towards Lovettsville long before day. When the sun rose over Maryland, we had just halted on a lofty hill and lay in the woods. The scenery on either hand

was enrapturing. East of us lay the wide expanse of Maryland and Loudon, bathed in gold; the Potomac, winding to the sea, was covered with a dense white vapour that sparkled like molten silver; clouds capped the Sugar Loaf; while to the west rose dark lines of mist-covered hills and mountains, with snow-white villages dotting the undulating landscape. The column pushed rapidly forward; but ere midday large black clouds gathered on the mountains, and a tremendous rain poured into the valley. At "secure arms," our boys trudged along manfully through mud and water, and as we approached our destination, horsemen were seen hovering in the advance, and rapidly disappearing. With our cavalry to the front, we moved forward at a quick pace, and, halting within a mile of the town, unexpectedly came upon a large body of horse, who were instantly charged by our troopers. A desperate encounter ensued; the enemy gave way, a running fight took place; friend and foe simultaneously charging through the town in the greatest confusion. The enemy were at last driven into the river in sight of their whole force drawn up on the opposite bank. Next morning, finding the place deserted, and the enemy being dislodged, we took our departure, without damaging the village, although both officers and men were sufficiently incensed to have burned the miserable place to the ground.

Excursions of this nature were now of weekly occurrence, but we were not made acquainted with the reasons for them. Only we knew that Evans seemed to delight in keeping his men moving, and his only answer

to the remonstrances of sundry fat old officers, who did not much relish marching and countermarching, retreating and advancing, was to swear roundly, and threaten to kick them out of his office. It cannot be denied that our position was a critical one, and required great caution. The enemy at length became aware that we did not meditate crossing, and massed their troops at different points to dislodge us, if possible, from the fertile region of which we had possessed ourselves. Banks at Harper's Ferry, Geary at the Sugar Loaf and Point of Rocks, Stone at Poolesville and Edward's Ferry, were encompassing us north and east; M'Call was at Drainsville, sixteen miles farther east on the south bank, and could cut off our retreat across Goose Creek to the south by a bold and dashing movement; Centreville and Manassas were thirty miles distant, and from the state of the country it was impossible to bring up supplies or receive reinforcements: yet Evans was told "to hold the place at all hazards;" and such instructions to a "fighting" general were likely to be fulfilled to the letter.

The possession of Leesburg was, in truth, of paramount importance to us. It was populous and wealthy, and, withal, situated in a county more fruitful in supplies than any other in the State. The people of Leesburg had been somewhat disaffected to our cause, but that had all passed, and now none were more enthusiastic for independence. The rail and other roads from Washington to Winchester ran through the town, and should it fall, a large area of fruitful country, with the accumulated crops, both in Loudon and the Shenan-

doah Valley, would fall into Northern hands—a consummation devoutly wished by the Federals, as Maryland was incapable of supplying their wants. They had, moreover, to pay for what they got from their "friends;" whereas by being quartered among the rebels, that inconvenience would be spared them, and a vast expense saved.

Our service under these circumstances was exceedingly irksome. With a river front of over forty miles to guard against a superior force and a multitude of spies, the utmost vigilance and self-denial were indispensable. Our videttes, who were young and inexperienced, occasioned much annoyance and unnecessary marching, and such was our habitual life of excitement that we could not call a single hour our own. Night and day reports would come in of some imaginary "advance" or "crossing," and whether it were night or day, fair or foul, we marched to the threatened point, to find our suspicions groundless. At last, Evans vowed in his wrath to hang the first man that brought in false alarms, and the officer commanding likewise, for permitting it. After this informal order, we were much relieved, and enjoyed our leisure hours as best we could in town or country. For once, however, the cavalry were correct in their reports, as I will proceed to show.

Some of Geary's men at Point of Rocks were in the habit of crossing the river in large boats, and despoiling the country; besides committing all manner of outrages upon unoffending women and children, whose fathers or brothers were in the Southern army, and not

unfrequently burned down their houses. A company of foot was sent up to watch for these marauders, and lay *perdu* in the woods for more than a week without success. At last two large scows were seen approaching, containing more than a hundred individuals, some few being renegades, but most of them New England soldiers, and all well armed. Two other scows, similarly freighted, were descried crossing at a point higher up the river.

Both landing-places were in full view of our men, who waited until the greater number of the Federal soldiers had departed on their shameful errand, when the guards at the boats were surrounded, and of course they had no alternative but to surrender at discretion. The prisoners were secured in the woods, and we awaited the return of the marauders. After a few hours, one of the parties approached in a body, well laden, and observing military order against a surprise. Unconsciously, they advanced within our ambuscade, when our captain stepped forward, and demanded a surrender. He was answered with a volley, but before they could reload every man of them was weltering in his blood, dead or wounded.

The second boat's party, who were approaching by the same track, heard the firing, and rushed towards the landing-place; our heroes fell back some few paces, and awaited their approach. Having to pass the spot where their companions lay, they halted and gazed with horror on the destruction before them. But at the same moment our commander called upon them to surrender, and they did so. The dead and wounded

were then placed in a scow, and two men, paroled, conveyed them across.

On counting over our spoil it was found that we had captured in this little affair 150 fine English rifles, 60 revolvers, 6 swords, and over 100 prisoners, besides having killed or wounded 75 others. We procured waggons for the plunder of the Yankees, as well as for the arms and accoutrements, and marched our prisoners to town—the civilian renegades in front. Not a man in our party was scratched in this encounter, but it tended to embitter the feeling between the respective pickets on the river bank, and the firing became incessant. Indeed, the Yankees brought down whole regiments to oppose our guards, and maintained an incessant fusilade from sunrise till dark. Not only so, but field-pieces were brought to bear upon every tent or hut within range; and several poor farmers and labourers were unhoused. When our artillery answered, they invariably retired, and at last mounted some heavy pieces on a rising ground behind Edward's Ferry, and incessantly shelled, in the vain hope of destroying, Leesburg, which they had not manhood enough to attempt to take. But their firing was mere waste of ammunition. Their numerous shell, from some unknown cause, though thrown from rifled cannon of the very best quality, always fell short a mile. The distance was not more than two miles and a half.

CHAPTER IX.

Fortifications of the Enemy—General Banks at Harper's Ferry—Cavalry Raids and Picket Guard on the Upper Potomac—The little Town of Waterford—Our Scouts in Maryland—Daring of Elijah White—Capture of M'Clellan's Orderlies.

It now appeared, from the presence of large bodies of the enemy at all the fords of the river, and the activity they displayed in fortifying every available site, that M'Clellan was determined to raise an impregnable barrier against our attempts upon Maryland. From Washington to Harper's Ferry the river bank seemed to be one vast line of mud forts and field-works, well armed and guarded, while the continual ascent of smoke from inland camps made us aware that large bodies of troops were waiting orders. Although possessed of fine sites for counter-fortifications, General Evans never essayed to build, and save one small field-work that crowned a rising ground midway between Edward's Ferry and Leesburg, and our own invaluable bodies, we had nothing to withstand the enemy's approach. "Don't talk to me of earthworks," Evans would petulantly exclaim; "I have more fortifications now than I can well arm; besides, these Mississippians don't want to commence

digging; they want to *fight*, not to build. As long as I have such a brigade in command, I can safely defy all that old Stone can do. In fact, if I had but two or three more regiments, I would cross over and whip the rascals out of Maryland."

As October advanced, it became apparent that the enemy were resolved to try once more the fortune of war. M'Clellan's force was powerful, highly disciplined, and finely appointed; and the clamours of the press seemed to indicate that public opinion would precipitate hostilities. A general of the ranting, raving type of Abolitionism (N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts) commanded Harper's Ferry and the whole line of the Upper Potomac, and it was confidently expected that he would succeed in breaking "the backbone of rebellion." On our side, to watch and profit by the false moves of this New-Englander, General Turner Ashby and his cavalry were stationed at Charlestown, in the Shenandoah Valley, and kept continually hovering between that point and Harper's Ferry, intercepting supplies, capturing foraging parties, and making frequent dashes into the enemy's line, and even occasionally crossing into Maryland, burning railroad bridges, and destroying the Washington and Ohio Canal—one of the chief sources of Federal supplies. At the same time Evans' force was distributed along the river, and our light battery was continually moving from point to point, shelling the enemy's camps. Occasionally they would take up a favourable position, wait for the military train at Point of Rocks, and destroy a locomotive or two; but their favourite practice was firing at canal

boats as they approached Washington with supplies. Confederate forces had rendered the Lower Potomac unnavigable by numerous batteries armed with Armstrong and Whitworth guns, and we endeavoured to imitate the example by stopping all traffic on the north banks of the Upper Potomac. These incessant demonstrations, and the raids of Ashby's cavalry, so incensed the Federal troops that they swore eternal enmity against every Secessionist.

Being out on picket, we enjoyed ourselves amazingly among the farmers, who willingly furnished all things needful, and as our camps were near the little town of Waterford, many pleasant hours were spent there among the pretty quakeresses and widows—the latter being numerous and handsome. With their little town of one street screened by surrounding hills, the inhabitants seemed perfectly happy and contented: they possessed a fine mill, two woollen cloth factories, several tanneries; had a large meeting-house, two small chapels, a newspaper, and excellent grazing land all around them. In general aspect, Waterford looked much like an English village, only that the inhabitants were prouder in step, wore better clothes, and had rosy, well-cut features that plainly indicated the best of "blood." A large number of the men had decamped into Maryland; but the women, Heaven bless them! were as true as steel, and behaved like heroines on all occasions.

From deserters and intercepted travellers we gleaned particles of information occasionally which left little doubt that recent acts of boldness were but forerunners

of mischief, and every day witnessed greater vigilance and caution on the part of officers. The more distant detachments were called in, and, save a picket guard, under special instructions, our whole force fell back some ten miles to Goose Creek, at which point all flanking forces from Drainsville must of necessity make their first appearance. This was a ruse designed to bewilder the enemy, who were accurately informed of all our movements by spies among the townspeople of Leesburg. As for our men, what this habitual retreating and advancing might mean, none could tell—it sufficed that Evans ordered it, and the men obeyed cheerfully, although frequently compelled to march in drenching rains and impassable mud. In order to be positively informed of the enemy's movements and intentions, several Marylanders in our command, volunteered to cross the river, dodge the pickets, and push into the interior as far as Baltimore, sixty miles distant. The most remarkable of these daring fellows, Elijah White, was a rich Maryland planter, who possessed several fine plantations around Poolesville, but had forsaken all and joined a cavalry company in Loudon County. His knowledge of localities was so perfect that he was the acknowledged authority in all matters regarding the topography of the country from Alexandria to Harper's Ferry. He frequently swam the Potomac at different points, and knew more fords in it than any octogenarian within a hundred miles. The enemy set all kinds of traps to catch him, but his magnificent grey mare had such speed and endurance that he passed like a phantom from place to place. He was singularly

reserved in manner, although gay and buoyant; and there can hardly be a doubt that the master passion furnished a chief motive for his frequent wild adventures. Be that as it may, his services were invaluable in times of necessity, and his daring greatly relieved the anxiety of Evans, for whose discomfiture the enemy were continually manœuvring.

We had pitched tents one evening, after a long march in the cold winds, and were lying down for a smoke on a bundle of hay by the camp fire, when I heard the jingling of spurs and harness, and, looking up, saw White on his grey wearily ambling by. The invitation to take a cup of *bonâ fide* coffee was eagerly accepted by my old acquaintance; and his mare having been well provided for by the black boy, White was so charmed with the savour of sundry beefsteaks broiling on the coals, that he consented to take up his quarters with us for the night. With a circle of some twenty officers and privates, we made a pleasant party round the immense fire of blazing oak logs. Some were engaged with cards; others were writing letters; a fiddle was not far distant, with a laughing crowd of dancers going through a cotillon; many were cooking, eating, and sleeping, and picket-guards were going out on duty. "What's the news, White?" asked one. "How's all the girls in Maryland?" chimed in another. "How much is whisky worth over there, Lige?" questioned a third; and so on.

"I'm mighty tired, boys," said the trooper, smoking and reclining, "but we had a first-rate time of it. We fooled the Feds., as usual, and had a jolly old spree in

Baltimore; danced with the girls, had lots of tip-top whisky and cigars, and brought back letters for the fellows; went wherever we darned please; seized two of M'Clellan's orderlies with despatches—found them in bed a little way back—and brought them over safely, papers and all. We had some difficulty in crossing at the old place; so while some of our videttes were fussing about and attracting attention, four of us, in Yankee costume, swam our horses, and soon reaching a friendly house, changed clothes, and put off again, for we could hear the Yanks galloping about furiously in all directions. Our boys took to the timber, and never left it until within thirty miles of old Baltimore.

"Talk of Maryland being sound on the Union question—'tis all bosh! I've lived there for fifteen years, and should know something about it, and I'm positive that ninety-nine out of every hundred are true Southerners, if they only had a fair chance to express themselves. The truth is, boys, Maryland waited too long, and lost her opportunity to declare for secession. She was waiting till Virginia had gone out; but when that took place her State was crowded with Federal hirelings, and having neither arms nor organization, was obliged to submit to brute force.

"Freedom of speech, indeed! or freedom of the press!—it is all nonsense; none dare speak openly, and should the newspaper editors even hint at Yankee tyranny, Fort M'Henry is assigned them, without judge or jury. As for habeas corpus!—that is a thing of the past. While I was in the city, the members of the Legis-

lature and Senate arrived, and every one of them who was in the least suspected of Southern feeling was waited upon, either when he landed from the car, or at his hotel, and, without the slightest explanation, conducted to the dungeons of Fort M'Henry in the bay! There are fortifications of immense strength overlooking the city, and every gun in every battery is shotted, *and pointed at the city!* As the tyrants confess with a laugh, 'all these works were raised, *not* to protect your city, but to destroy and lay it in one indistinguishable heap of ashes should the slightest indication of a revolt betray itself!'

"And they claim that Marylanders are loyal, and have brotherly love for them! Yes, as much love as the lamb bears the wolf. A lady cannot walk the streets in a dress of her own choice without its being noticed and commented on by hundreds of blue-coated soldiers or spies; and should she wear any colours indicative of Southern sentiment, is immediately arrested and insulted. As for taking 'the oath of allegiance,' so called, thousands have done so from sheer necessity; but they do not, and will not, consider themselves bound to be faithful to those who have proved unfaithful to every compact and every instrument bequeathed by our fathers. And they are right. What can the thousands of Maryland do? Is not the State overrun by all the villains and spies the North can control or hire? Were they to rise, like raving, unarmed fools, it could only be to be mercilessly butchered by trained bands of hirelings—the offscourings of the earth! Far better as it is, to play the hypocrite with hypocrites! but the day will come when

the true sentiments of Maryland and Kentucky will be fully known; and when their fate is inseparably linked to ours, we shall be prone to pity and commiserate, rather than revile them for their helplessness."

"Well, Lige, no one disputes all that. We know that old Maryland is 'sound' enough, and has two or three full regiments at Manassas; but take a drink out of Tom's canteen—prime old rye, too—and go on with your trip," said one who was yawning and wanted something exciting to keep him awake.

"Well, boys," continued Lige, refilling his pipe, "one of my trips is much like another. As we approached Baltimore, I told the boys we had better separate, and meet as strangers at one of the hotels. We did so, and as the guard was not over-vigilant around or in town, I got along very well, and met several friends, taking good care to avoid any I suspected. Having stabled the mare at an out-of-the-way place, I called on an old friend, and was surprised to find him giving a party to some dozen Federals. He laughed, and introduced me as a friend from New York, and, before long, we passed the bottle freely, and got along swimmingly. I bore out my character as a New Yorker admirably, and spoke splendidly about the 'Union, one, and for ever,' the 'Old Flag,' and a hundred other bygone catch-lines; and was put down by the Yankees as 'a regular brick.' I did not drink much, but danced with the girls, condoled with them on the trials and privations of the times, and procured a large amount of information, dropped, in scraps, from the half-intoxicated Federals, relative to the number and disposition of

troops on the Upper and Lower Potomac. That night I slept at my friend's house.

"According to promise, I called on one of the Federals next morning, and as he was officer of the day, we walked arm-in-arm over the fortifications, everything being explained to me, and by well-put questions I extracted all the information possible, and by comparing statements arrived at pretty accurate facts and figures. From W—— I obtained the 'sign' and 'countersign,' by which regularly initiated Southerners might detect each other, and by this means spent several days very agreeably in the city. I was surprised, however, to find so many belonging to the organization, for I could not be in any assembly long ere signs were exchanged, and I have not unfrequently heard staunch members of the club speaking very loudly in favour of union in presence of the Yankees, when at the same moment signs to the contrary were passed between us. They manage this thing well in Baltimore, and have plenty of funds to assist our needy sympathizers who come under their notice. Constant correspondence is maintained with Richmond, and twice a week despatches are sent there by means which the Yankee authorities can never discover."

"How about the ladies, old friend?"

"Well, you may laugh, but of all the Marylanders the women are the most ardent and open in the expression of feeling. When officers ask them to play or sing, they usually comply by performing the most rebellious kinds of music, in the most modest and artless manner, causing the visitors to sit uneasy in

their seats, and look very serio-comic. Not that such things can always be done with impunity; for I know some and have heard of other instances where our female friends have been put into jail for speaking or singing seditious sentiments, or for causing excitement by wearing party colours. As for the Baltimore theatres, they are controlled by the Federal authority, and are nightly crowded by soldiers, who sit hour after hour applauding clap-trap pieces, in which Union soldiers accomplish miracles of heroism; or, if they die, it is with the Stars and Stripes wrapped around them, and with a great flourish of trumpets."

A burst of derisive laughter gave the trooper, who was growing eloquent with his subject, time to take breath, when he continued:—

"It strikes me, boys, that the Yankee proper may be truthfully termed a theatrical and imaginative being, and be wrought upon by 'effect' more than the French, even, whom they endeavour to ape in matters of taste. From childhood they are supplied with a multitude of books of equivocal taste and morality; their historians are partial; their swarms of novelists are persons of fervid imaginations reared in all the forms of atheism, millerism, free love, and spiritualism; most decidedly are unreal in all things, save what pertains to the almighty dollar; but in *that* they are enthusiastic cheats, and worship the golden calf with more devotion than the Jews. Their theatres everywhere, as well as Baltimore, are the public expounders of prejudice and bad taste. Until of late all battle-pieces had for subject the wars with Great Britain, and we know that one

Yankee was always considered equal to a dozen Britishers, and on the stage, like Samson, they slew their thousands with loud applause, and ended with a large expenditure of 'blue fire,' a waving of banners, and the stereotyped finale of 'Hail Columbia' or 'Yankee Doodle.' This theatrical taste was well developed at Manassas. Orators first addressed the troops, music took up the theme, and with waving banners they marched to battle, and, with few exceptions, 'bolted' at the first fire. There was plenty of shouting, indeed, when out of danger; but though their best regiments cheered till nearly hoarse—though the 'old flag' was shaken out to the winds and 'Yankee Doodle' broke upon their ear in brilliant variations—nothing could induce their red-legged desperadoes to advance a second time to encounter our 'ragged rebels.' History has not been just to the North, whose merchants have become princes on the products of the South, and whose books have been volumes of lies."

"That is all very good, White," broke in a fat old captain; "but go on with the narrative; 'taps' will sound presently, and I must be off to my guard."

"When our party had sufficiently enjoyed themselves, and effected the purposes intended, we met and devised plans for the return. From the information of a trusty friend, it was deemed advisable to be extremely cautious, as everything on the Upper Potomac indicated movements of importance, and the different fords were doubly guarded. General Baker, Lincoln's right-hand man, had been in secret conference with the authorities for several days, and in private circles

bragged of what *he* was going to do. *He* was not going into winter quarters until the vile 'ragged rebels' were driven from his front, and he did so on secession soil, and at rebel expense, &c. Knowing that General Baker was acting in conjunction with Stone, at Poolesville, there could be little reason to doubt after this from what quarter the blow was likely to fall upon us, so we hastened back again as speedily as possible.

"The nearer we approached the river, the more difficult it was to proceed. The Yankees had so many men lying along the main roads, that it was almost impossible to travel. We picketed our horses in the woods when near Poolesville, and held a council of war. I proposed to procure the countersign by stratagem, if possible, and go into Poolesville. The rest of the party vehemently dissented from such an adventure, but promised to stay at the house of a friend till my return. Having resumed my Federal uniform, I proceeded cautiously along the road, and at length came within view of picket-guards round a fire, at the fork of the road, which compelled me to halt. Hitching the grey in the woods, I now proceeded on foot, and crept among the brushwood until within thirty paces of the nearest guard. There I lay for an hour or more, until some one approached, and I faintly heard the countersign of 'Bunker Hill' given, and being satisfied, cautiously returned, mounted the mare, and galloped along the road, roaring the *Star Spangled Banner*.

"'Halt!' shouted the picket, as I unceremoniously

approached. 'Who comes there?' 'A friend with the countersign,' I answered, hiccuping, and pretended to reel in the saddle. 'Advance, friend, and give the countersign,' replied the Yankee with a laugh, for, thinking me an officer returning from a jollification, he scarcely noticed the countersign. Passing along I could not help lingering near my old plantations; regiments of New-Englanders were camped upon them, my woods, fences, and barns were all destroyed, and they had converted the dwellings into guard-houses, where dozens of Dutch and Irish were howling in intoxication. Possessed of the countersign, I found no difficulty in passing from place to place, and enjoyed myself until midnight with a lot of officers who were bent on a drinking bout. And now comes the most important part of my story.

"One of these men had brought important despatches from M'Clellan, and was to return before sunrise. 'But,' said he, 'if they think I'm going to travel thirty miles again to-night, Stone is much mistaken. I shall just go out of town, and put up at P—'s for the night; what say you, Smidt?' said he to another aide. 'You are not going on with your papers to Banks to-night, eh? They'll keep, man, they ain't important, so let's make a night of it, and put in an excuse of lame horses!' Both agreed to the plan, and about an hour afterwards proceeded on their way together. I knew P—'s plantation very well, and resolved that both their persons and papers should visit *this* side of the river, and immediately started for my party, with a view to the accomplishment of my project.

"Having watched in which room these worthies were domiciled, we lay in wait some time, and then, resolved to commence action by separating them, I rode up to the house, and inquired 'if Captain Smidt was there; I had been told he was, and had been sent by General Stone to call him immediately.' Smidt soon made his appearance, cursing and swearing in every dialect of Dutch and English. 'Some cot dem tyful hat watched him, sure, unt he was a gone schicken, else how old Shstone know him not gone?' While I condoled with Smidt, he was seized and secured without a show of resistance. We then waited a short time until P—— was about to blow out the candle, when I knocked again. He was in a terrible temper, and having shoved the candlestick close to my face to see who it was, almost staggered with astonishment. Seeing that he recognized me, I presented a revolver at his head, and, placing a finger on my lip, passed in, leaving a companion to stand guard over him, while I went upstairs.

"I knocked at the door of Smidt's room: his companion answered me, and I entered. He was surprised, but glad to see me. My remark, that 'I had heard him state his intention to stay at P——'s all night, when in the tavern, and thought I'd follow suit, intending to go on and join my regiment in the morning,' was quite satisfactory. After smoking and partaking of some brandy I had with me, we talked for a long time on the subject of arms and accoutrements. He had a magnificent pair of Colt's navy revolvers, and it was my ambition to effect his capture without bloodshed. I handed over for inspection an Adam's

self-cocker (unloaded), and he pushed across the table his loaded weapons. I fingered them coolly for several minutes, and with apparent thoughtlessness cocked them both. Then suddenly presented them at his head, informed him who I was, and commanded him to dress immediately and follow me; 'resistance is useless,' I remarked: 'the house is surrounded.' Deadly pale and almost paralyzed, the aide dressed and was conducted to his horse. We started off without a whisper, and soon arrived at the spot where Smidt was guarded by my companions.

"During my absence the boys had gagged him, to stop his eternal prattle; and when he recognized his companion handcuffed, I thought his hair would stand on end with astonishment! With our prisoners in the centre, we briskly trotted along the bright moonlit road, and ere long caught a distant view of our campfires in Old Virginia. The river, we knew, was well guarded, at nearly all points; hence, for the sake of caution, we stole through the woods and formed our plans. It was resolved that two of our party should advance boldly to the river, give the countersign, and inform the picket that they had volunteered to cross into Virginia to reconnoitre. This news would spread up and down the bank, and the mounted men especially would feel anxious to converse with their comrades and attend little to their posts for a while. The ruse answered admirably; and when I saw one particular spot deserted our party issued from the wood and swam their horses across. No resistance was offered by our prisoners; we had explained to them the

importance of silence and obedience, and our revolvers were always pointed to enforce submission. Scarcely had we crossed when, in the distance, we saw two squadrons of the enemy dashing along the bank. 'Twas lucky we had used all expedition, as some darkies at P——'s must have informed on us. As I stood in a thicket listening to their angry conversation, I could not help laughing heartily at their annoyance, and they must have heard it; for I heard one say, '*That's* him; I know his voice, major!' 'That you, White?' 'Yes, that's me; how are you, major? Fine night, isn't it? I shall give you another call shortly?' I could scarcely get out of the way before a perfect shower of shot was dropping all around me. I cantered to town; and here I am."

At the conclusion of White's story, we made some hot punch, as best we could, and wrapping coats and blankets around us, lay beside the expiring camp-fire, and were soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER X.

Position at Manassas—Ashby at Harper's Ferry—His Preparations for Attack—Our Artillery co-operate—Incidents of the Fight—General M'Call leaves Drainsville, and threatens our Retreat—Our alarming Position—To Goose Creek and back again.

During the month of October there was no change in affairs at Manassas or Centreville. At the latter place, fortifications had been erected under the superintendence of Generals Gustavus Smith and Beauregard, and were generally considered to be impregnable. Our pickets were at Fairfax Court-house, but the Yankees were in winter quarters to the front, and could not be coaxed to advance. Active movements were on foot, however, at Harper's Ferry, and General Banks had pushed his outposts several miles up the Valley. Ashby, with his cavalry, whose daring raids I have mentioned, grew bolder every day, and solicited reinforcements. These were not granted him, the authorities perhaps judging it prudent not to fight, although the gallant trooper swore roundly that he would do so.

Collecting every available man, he made a vow to drive the foe from their entrenchments into Maryland; and for this purpose procured two or three light

field guns, and an old 24-pound smooth-bore; the latter he ingeniously contrived to mount on the axles of a waggon. With his regiment of cavalry, and several hundred militia, Ashby gradually approached Harper's Ferry, and sent a courier to Evans, asking him to co-operate. Our commander had no orders to leave Loudon County, and it would have been certain destruction to detach any considerable portion of his command, although he ardently admired Ashby's bravery, and yearned to assist him. Knowing him to be weak in artillery, Evans gave permission for two of our pieces to march to his assistance, ascend the Loudon Heights, and annoy the enemy's rear when marching out to attack Ashby, to destroy the mills, storehouses, bridges, &c. around the Ferry as far as practicable, but by no means to leave the heights and descend into the valley. Four companies of our regiment accompanied the guns and started towards Harper's Ferry at 3 A.M., October 13, 1861, and camped within two miles of the place at sundown.

At 4 A.M. next morning, we cautiously took up the line of march, and when within a mile of the Ferry abruptly left the main road and approached the Loudon Heights. We could distinctly see the tall bold rocks at Harper's Ferry, encircled by mists and clouds; and as we journeyed quietly through the forest and ascended the steep wood-covered mountains, the sun rose, revealing the Potomac swiftly flowing through the natural flood-gates I have elsewhere described, with here and there a white dwelling of the town sleeping in the quiet morning air, at the base of the gigantic rocks which

overhang the Ferry. With excessive labour we pulled the pieces up the face of the hill, and had them in an ambushed position overlooking the town long before the enemy had sounded *reveillé*.

The camps of the foe in Maryland and about Harper's Ferry were distinctly seen; various trenches, forts, and earthworks looking towards Charlestown, were counted and examined with glasses: the whole panorama of the Shenandoah Valley lay several hundred feet below us, while on every road leading to and from the Ferry we saw numerous picket fires and videttes. There was no sign of Ashby or his command: but when the mists of morning cleared away, and the distant woods towards Charlestown were visible, small faint columns of smoke indicated where his forces lay along the Bolivar road. At the base of the hill on which we were, the Shenandoah ran on its course to the Potomac, a mile northward at the foot of the town, so that on the north and east two different rivers ran winding through the landscape, while beyond the first-named stream in the valley lay the picturesque village of Bolivar, where the commandant of the post, chiefs of arms, factories, and merchants delighted to dwell in the peculation times of the old Government. The chief buildings were now converted into barracks and storehouses, establishments that Ashby had long beheld with a jealous and covetous eye.

About 7 A.M., I observed several horsemen dash from the distant woods and approach Bolivar in great haste. The drums began to beat very wildly. Shortly afterwards clouds of dust indicated Ashby's approach. At

8 A.M. to a minute he halted on the Bolivar road and fired a shot at the infantry barracks: this was a signal to us; we hoisted a red flag, and two shots answered that all was right. The enemy were not long in assembling, and could be seen swarming into their field-works and rifle-pits. Skirmishers were sent out by both parties, and little puffs of smoke and faint reports told that they were hotly engaged. Banks did not seem inclined to leave his fortifications, yet to draw Ashby forward sent out two regiments as decoys; they were saluted with round shot and shell, and, quickly turning, fled to the woods south-west of Bolivar, where again volleys saluted them, and a squadron of cavalry dashing forward on their flank cut down many and dispersed the rest in wild confusion.

Ashby now advanced several hundred yards nearer, and the foe brought forward field-pieces and fresh regiments to oppose him. While this was progressing our artillerists had taken accurate range of the chief storehouse, mills, and other buildings, and began to shell them. This unexpected assault seemed to discomfit the enemy within the town and suburbs, and although they endeavoured to save their stores, most of them were fired, and the buildings destroyed. Had they ascended the Maryland Heights (not more than half a mile across the Potomac) our position would have proved untenable, for they were much higher than those of Loudon, on which we were posted. Failing this, our cannonade was maintained with great vigour; and when fresh parties of the enemy began to cross from Maryland in flats, a few shell were directed towards

them with decided effect. At length the Federals advanced in line of battle; and Ashby, having sent his militia to meet them, the latter, at the first fire, broke and fled. The Yankees seeing this gave a tremendous cheer, and ran forward with the bayonet, but in broken lines; and as they advanced towards the woods, a regiment of cavalry, who were concealed ready for the opportunity, dashed in amongst them, and in a few moments were pistoling the foe and slashing them awkwardly with their sabres. But the cavalry attack was made in great confusion, and most of the enemy effected their escape by running into a large fortified house used for barracks in Bolivar. Ashby observed this place, and stealing along the road with his 24-pounder on waggon axles, directed a few well-aimed shells at it, broke the walls, blew off the roof, and the refugees were glad to make for their nearest lines.

This unsatisfactory style of fighting was maintained with fluctuating success until noon, when a courier swam the Shenandoah, ascended the mountains, and begged our colonel to bring his force into the valley, and assail the enemy on the right, while he pushed the centre. Against this, it will be remembered he had received the strictest orders; and although the men crowded round him, and begged to be led against the enemy, the colonel was compelled to refuse. The cannonade was then renewed with great fury by either party, and many shell came screaming over the heights on which we stood, but did no harm. Ashby, seeing that he was greatly outnumbered, and that the enemy

were endeavouring to surround him, used his field-pieces with such destructive effect as to hold them in check while he drew off his small force to a better position. The militia by this time had become accustomed to the fight, and, gallantly advancing, repulsed the enemy; while Ashby, conspicuous on a white horse, led on the cavalry, and made several brilliant charges. Having effected his main object, viz. the destruction of the mills, storehouses, and bridges of Harper's Ferry, he retired towards Charlestown, with several hundred stand of arms, some prisoners, much ammunition, and quantities of stores, which had been seized by his troopers at unprotected points while the fight was raging. As he retired behind the woods, scouts came in and reported the enemy endeavouring to cut off our retreat; but by expedition and coolness we soon descended the mountains, and reaching the main road, occupied the point crossing a hill, and placed our pieces in position, ready for a determined stand. The enemy perceived that we had taken up a strong position, and over-estimating our force, retired without firing a shot.

While bivouacked that night, a courier came dashing towards us, and brought the stirring news that M'Call, with a heavy force, was marching from Drainsville to cut off Evans at Leesburg. The latter, therefore, had hastily retreated to Goose Creek, ten miles nearer Centreville, and we were ordered to follow in his track, and if the enemy had really entered the town, a courier would inform us of it on the road, and give time to branch off towards Winchester, to get under the protection of Ashby. This indeed was startling

news. The men had travelled much, and were excessively weary. The colonel decided not to call them up for a few hours, but give them rest. Towards twilight all were quietly awakened and informed of the state of things; the men good-humouredly arriving at the conclusion that we had better "up stakes and dust" out of the neighbourhood in "a mighty big hurry." Our waggons were sent out of the way by a road leading south-east, with directions to halt at a certain point for further orders. We marched through Hillsborough like shadows—all were in bed and not a dog barked—and continued at a great pace towards Leesburg. Towards evening we halted on a large hill overlooking the town, and received orders to keep to the woods and proceed on to our brigade at Goose Creek. The rain fell in torrents, and the roads were awful, as all roads in Virginia are at this season. When within a mile of the creek, a courier brought orders to halt for the night, and proceed to Leesburg at break of day. With much swearing and grumbling at Evans' idea of strategy, the order was obeyed, and shoeless, foot-sore, and dirty, we pitched tents on our old camping-ground, one of the companies being detailed to hold the mudwork on the hill, towards Edward's Ferry, called by the dignified term of "Fort Evans," though it had no guns, and was not pierced for any. This company, together with the other three, detailed men to picket at the river as usual, and were instructed to wait until further orders.

CHAPTER XI.

What the Enemy did when our Forces had left Leesburg—Plots of Union Traitors during our Absence—Threatened Approach of the Enemy from Drainsville upon our Right Flank—We march out to the Attack, Sunday, October 20—Capture of a Federal Courier—The Ruse discovered—Plans of Stone, Baker, and Banks—Countermarch to the Ferry Road—Watching the River—Shell-firing by the Enemy—The Enemy cross in Force at Ball's Bluff on Sunday Night, and at Edward's Ferry, Goose Creek, and other Passages on Monday Morning—Details of the Battle of Leesburg—General Baker killed—Colonel Coggeswell with 800 Men taken Prisoners—Great Slaughter—Victory of the Confederate Forces—Retreat of the Enemy to Maryland—Our Reinforcements arrive.

WHILE our brigade was away from Leesburg, and pickets were no longer at the river, many negroes crossed the stream, and informed the Yankees of our whereabouts. Several Unionists, also, had conferred with their friends, and every acre of the vicinity had been accurately mapped out by their engineers. We had long suspected old farmer Trunnell of treachery—his only son had joined the Northern army, and was a brigade commissary in it. It was to his knowledge of localities that the Yankees chiefly trusted when placing their batteries, and he had often been seen directing artillerists in their efforts to shell the town. His father was extremely wealthy, and had an extensive plantation near the river, adjacent to Ball's Bluff. He had large

dealings with our army, and was paid thousands of dollars for supplies. His negroes frequently ran away to Maryland, but invariably returned after a few days' absence; a circumstance which rendered it highly probable that the old man corresponded with his son. He himself and his whole household were peculiarly insulting to our soldiers, and I myself have frequently seen signal lights at his house answered from the hills in Maryland. Yet he lived undisturbed in his homestead, and was neither insulted nor annoyed by any one.

Our return to Leesburg caused some speculation, but the answer to all inquiries was that "we were to hold the place until the enemy appeared, and then retire." Unlooked for by any, the remainder of our brigade marched into town late on Saturday evening, and pitched tents in the accustomed place. Having had but little rest during the past week, I congratulated myself on the prospect of a long nap now that our whole force was come to relieve us; but it fell to my lot to be ordered on guard, and we made ourselves as comfortable as possible round a camp-fire, little dreaming of the stirring events in which we were about to act a principal part.

One company of the 13th Mississippi had been detailed to picket the river on our left from Carter's Ferry to the head of Harrison's Island; one of the 17th picketed to Edward's Ferry on our right; horse pickets were on duty still lower down the river, watching the ferry, where Goose Creek flows into the Potomac; another company of horse were watching Goose Creek bridge and the Drainsville road on our

right flank and rear; a company of horse were also on our extreme left up the river, and one of the 18th Mississippi occupied Fort Evans midway between the river and town. This was our disposition on Saturday night, October 20th. Our active lieutenant-colonel had gone out to examine the posts along the river, but had not visited the woods around Ball's Bluff. It was a wild, desolate place, and the guards disliked duty in the neighbourhood. The Bluff so called was about thirty feet above the level of the river, and not more than one hundred yards from Harrison's Island, the level of which was some twenty-five feet lower than the Bluff. The island, however, was fringed with timber, and could conceal thousands of men. Little notice had been taken of this cheerless looking place, and few guards of either party were seen in its vicinity, although the island was in undisputed possession of the enemy. It was at this point that the enemy's spies and engineers had crossed a few days previously, and seeing only a few tents on the outskirts of Leesburg, had reported that three companies held the town.

About 3 A.M., Sunday morning, our lieutenant-colonel rode into camp hastily, and in a few minutes every man was under arms; tents disappeared without noise, and we were drawn up in line of battle. We knew not what to surmise unless another retreat was contemplated—perhaps to Goose Creek, through mud, two or three feet deep, as usual! The doubt was soon resolved. Evans and his staff were seen approaching through a dense mist, and our men being formed in columns of division at half distance, the old gentleman addressed

us almost in the following words:—"Gentlemen, the enemy are approaching by the Drainsville road, 16,000 strong, with 20 pieces of artillery! They want to cut off our retreat! We must *fight!*—you need not expect any reinforcements, for none can arrive in time if they were sent. I am going to lead you out to meet them, and if you obey orders we shall give the Yankee rascals a sound thrashing! You have met them before, so have I—we both know of what they are made. I shall be as economical of human life as possible, and shall not sacrifice one man unnecessarily. Gentlemen, I fully rely upon you, and have unbounded confidence in your courage and patriotism! Gentlemen, good-morning." Before the general rode off, some few essayed to cheer, but the prevalent feeling was despondent. None cared so much about a fight on equal terms—if anything, they would willingly have accepted a challenge from any *two* regiments the enemy could produce; but, much as we all admired our commander's pluck, it appeared hazardous for a brigade of 2,700 men, with four guns, to meet in mortal strife not less than 16,000 of the enemy, with twenty pieces of artillery!

The die was cast, however; all the baggage had moved many miles to the rear, and we marched across Goose Creek bridge and along the Drainsville road to meet the enemy under General M'Call. As the sun had not yet risen we approached the mouth of Goose Creek, crossed it, and passed near the guns of the enemy commanding these points without being observed; had they perceived us defiling from the woods along the road, a finer target for their rifled pieces

could not have been desired. We proceeded towards Drainsville some two miles and halted, just as the sun rose; and, as our havresacks were empty, smoked our pipes with great gusto in lieu of breakfast. A courier came down the road and informed Evans that the enemy were six miles away, but had not stirred since 6 P.M. the previous evening. We marched back to await their approach, and bivouacked in the woods. Presently two of our mounted troopers came up with a Federal courier, who had been captured proceeding on his way with despatches from M'Call to Stone. His papers betrayed little, yet sufficient to reveal that it was designed to draw us from Leesburg along the Drainsville road, while Stone crossed and occupied the town. Evans was the very last man to be deceived by such a transparent trick, and as we marched back across the creek and halted in the woods along the Edward's Ferry road, he drily observed, showing his teeth, as usual—"They won't come that way, boys; but, had they done so, we would have given them what they never yet had—a d——d good whaling!"

As we lay in the woods all Sunday, the church bells were sweetly ringing, and nature seemed to sleep in the glorious sunshine of the Indian summer—all around us wore an unnatural calm, and every man as he quietly sat or slumbered beneath the leafy shade seemed lost in reverie. We had nothing to eat, our waggons and stores were far away towards Manassas, and every half-hour reports would come in that the enemy seemed very busy at the river, while the glittering of long lines of bayonets could be plainly seen moving to and

fro. As if from intuition all the cottagers left their humble dwellings and farms, and hurried away to town, while the soldiery, half famished, despoiled the gardens, and feasted on raw vegetables, or stole a few ears of corn from the barns, eating it raw. The stillness was oppressive, and all complained of thirst; a few unslung their knapsacks and hurriedly wrote letters home, sending them by couriers passing to town.

As the sun began to decline, the enemy's batteries at Edward's Ferry furiously shelled in every direction, aiming particularly at Fort Evans, the red earthworks of which could be plainly discerned dotting the green hill, and overlooking a bend in the road near town. Shell were screaming over our heads through the air in great numbers, even when darkness covered the scene; and bursting in all directions they presented a rather pretty pyrotechnic display—the white circles of luminous smoke seeming to hang with great sensitiveness and delicacy in the air.

When all was quiet again reports came in that the enemy were bringing up many boats from various creeks below, and shortly afterwards a courier arrived post haste and reported that 700 men had landed at the Old Ferry at the foot of our road. Three right companies of the 18th Mississippi were sent down there—one went into the timber round the Ferry House, with orders when the enemy advanced to fire and fall back; the second was to act similarly, and the third to protect the retreat and entice the enemy on. They had returned, however; and soon afterwards their tattoo was sounded, and we could plainly hear the men

answering roll-call. We were ordered away lower down stream to the mouth of Goose Creek,—the enemy had been at both places trying their boats. We picketed all night, nearly frozen to death, had nothing to eat, wore light summer clothes, and had no blankets nor fires.

Why these three companies were detached so far from the main body I could not tell; we were immediately under the guns of Edward's Ferry, and were not informed how to retreat. When the sun rose next morning (Oct. 21), we anxiously awaited orders of recall; but receiving none, the captains determined to fall back. Seeking the banks of the creek, we followed a hog-path by the water's edge up-hill, and were particularly fortunate in not tumbling over the precipitous banks. We kept to the woods, and had not crossed the hill five minutes when the heavy guns at Edward's Ferry began to shell furiously, many of their missiles falling in close proximity to our halting-place. Within ten minutes more we heard the music of fife and drum, and, looking over the hill, saw a strong force of the enemy issuing from the lane where we had picketed all night, with cavalry in front, and guns. Their infantry followed in martial array, and turned up the stream towards Edward's Ferry. Their appearance was martial and imposing. "At *last*," thought we: "now comes the tug of war!"

Not being more than a mile distant in the plain, our companies enjoyed a fine panoramic view of everything passing. When the enemy had formed line of battle, and artillery was placed in the road, a squadron of

cavalry were sent out to reconnoitre. They galloped gaily towards Leesburg, and passed a company of the 18th ensconced in the woods. The gay-looking horsemen had not proceeded far, when they suddenly came upon the 18th, drawn up across the road behind some timber, and, receiving a withering volley, turned and fled, having to run the gauntlet of the company, who, from their covert, fired heavy loads of buckshot into them as they passed. From our position on a hill to the right, we clearly saw the discomfiture of the cavalry; their officer commanded them to move forward a second time, but they were so discouraged that no persuasion could induce them to stir.

Fresh troops now began to pour across the river from the mouth of Goose Creek, and from Edward's Ferry, until at last there were many regiments drawn up in line of battle, well supplied with artillery. The position of the 18th being known, the enemy began to work their batteries with great vigour, firing twenty-four pound spherical case shot, and shelling the woods in all directions. The 18th then fell back towards town, and formed line to the left, with the 17th to the right, of the road, and at the foot of a hill on which the artillery was placed in Fort Evans—the first regiment having its left on a bank of the Potomac, while the right of the second regiment lay on Goose Creek. In the rear were the 13th Mississippi and the 8th Virginia, and still farther beyond was a masked battery in the woods designed to sweep the road, should we be forced back. Skirmishers were sent out to our front, but no enemy appeared; scouts reported them 10,000 strong,

with twelve pieces drawn up at the Ferry, but there were no indications of an advance. They still kept shelling the woods vigorously, and their percussion shell fell very close to us, as we lay awaiting an attack, smoking, laughing, and eating raw cabbages to assuage hunger.

To our left and rear, however, about two miles up the stream, things began to assume a lively aspect. One company of the 13th, on picket there, had been surprised and driven in by a regiment which had unexpectedly marched out from the woods around Ball's Bluff. The company fought well, and, once getting the enemy on broken ground, began to deal destruction among them with a rapid and accurate fire. The captain was in his shirt-sleeves, and the men not much better attired. "Halt and surrender!" roared the Federal commander, galloping towards our men, as they were falling back; "don't fire, we are friends!" Our men, however, had jumped into a field, and each man, taking refuge behind a sheaf of corn, kept on "popping" away with great rapidity and precision. The Yankee colonel ordered his men "forward," but they did not stir, and seemed inclined to fall back for protection to the woods. Then our bare-headed captain of the 13th ordered his men to reserve their fire, and advance at the charge! Strange to tell, these eighty brave boys, with a yell, boldly advanced at a run towards the beautiful line of the enemy, suddenly halted, delivered a murderous volley, and then charged. The enemy did not stand, but retired to the woods, and kept up a desultory fire from their covert. A cavalry company

hearing the musketry, when far up the river, advanced, dismounted, and used their Maynard rifles with fine effect, and drove the enemy still farther into the woods.

The Federals, however, were pouring across at Ball's Bluff in great force, and two companies of the 18th being ordered there to sustain the pickets, the battle commenced in earnest. At one time the enemy were driven in, but, being shortly afterwards reinforced, they drove our men completely out of the timber into the open ground. When they essayed to advance still farther, however, our gallant boys reserved their own, but drew the fire of the enemy, and when within seventy yards blazed away with awful precision, and with a yell charged them through the woods, loading and firing rapidly as they advanced.

It was now midday, and still our brigade, with few deductions, remained idly on the Edward's Ferry road, and had done nothing, except eat raw vegetables. The sudden falling back of our small force at Ball's Bluff, about 1 P.M., told plainly that the foe were in great force, and soon afterwards their cannon began to roar. The 8th Virginia (400 strong) were ordered to proceed to the spot, and drive in the enemy. Their arrival greatly relieved the wearied pickets, and the firing became lively, but it was plain that the enemy outnumbered us at all points, and we heard their long volleys with great anxiety and impatience. It was not known at what point the enemy meant to make their most vigorous attack. Our great strength had been reserved for the defence of Fort Evans, and, finding the enemy were not inclined to advance, Evans determined to do so.

Our orders were to attack the enemy, and "make the business short." "Forward, boys," said our general; "if they won't come to *us*, we must go to *them*, and in less than an hour we'll make them wish they had never been born."

The 18th led, and following came the 17th and 13th, with four howitzers. As we reached the highest point in the road, we saw the enemy drawn up in beautiful order, in columns of companies, with many pieces of artillery and some cavalry; above them, on the other side of the river, were three batteries placed on a hill, and all ready for action! Several brigades had not crossed, and we could plainly see them with arms stacked! As we silently moved forward, an adjutant galloped to the front, and the column halted. The enemy plainly saw our whole force, but reserved their fire. "They have nearly surrounded us at the Bluff," he said, "and the 18th is to countermarch to their relief!" So the 17th and 13th countermarched to their old position, and after pulling down the fences, we began our race of two miles to turn the tide of battle. As we left the road a strange sight was presented, and which caused many a hearty laugh. Some hundred or more of our regiment who were sick had escaped from the hospitals, knocked over the doctors and parsons who tried to prevent them, and marched out to participate in the fight, and now fell into rank with great good humour! As many more had left the hospitals in the morning contrary to orders, and not knowing the whereabouts of their respective regiments, had directed their steps to the line of fire, and fought manfully. As

we ran towards the scene of battle, the roar of the enemy's musketry and cannon was deafening.

"Lige" White, who had been very active all day, rode up to us and confirmed the statement that our small force was nearly surrounded: he knew every inch of the ground perfectly, and piloted us into a position immediately in front of the enemy's centre. The enemy did not expect us in that direction, and a lull in the firing immediately ensued. Our fatigued comrades seemed with one accord to leave the battle entirely to us; and we did not disappoint their flattering expectations. Advancing through the woods in good order, we at last came in sight of a large open field where the centre of the Yankee semicircular line of battle was supported by four howitzers. Knocking down the fences, we jumped into the open, and re-formed, as coolly as if on parade. The four right companies instantly dashed up a rising ground to the right, and dispossessed the foe of a patch of woods that commanded their centre. Though vigorously assailed with shot and shell, our right companies fired so quickly, and with such murderous accuracy, that the guns were soon deserted; but the fire of the enemy's infantry at the same time was so well sustained that had we not been wise enough to load and fire on all-fours, not a man of us would have escaped. We had the advantage of a full view of every movement made by the enemy, and all their advances were chastised with such heavy loss that they contented themselves with the cover of the timber on the Bluffs, and could not be induced to advance.

Such a roar of musketry, for the numbers engaged, I

never heard. Many fell on our side. The four right companies had over one hundred killed or disabled; but though 2,000 men—some of the very best in the Federal army, and under Baker—were opposed to them and kept up a semicircle of fire, our men held on like bloodhounds, and neither threats, commands, nor entreaties of officers could induce them to fall back and re-form the regiment. The men would *not* do it; the enemy were before them; they would advance, if ordered, but no falling back for anything. In fact, these four companies were fighting the battle alone, and the enemy were losing scores every moment. Our men had bought large quantities of buckshot, and reserved them for "close quarters," as they termed it, and were now using them with terrible effect. Besides the ordinary musket cartridge, they put in from eight to sixteen buckshot, and kept up the fire with so much effect that the enemy's front and all around the guns were strewn with the dead and wounded in hundreds.

General Baker having been killed shortly after our fierce onset, Colonel Coggswell now commanded the enemy, and thought to make good his retreat by a flank movement to Edward's Ferry. While he deliberated, the 17th came in on our left flank, and the rest of our regiment assailed him on the right. For some time the battle raged with great fury, and it seemed to us there was no end to the stream of fresh troops relieving the enemy. But Colonel Coggswell had succeeded to the command in a luckless hour. Endeavouring to move by the left flank, in order to effect a junction with Stone at the Ferry, he was intercepted by our lieutenant-colonel,

who advanced against him with six companies, and having surrendered, we had the satisfaction to see 800 prisoners, with the chief in command, marched to the rear.

The fighting still continued in the centre, as if the troops were unaware of Coggswell's surrender, but as it was not our object to shed blood unnecessarily, we all ceased firing for a few moments. Our company was detached from the regiment, and rested on the right of the Virginians, who lay in the woods. We were soon ordered to advance across the open ground at the double quick to join the regiment drawn up in the woods at the edge of the river, and as we did so, up rose the enemy on the Bluff, and poured a heavy volley into us; but we dropped in time, rose up instantly, rushed on, discharged our pieces in their faces, and drove them over the Bluff on to the bayonets of their friends, thirty feet below. Such slaughter, such havoc and mangling of living men, it has never been my lot to witness in any battle. Our men were wrought up to fury, and fought like fiends: no unfair advantages were sought, nor did any act contrary to the rules of war; but, greatly outnumbered at all points, they eagerly seized upon every opportunity to inflict chastisement, and from their masterly use of the musket, killed and wounded twice as many as their own number actually engaged.

The centre of the enemy was now completely broken, and the remnant driven over the Bluff into the river; the guns were ours, and dragged off; the right was captured to a man; and the left had disappeared under the high banks of the river, and dispersed in small

parties, endeavouring to cross. As we lay in line of battle, expecting a fresh attack, I plainly saw the wrecks of three large flats, on which hundreds had perished. They had been used for bringing over reinforcements, and returning with wounded, but such was the consternation among the troops that large numbers rushed on board, trampling upon the wounded, until they all sank together amid frightful screams. Colonels and captains had deserted their commands, and throwing off their clothing, escaped by swimming: at one time the river seemed covered with heads, and when, being ordered back, refusing to return, nearly all were shot by our men. On the island we saw several regiments drawn up, but the rout and destruction of their comrades appalled them: they would not advance, and, to prevent loss from our accurate fire, they were led off from the island into Maryland. Several houses on the island had been converted into hospitals, and the hundreds of suffering beings who lay around the field presented a harrowing sight.

The sun had now set, the battle was over, and various companies of men were detailed to bear off the wounded, bury the dead, secure arms and prisoners, and hold the field. Our right was still threatened, and every available man marched to support the 13th, who held Fort Evans. The enemy, indeed, had not advanced an inch, but there was no certainty regarding their movements.

At night I went to the Bluff to look after the wounded. The sight was an awful one: the groans in every direction fearful to hear. Burial parties were busy with spades, and many a noble boy might be seen consigned

to his last resting-place. Crowds of carriages and conveyances were on the ground bearing off the wounded, while the hospitals in town were thronged by ladies, young and old, lending their tender aid in all manner of offices. Indeed, while the battle was progressing, crowds of women gathered on a neighbouring hill, and wept and bewailed, while many a good sturdy fellow kept in-doors, ready to shout for either party, and did not stir out till victory had saluted our banners.

The Yankees who had hid themselves along the bank of the river were loth to come forth, but after much persuasion they voluntarily came forward in a body, threw down their arms, and marched to town very good-humouredly, and, after being refreshed, were sent towards Manassas that same night. The quantities of arms we found along the banks surprised me—all being of English manufacture, having on the plates, "Hall, London;" "Bond, London;" "London Tower," &c. The stream at the crossing appeared to be literally choked with broken boats, dead bodies, and arms—not less than one hundred dead being piled up under the Bluffs in dozens, and scores in other places, and the sand all gory. The woods around the Bluffs were all cut down or splintered by shot, the trunks of the larger trees looking as if millions of rats had been gnawing them. The number of arms captured was near 2,000, 4 howitzers, much clothing, a few stores and ammunition, 800 prisoners, 20 officers, 2 colonels, one or two stand of colours. The killed and wounded were about 2,000, not including the three large boatloads that sank, or numbers that fell on the island from stray shot, and

from our fire late in the evening. Our loss was not more than from two to three hundred killed, wounded, and missing.

It surprised me at the time, and is still sufficiently remarkable to be worthy of note, that General Evans was not upon or even near the field until the last shot had been fired. Then, however, he came galloping upon the ground, and highly complimented us, saying that he had been anxiously watching us, at the same time observing the enemy's movements along the Edward's Ferry road. If the truth must be told, he directed our movements from his office in town, two miles away—or between that point and Fort Evans—and was swearing lustily all the afternoon; yet although he fondly expected the enemy to approach the fort, they did not do so; hence every disposition was made at Ball's Bluff by Colonel Burt, of the 18th, who fell while cheering on the four right companies in their headlong massacre of the enemy. Another remarkable fact: when the Yankees had safely reached the shores of Maryland, they began to cheer like madmen, but for what will ever remain a mystery. One of the boys drily remarked, that "the darned fools cheered because they got back safely!" Others said "they cheered because they felt so mighty big over another victory!" Both were probably near the truth!

Our whole force now lay in the woods round Fort Evans, anxiously looking for the morrow, for all expected the enemy to advance, and endeavour to retrieve their fallen fortunes. Morning came, and scouts reported them strongly fortified, with large reserves, about to

cross. We waited until noon, and although the rain poured in torrents, Evans was anxious to entice them forward. The 13th was ordered to open the fight, and draw the enemy out; for this purpose the right wing of the regiment was used, to counterfeit weakness, the left being held in reserve. The Yankees accepted battle, and a large regiment advanced to the attack: the right of the 13th, seeing this, were maddened (because not called in at the Bluff), and assailed the New-Englanders with such fury that they broke and ran, the 13th chasing them through ploughed fields, over their breastworks, and past their guns. The guns would have been brought in, but being so far from all support, the men fell back without them. It was in vain that all kinds of expedients were used to entice the enemy on, for, although our small force was too much exhausted and insufficient to attack, we all desired the enemy to advance and try their fortunes. The rain fell in torrents all day, and at midnight three guns and loud cheers were heard from the other bank of the river; the enemy, 12,000 strong, with 12 pieces, had successfully recrossed the river, and were cheering in consequence!

Fearful that other forces would move down from Drainsville, and cut off his communication, Evans once more fell back to Goose Creek, where a South Carolina regiment, a Louisiana regiment, and four guns of the Washington Artillery, reinforced us. Here we anxiously awaited battle from M'Call, or any one else who dared to approach. Our reinforcements were eager for the strife, and could a hundred thousand dollars have purchased a battle they would willingly have subscribed

that amount. The Louisianians in particular were fretful for a fight; they had marched from Centreville in a very short time, and in order not to delay, kicked over their barrels of flour, and journeyed with empty havresacks. This regiment was entirely composed of Creoles and Irish—a splendid lot of men, and highly disciplined by Colonel Kelly. They have since greatly distinguished themselves in "Stonewall" Jackson's division, having turned the tide in many battles.

CHAPTER XII.

Effects of the Battle of Leesburg, or Ball's Bluff, on Public Opinion in the Country, North and South—The Yankees claim a Victory as usual—General Stone arrested and sent to Fort Warren—Remarkable Incidents of the War — A Fraternal Rencontre — The Negroes with either Army—Humorous Incidents—Evans is sent to defend his Native State, South Carolina—General D. Hill assumes command—Fortifications are erected—We prepare for Winter Quarters.

For two or three weeks previous to the battle of Leesburg, the Northern papers overflowed with joyful expectations regarding the movements then in preparation. The administration organ at Washington predicted that "in a few days the rebels would suddenly drop out of Leesburg;" others said, "we shall begin to make history next week;" "let all prepare for a succession of Union victories that shall eclipse all the doings of the Old World!" It may well be supposed that enough had occurred to disenchant them of these bombastic ideas; but no, the Federal generals, to cover up their defeat by misrepresentation, acknowledged having met with reverses at Ball's Bluff, but triumphantly rejoined, "We have captured Harrison's Island, and hold it against all efforts of the rebels!" The fact is, they had always held undisputed possession of the island; yet the mainland was so much higher as to command it, and had our artillery been present in the

battle, not twenty men of their whole force could have escaped.

When at length the story was truthfully told by the *New York Times* and *Tribune*, the whole North was thrown into consternation and mourning over "the massacre," as they termed it, and began reviling each other for urging M'Clellan to advance at all against Richmond. Massachusetts was particularly affected by the direful news, for two of its "pet" regiments (the 15th and 23rd) had suffered fearfully, and many young men of the first families had fallen, including the promising son of the poet Oliver Wendel Holmes, most of the men having been enrolled in Boston and Worcester. New York, also, felt very much humbled on account of the decimation of the 44th—one of its crack regiments, which boasted of more professional pugilists and blackguards than any other from that State, except the red-legged Fire Zouaves. Pennyslvania was in mourning for the rout of the 1st Californian Regiment (fifteen companies strong), which had been raised by Baker in Philadelphia, and which was petted, and feasted, and paraded at Washington by Lincoln himself, and called the "Invincibles." Other States had each its special reason for mourning, and so, from one reason or another, the entire press howled over the disaster for a full month.

In the South, however, our success was not regarded with proportionate admiration: the people expected the "boys" to do well, and when their victory was recorded, it only excited smiles and modest comment. As far as our brigade was concerned, scarcely a man spoke

of it, save to show how much more might have been gained by the presence of artillery, or if the preliminary movements in which they had been engaged during the previous week had been less fatiguing. General Evans, indeed, was much lauded in the newspapers, biographical sketches appearing from different pens, tending to prove that the general was an extraordinary soldier; the men, however, could not help believing that his plans were faulty, and that had it not been for the ferocity of the troops the affair would have ended very differently. Be that as it may, the South Carolinians claimed the battle as theirs, since Evans was of that State; while the gallant Mississippians thought all the honour belonged to them, as they had done all the fighting; and in truth, the Virginians did very little. Poor Stone, the Federal commander, was bullied unmercifully by the Northern press, and being in Washington on business, where he dined with M'Clellan, he was on the following morning arrested and sent to Fort Warren, without a word of explanation.

Among the numerous incidents that fell under my notice illustrative of the sometimes tragical, sometimes laughable, occurrences of civil war, the following may he mentioned as properly pertaining to the battle of Leesburg. Two young men, brothers, acquaintances of mine in Kentucky, had always differed in politics, and when the war broke out, Howard, the younger, sought the Southern army, and Alfred that of the North. They shook hands at parting, and said it was probable they should meet again on some field or other. Alfred obtained a captain's commission; Howard, with many

fellow-statesmen, shouldered a musket in our regiment. When the battle was over, Howard was searching for the bodies of friends who had fallen by his side, and stumbled over something. "Halloa!" said the object, in a hoarse voice, "who are you?" "I'm a Southerner," replied Howard; "you are one of the enemy, if I'm not mistaken, and know, of course, that the field is ours." "Well, yes, I have some faint recollection of a fight; but all I remember is much smoke, a great noise of musketry, and of some active fellow in a white cap knocking me down with a musket, and then I fell asleep." When they advanced to one of the camp-fires, Howard recognized his brother Alfred, and he himself was the man who had knocked him down with the butt of his musket in the confusion of the battle!

By the next incident I shall relate we were much amused. One of our best soldiers was a rough Scotchman named Black, who had relatives in the South, and, desiring to get to them, joined the Northern army, with the intention of deserting at the first opportunity. When on picket guard at the river, he pretended to bathe, and, being a good swimmer, manfully struck out for the Virginian shore. When midway, he turned and shouted, "Good-by, boys; I'm bound for Dixie!" "Come back, or we'll shoot!" answered the guard. "Shoot, and be d—d, you white-livered nigger-thieves," shouted Black, and in the midst of a shower of Minié balls, he safely landed among us. He willingly entered our service, and proved an admirable soldier. During the battle he performed many feats of daring, and at night formed one of a corporal's guard who escorted a

full company of Federals off the ground. As Black was laughing and joking, the captain of the Federals remarked to him, "I ought to know that voice!—is that you, Black?" "That's me!" jocosely replied the Scotchman. "I hope you're well, captain, you and all the boys! I couldn't stay with you, you see; it wasn't because I feared to fight; but I like to fight in the right cause always." It is needless to say Black was escorting his old company, officers and all.

At the commencement of the action our men perceived among the enemy several negroes, who seemed to take great care of themselves, and could not be induced to leave the trees behind which they fought. Many of us took a "pop" at the darkies, but always missed. When the fact became known to our coloured boys, who always persisted in going to battle with us, they dropped the wounded they were carrying off, and immediately formed plans for capturing "de black 'Bolition teeves." It was very amusing to see their display of generalship. "Go back to the rear, boys," said the officers, "this is no place for you!" But the darkies would *not* go back, and lurking behind their masters picked off the enemy's officers at a rapid rate. At last the regiment made a sudden charge, when, to our surprise, we found that not less than half-a-dozen black fellows had preceded us, and were each bringing out a prisoner of the same colour, abusing them roundly, and kicking them unmercifully. "You black rascal you!—does you mean to fight agin white folks, you ugly niggers, you? Suppose you tinks yourselves no 'small taters' wid dat blue jacket on and dem striped

pants. You'll oblige dis Missippi darkey by pulling dem off right smart, if yer doesn't want dat head o' yourn broke!" "You are a mighty smart nigger, you is!" said one of our cooks to his captive; "comin' down Souf to whip de whites! You couldn't stay 't home and let us fight de Yanks, but *you* must come along too, eh! You took putty good care o' yourself, you did, behind dat ole oak! I was a lookin' at yer; and if you hadn't dodged so much, you was a gone chicken long ago, you ugley ole Abe Lincolnite, you!"

Some of our servants were fortunate enough to pick up many valuables, including diamond pins, watches, rings, and money, and as at Manassas they selected the finest Federal uniforms they could discover, in which they dressed themselves, and then promenaded round town with their sweethearts. I discovered my servant one morning making coffee, completely dressed in the grandest style, from boots to the gilded shoulder-straps, of some unfortunate Federal officer. In their conversation, they seemed to look upon the Yankees with contempt, and especially because they didn't fight to suit them. "Talk of dem Yanks comin' down to whip us! Dey must be sick! Why, massa can whale a dozen of 'em 'fore coffee is hot, fair fight. Dem Nordon darkies is no 'count, and yet dey puts on all de airs in de worle. If eber I ketch any of dem darkies comin' in *my* way, or foolin' wid me, dis chile is goin' to make *somebody* holler, sure!"

General Evans had received command of all the forces in South Carolina; and as that State was threatened with invasion, he now hurried forward to

perfect arrangements; his successor in our command was General D. H. Hill (brother-in-law to "Stonewall" Jackson), and a very superior officer. General Griffith (cousin of the President) commanded the brigade. From the moment of his arrival Hill was continually in the saddle, and, nearly always alone, soon made himself master of every acre in Loudon County. I shall have to speak of this officer again. He had already achieved fame at Little Bethel as colonel of the Carolina Volunteers, and greatly emulated Jackson in all his doings. Having selected fine sites near the river, he commenced fortifying with great vigour, much to the annoyance of the enemy, who had meditated crossing the ice during heavy winter, and surprising us before reinforcements could march up from Centreville. The mud-work at Fort Evans was also enlarged, covered, made bomb-proof, and pierced for six 32-pounders; long lines of rifle-pits were dug during night close to the river and elsewhere; a hill was fortified to the south, commanding Fort Evans; and another, more important still, north of the town, which commanded every approach. Figuratively, our fortifications were lions without teeth; for guns could not be spared at Manassas; and the roads were in such bad order that it required twenty-four oxen to draw one 32-pounder a distance of twenty-five miles, and taking not less than three days to do it. Hill worked hard, however, and placed six heavy pieces in position, and astonished the enemy by shelling them out of their battery behind Edward's Ferry.

In the meantime it had become apparent to all that some grand move was planning in Maryland; for heavy

masses of troops were continually seen moving from point to point. Our cavalry force was therefore increased, and guarded the Upper Potomac; and now all being prepared as far as our means permitted, we committed the event to fortune, and in November received the joyful order to go into winter quarters.

CHAPTER XIII.

Winter Quarters—Amusements of the Men—Cock-fighting, Racing, Snow-balling, Singing-clubs, &c.—I visit Richmond, and see the Fortifications of Manassas *en route*—Affectation of Military Rank at the Capital—Gaiety of the Place—Solons out of Place—Much Wisdom thrown away—Scarcity and high Price of Provisions—Commodores Lynch and Hollins—Major-General Pryor.

For the next two weeks scarcely any sound was heard but that of axe-men engaged in felling trees; and within a very short time we were all well housed in log-huts, covered with layers of straw and mud. The fire-places being large, admitted 'sticks' of wood four feet long; and sometimes ten logs of this length constituted a fire. Some bought stoves to cook on, and built additional dwellings for their servants; but within the fortnight all were comfortably provided for. Our commanders occupied some princely residences owned by Union men in Maryland, who had been large lottery dealers, and possessed of immense wealth. The various regiments were placed on the east side of the forts, ready to occupy them within five minutes' notice.

Amusements of all kinds were soon introduced, but chiefly cock-fighting, as in summer. Men were sent out in all directions to buy up game fowl; and shortly there rose up a young generation of "trainers," versed

in every point of the game, and of undisputed authority in the settlement of a quarrel. These, for the most part, were gentlemen from the Emerald Isle, not a few of whom were in every regiment in the service. In the matches, regiment fought against regiment, and company against company, for stakes varying from 5 dols. to 2,000 dols. a side; and such was the mania for "roosters" that the camps sounded like a poultry show, or a mammoth farmyard. "Snow-balling" was also a favourite pastime with the Southerners, and, together with skating and sledging, much delighted them; the majority had never seen snow or ice, except when the latter was used with "sherry-cobblers," "whisky-skins," "cocktails," &c.

I was loth to leave the brigade; but service called me to Richmond. So, having partaken of all the enjoyments of "singing clubs," "negro minstrels," "debating clubs," and the like, I departed for Manassas by a quartermaster's waggon, and soon arrived at Centreville. The out-posts and guards at the latter place were extremely vigilant—annoyingly so, I thought—and for the slightest irregularity in our 'passes' and papers would have sent us back to Leesburg. Fortifications of immense strength and extent arose on every hand, and were all well mounted. Though I could not comprehend the half of what fell under my notice, I felt strongly impressed that no army in the world could capture the place by an assault in front or flank. For miles these earthworks could be seen stretching through the country; and I counted not less than five hundred heavy pieces, without numbering them all.

The troops were comfortably quartered in well-built frame-houses, placed in lines of streets, with parade grounds in front; sinks, gutters, and other sanitary arrangements seemed complete. The care and forethought displayed by our generals for the comfort, health, and convenience of the men surprised and delighted me: large bakeries, wash-houses, infirmaries, blacksmiths' shops, numerous sutlers' establishments (where no liquors were sold), chapels, parade and drill grounds, head-quarters, chiefs of departments, immense stables, warehouses and State depôts—even a railroad connecting the place with Centreville to facilitate communication and send supplies.

The only drawback here—and this was sufficient to mar the whole—was the incredible quantity and tenacity of the mud. Locomotion in rainy or damp weather baffles all description; and to say that I have seen whole waggon trains fast in the road, with mud up to the axles, would afford but a faint idea of the reality. If timber had been plentiful, the roads might have been "corduroyed," according to the Yankee plan, viz., of piling logs across the road, filling the interstices with small limbs, and covering with mud; but timber was not to be procured for such a purpose; what little there might be was economically served out for fuel.

On arriving at Richmond a wonderful contrast to the well-disciplined order of Manassas presented itself. The Government offices were quiet and business-like, but no other part of the capital was so. The hotels were crowded to excess, as they always are; and great numbers of officers in expensive uniforms strutted about on

"sick leave," many of whom had never been in the army at all, and after running up bills with all classes of tradesmen would suddenly depart for parts unknown. The marvel was, that people could be so deceived, for it is no exaggeration to say that every third man was dignified with shoulder-straps, and collectively they far outnumbered all the officers at Manassas! In theatres, bar-rooms, and shops, on horseback or on foot, all wore the insignia of office. Not one was to be found of less rank than captain, and as for colonels—their name was legion! I was measured by a youth for a pair of boots, and bought some dry-goods of another, one morning: in the evening I saw both of them playing at billiards at the "Spottswood," dressed out in bran-new uniforms, with insignia belonging to the rank of major! This was sufficient explanation; and it did not at all surprise me afterwards to hear that nearly all the thousand and one gambling hells were kept by captains, majors, and colonels. General Winder, the provost-marshal, subsequently made it a punishable offence for any to assume uniforms except soldiers. The change was sudden and ludicrous in effect.

The floating population of Richmond was made up of the strangest elements. Some came to see friends, others with wonderful inventions or suggestions for Government. Not a few were impressed with an idea that the Cabinet needed their advice and counsel; but the majority of these strangers came with the modest determination to offer their services at large salaries, pretending that if they were not accepted for this or that office, some State or other would feel humbled, perhaps

secede from the Confederacy, and I know not what. It was laughable indeed to hear the self-sacrificing Solons holding forth in bar-rooms or in private. Their ideas of all things military were decidedly rich, and would have astonished poor Johnson or Beauregard, who were put down as mere schoolboys beside them. General Washington Dobbs, who had been engaged all his life in the leather business somewhere in Georgia, had come up to proffer his valuable services as brigadier; but being unsuccessful, his patriotism and indignation electrified the whole private family where he boarded. Colonel Madison Warren, some poor relation of the English blacking-maker, had lived in some out-of-the-way swamp in the Carolinas; he came to Richmond to have a private talk with the President, to let him know what *he* thought about General M'Clellan and old Scott. Not getting an audience, he offered himself for the vacancy of quartermaster-general, and not being accepted was sure that Jefferson Davis was a despot, and that the Southern Confederacy was fast going to the devil.

Smith had a self-loading, self-priming field-piece, that would fire a hundred times a minute, and never miss. Each gun would only weigh twenty tons, and cost 10,000 dols. He had asked a commission to make a thousand of them only, was willing to give Government the patent right gratis; and they would not listen to him! How *could* the South succeed when neglecting such men as Smith? Jones was another type of a numerous class of patriots. Tracts were necessary food for the soldiers. He (Jones) "only" wanted the Government to start a large Bible and Tract house, give him the

control of it, and he would guarantee to print as many as were needed, and sell them as cheaply as anybody else, considering the high price of everything. Jones, like a thousand others, did not succeed with any of the departments, and after being jammed and pushed about in the various lobbies and staircases for a whole month, arrived at the conclusion that the Confederate Government was not "sound" on the Bible question, and, therefore, ought not to be trusted in this enlightened and Gospel-preaching age!

When the high price of every necessary is considered, it appears strange that the city should be so crowded. Boarding averaged from 2 dols. to 5 dols. per day at the hotels, and not less than 10 dols. per week in any family. Boots were 35 dols. per pair; a suit of clothes (civil), 175 dols.; military, 200 dols., or more; whisky (very inferior), 5 dols. per quart; other liquors and wines in proportion; smoking tobacco, 1.50 dols. per pound; socks, 1 dol. per pair; shoes, 18 dols. to 25 dols; hair-cutting and shaving, 1 dol.; bath, 50c.; cigars (inferior) four for 1 dol., &c. The city, however, knew no interruption to the stream of its floating population, and balls, parties, and theatres, made a merry world of it; and Frenchmen say, it was Paris in miniature. Four in the afternoon was grand promenade hour; and, in fine weather, the small park and principal streets were crowded. Military and naval officers would sun themselves on balconies, or stretch their limbs elegantly at hotel doors. Here it was that I first saw Commodore Lynch (late U.S.N.) of "Dead Sea" notoriety in literature, and Com. Hollins, the "hero" (?) of Greytown.

The first-named was a small, quiet, Jewish-looking man of about fifty; thin, sallow complexion, and curly black hair, small black eyes, and very meek in appearance; wearing a cloak, like a man of economical habits and limited means. No one would take him for the "Tartar" which he undoubtedly is, when aroused: he is indefatigable in all that pertains to naval affairs. Hollins is about 5 feet 6 inches, broad-shouldered and stout, grey hair, whiskers, and moustaches, full face, a fine forehead, a lively blue eye, slow and solemn in deportment and conversation. He always seems to be walking on the quarter-deck, with his eye on the shrouds. No one would take him to be a person of much energy, ashore, but every movement betrayed that his proper station was that of commander of a seventy-four. He wore a plain dark grey suit, and cap trimmed with a gold band, on which was prominent the anchor and cables—in such a costume he looked more like an old major of foot than anything else.

Hollins' son and myself were soon fast friends; and through him I became acquainted with many persons, who have since become distinguished in the war. Roger Pryor, a Virginian and brigadier, was formerly Congressman from Virginia, and distinguished himself in the halls of legislation more by his combativeness than eloquence: more than once he challenged the Northerners who were disrespectful in their language towards the South. He is a young man, rather thin and tall, with a feminine face, delicate moustaches, and long black hair. He is veritably one of the "fire-eaters," and with a brigade of Mississippians once under his command,

and lately of Louisianians, he has made his name famous. Major-General Macgruder is about forty years of age, thick-set, voluptuous in appearance, very dressy and dandified, "showy" in his style and bearing, and nearly always mounted. He was an artillery officer in Mexico, under Scott, and gained an enviable name for efficiency in that branch, as also in engineering. He looks like a man too much given to dissipation, and is incapable of planning a battle, although very vigorous in fighting one. If appointed to fortify a place, there is no man on the continent that could do it better. He commanded the small Confederate force that defeated Butler in the engagement at Little Bethel, and was ably assisted by Colonel D. H. Hill, now a general, commanding at Leesburg. When the war commenced, Macgruder was registered on the U.S. army roll, "Captain Co. 1, 1st Artillery." I saw dozens of other generals, since known to fame, and conversed with many, but defer speaking of them until their names occur as prominent actors on the stage of events.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Battle of Belmont, on the Mississippi, described in a Letter from a Friend—The Forces of General Pillow surprised by Grant—The Southern Troops narrowly escape a Defeat—Reinforcements from General Polk and Columbus—Arrival of Polk on the Field—The Federal Troops defeated and Spoils taken—Characters of General Pillow and General Polk compared—Misrepresentations of the Northern Press.

I HAD only just returned to my regiment at Leesburg when I received a letter from a Kentucky friend, serving under General Polk, at Columbus, descriptive of the engagement at Belmont, which had been fought some time before at the village of that name in Missouri.

"*Columbus, Ky., Nov. 10th,* 1861.

"DEAR TOM,—You will, ere this reaches you, have heard more than one account of the late fight at Belmont; but this will satisfy you that I am all right, and ready to have another 'shake' with the Great Anaconda, so much talked of in the North. In my former letter, I fully informed you of the stupendous works raised here by General Gustavus Smith, and of our having occupied Belmont opposite, so as to command both banks of the stream. But the enemy appeared to know as well as we did that our force on the west bank was not very

formidable, nor our works of a very threatening character, and so determined to surprise General Pillow some fine morning.

"In pursuance of his amiable purpose, Grant collected a fleet of large river steamboats, and embarking at night, steamed down the river unobserved. Within a few miles of Columbus and Belmont, the river makes a sudden bend, and behind this bend Grant disembarked his forces, and began to advance towards Belmont, through the woods. When morning broke, the action commenced; the first intimation of the enemy's presence being a succession of rapid volleys. The troops were soon under arms, but the sudden surprise precluded all idea of a regular line or plan of battle. We at Columbus had heard the rapid fire for more than an hour, but knew not its cause. The word was passed to our brigade to 'fall in;' and before we could conjecture the meaning of all this, General Polk rode up, and informed us, very briefly, that Pillow had been attacked by an overwhelming force under Grant, and that we were going to the rescue.

"In a short time we were steaming across—not to Belmont, but towards the Yankee landing-place up the river, keeping as close in-shore as possible to avoid notice; for had the enemy boldly advanced down the river, and engaged the boats, disregarding our batteries, nothing in the world could have saved us. We had not proceeded far, when their guns on the battle-field were turned against us, but without effect, and we were soon landed in the timber on the enemy's flank and rear. Advancing out of the woods into the 'open,' we were

received with volleys of musketry and grape; but the aim was too high, or many would have suffered. When we arrived at close quarters, we discovered the enemy rapidly falling back from their main attack, and seeking to regain their boats. Thus invited, we attacked them vigorously with the bayonet, and for a full hour chased them through woods and fields, making every shot tell among the retreating crowd. We captured several pieces of cannon, and drove them to their boats. The scene at the landing was awful. The miserable wretches were rushing on board in great confusion, while our men kept up a continual shower of lead amongst them. We made several attempts to capture some of the boats, but did not succeed.

"Although not on the field when the fight opened, I fully understood the true position of affairs, and must say that the fight was a desperate one. When the enemy were reported landing troops a few miles above, the garrison in Belmont consisted of only two regiments. Pillow, with four regiments, immediately crossed and assumed command. He had scarcely done so, when Grant's advance opened fire, and the fight soon became fierce and obstinate. The enemy, who knew our weakness, would have succeeded in surrounding our left only for the destructive fire of a battery placed there, and the rapidity with which troops in support maintained their deadly volleys. This wing was severely taxed, as was also the right; but despite all their efforts, the enemy could not force them, though assisted by powerful artillery.

"Having failed in his attack on the wings, Grant knew

there was little time to spare, and repeatedly hurled his strongest force at our centre, which occupied open ground. The firing here was incessant, and we gradually gave way. Pillow then ordered a charge, and the first line of the enemy was driven in confusion upon their reserves. But our ammunition now began to fail, and word came that the wings could not maintain their position if the centre gave in, as there was every reason to fear it would do. Again a charge was ordered, which proved no less successful than the first. It was now found that our only battery had not a cartridge remaining, and most of the troops were similarly circumstanced; there was no alternative but to fall back until reinforcements should arrive from Columbus.

"Taking up a strong position on the river bank, Pillow arranged his lines for the final assault of the enemy; it being supposed, as they had full possession of our camps, and were firing them, that Grant would hurry forward his columns, and give us no time to re-form. As fortune would have it, three regiments arrived at this critical moment to reinforce us, and it was determined to move them up the river bank and get in the enemy's rear. The enemy had seen our boats crossing, and played on them with a heavy battery; but the guns at Columbus replied, and in a few moments the enemy's pieces were silenced. Finding that Polk himself was crossing, and landing troops far up the river on his line of retreat, Grant immediately began to fall back, but had not proceeded far when he encountered Louisianians, Mississippians, Tennesseeans, and others formed on his flanks, subjecting him to loss every moment, while the

guns at Columbus continued rapidly firing across the river, and from the high position of the works, were made to tell with deadly effect. Under these circumstances resistance was hopeless, and Grant reluctantly ordered a retreat, but while conducting it was subjected to a terrific cross-fire from our troops, while Polk in person was pushing their rear vigorously, capturing prisoners and arms every yard of the road. The confusion, noise, and excitement, were terrible, the enemy rapidly retreating to their boats, and our advance columns pouring deadly volleys into them; thus almost miraculously changing a defeat into a glorious triumph for our arms.

"The number of dead and dying that blocked up the landing-place was very great, and it seemed a matter of wonder to me how so many men could have successfully embarked and made their escape in so short a time. Had our officers been active, and brought down some field-pieces in time, we might have disabled the boats, and caused awful havoc among their densely packed numbers. We captured several hundred prisoners, several thousand stand of arms, and a few cannon, but, as the enemy simply came with their arms, and did not even carry a blanket to impede their activity in this enterprise, little else of value.

General Pillow has to thank his stars that Polk so quickly came to his succour, or, instead of being hailed as victors, we might all have been snugly provided for in some New-England fort or penitentiary. Yet his vanity is not less conspicuous now than it was in Mexico, and he is eternally carping at "the bishop," as

he terms Polk, who, nevertheless, is a capable and laborious commander, accessible at all times by high and low, a thorough disciplinarian, and fine engineer. If he chose to leave the army in former times and enter the Episcopal Church, and become a learned bishop among his brethren, it surely does not detract from his repute as a gentleman, a Christian, and a scholar, to say that he resigned his charge in answer to the especial call of the Executive, who demanded the service of all talented men in behalf of the common cause. Polk was a good bishop: he is now an excellent and accomplished major-general, and possesses the entire confidence, love, and respect of all who know or serve under him. Pillow is annoyed, however, because he himself was not placed in chief command at Columbus—a position for which he is totally unfitted, as subsequent events will fully demonstrate.

"But to return to the battle. This, as you know, is the first time I have ever been under fire, and I confess I felt very uncomfortable. We were convinced that our boys had been having the worst of it all the morning, or our haste would not have been so pressing. We had scarcely landed when one of Pillow's orderlies rode up and begged us for God's sake 'to hurry up,' as the boys were hard pressed, and had been fighting a long time against odds, and were only recovering from the confusion in which they had been thrown. As we marched out into open ground we gave loud yells, and commenced firing; many of our men falling every moment, the thought continually occurred to me that my turn would come next, yet inspired by the example

of our officers, we rushed to close quarters, determined to bring matters to a conclusion. But enough: I shall not attempt to describe further this battle-field to you, but conclude, humbly thanking God for the victory.

"I have to-day received late Northern papers; it is unnecessary to say that Belmont is put down as 'Another National Victory,' &c., in very large capitals, with 'full accounts of the Rebel loss.' To believe these scribbling fools, 'the back-bone of the rebellion' is well-nigh broken; yet, between ourselves, I think the job will prove too big, and break their hearts and pockets over it first. . . . . .—Yours, as ever,"

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CHAPTER XV.

Winter Quarters continued—Scant Rations supplied to the Troops—High Prices of Provisions and Clothing resulting from the Blockade—Sufferings of the Poor—Refugees from Kentucky—True State of Public Feeling there—Letter from a Friend, containing an Account of the Opening of the Campaign in Kentucky and Tennessee—Battle of Millsprings, January 1st, 1862—General Zollicoffer and most of his Staff killed—Surrender of Fort Donnelson, February 9th—Strange Conduct of General Floyd.

THE monotony of camp life was felt severely during the winter, notwithstanding the resources I have mentioned in a previous chapter. General Hill was a strict disciplinarian, and would permit none to be out in town after nightfall, unless furnished with a pass countersigned by the provost-marshal. So strictly was this rule enforced that I have known a whole squad of officers arrested and put under guard, including two full-blown colonels and sundry majors, simply for going to and fro unarmed with the necessary "countersign."

With books and writing materials many of us made the winter evenings pass off very agreeably, while others had become proficient in vocal and instrumental music, so that if we could only smuggle a gallon of apple-brandy into camp, a roaring fire of logs, pleasant punch and entertaining society made our cabins very enjoyable.

The usual discomforts of a deficient commissariat we had of course to endure: a variety of rations were allowed which were never forthcoming. Coffee, sugar, rice, vegetables, and beans we never had, save for two or three weeks during the first year of service; we knew, however, that Government did the best it could, and therefore, as patriots, did not murmur, but bought what we could. Coffee, as Southerners, we could *not* do without: hence, if on picket, we exchanged tobacco for it with the Yankees, but otherwise used parched barley as a substitute, as the whole South was cheerfully doing. Bacon or beef, with baker's bread or flour, were the only rations we had regularly: any luxurious addition to this simple fare we had to purchase, and this at the most preposterously high price.

For example: even in this, an agricultural country, turkeys sold for 4 dols. and 5 dols. each; two chickens, ditto; wretched liquors at 20 dols. and 30 dols. per gallon, and seldom to be had even at that; common coarse homespun jeans, 5 dols. per yard; common Manchester prints, 1 dol. per yard; common white cotton shirts, 5 dols. each; linen, 10 dols.; cotton socks, 1 dol. per pair; boots, common and clumsily made, 20 dols. to 35 dols. per pair; common felt hat, 10 dols.; coffee, 3 dols. per pound; tea, 5 dols; brown sugar, 50 cents per pound; white, 75 cents; flour, 12 dols. to 15 dols. per barrel; bath, 75 cents; hair-cutting, 75 cents; shaving, 25 cents; washing, 3 dols. per dozen; the most common writing paper, 20 dols. to 25 dols. per ream; printing paper was not to be had at any price—many suspended publishing, others printed a sheet not

much larger than quarto; horse's feed per day, 2 dols.; boarding, from 50 dols. to 100 dols. per month—1 dol. per single meal. These items may suggest to the thoughtful what great trials and privations the poor had to endure in consequence of the war!

With regard to wearing apparel, when money and cloth were exhausted, friends at home would send on our cast-off clothes, in big bales, together with whatever the numerous "soldier-serving societies" could furnish, so that all in all, although we looked like a regiment of dilapidated dandies, we were warmly clad, and laughed good-humouredly at each other's grotesque peculiarities of costume. I have more than once caught our good old major darning his socks, and espied the spruce, good-looking adjutant cobbling up his parade boots! The ladies, Heaven bless them! were ever at work night and day in our behalf,—their flannel petticoats have been made into under-shirts; their white skirts converted into lint; and I have known the blankets snatched from their beds and sent on to the soldier shivering on the snow-covered hills or plains of Virginia.

During the winter we received several excellent recruits from Kentucky, who had successfully run the "blockade" and joined our fortunes. I personally knew them when in college, and was much interested in the intelligence they brought concerning the affairs of that State. The revolutionary party had formed a Provisional Government and passed acts of secession; still Governor Magoffin filled the chair to which he had been elected before the war, and his term was not expired. When hostilities commenced, no one doubted which

cause had the sympathies of the people of Kentucky, but by artifice men were admitted to her councils, who, under the name of "neutrals," played fast and loose with the populace until Lincoln perfected his plans for their enthralment. It was argued by these leading men that Kentucky was, and always *had* been, a true Southern State, and would so remain, but in this quarrel of "extremes," she would preserve a strict and "armed neutrality!"—an idea that could only have found favour with a people who had been taught from childhood to believe in State Rights, and who scoffed at the idea "that any man could be found who should *dare* to interfere with the sanctity of the Constitution."

When the plans of the Northern Government were matured, the people of Kentucky had not to wait long to find the man "who should *dare*," &c., for the Secretary of State coolly took upon himself the direction of their State affairs, elected whom he pleased, and imprisoned whom he desired. When compelled to supply her quota for the war, the Lincolnites officered the men, monopolized every contract, dictated laws to the State, and, in short, ruled with a rod of iron. No one was permitted to pass from city to city without having sworn allegiance; schools were invaded, and Southern children held as hostages for the behaviour of their parents! property was confiscated, men were thrown into loathsome dungeons on mere suspicion, negroes were taught to despise, mock, whip, and murder their late masters, while mothers, daughters, or sisters were insulted, violated, and murdered. Such were the

results brought about by the treachery or cowardice of those whom the people elected in good faith to expound their views, and among the betrayers of the parent State must be numbered one of her own most gifted and trusted sons. As long as history lasts will his name be handed down with curses and maledictions.

My knowledge of the campaign in Kentucky and Tennessee is derived solely from friends who participated in it: among other letters received by me, I present the following from a young artillery officer who had good opportunities for knowing the facts of which he speaks:—

"*Bowling Green, Green River, Ky. Jan. 20th* 1862.

"DEAR TOM,—If there is one class of persons more likely than another to bring disaster upon our sacred cause, it will be those half-witted editors who imagine that everything is wrong which they do not themselves comprehend. Before I came to Bowling Green I must confess that their articles had some influence upon me; and *I*, among the rest, could not 'see why Sidney Johnstone did not muster his forces, advance farther into Kentucky, capture Louisville, push across the Ohio, sack Cincinnati, and carry the war into Africa,' &c. But since my arrival here, my thoughts have materially changed, and my wonder *now* is, how the commander has courage enough to stay where he is, and how he has managed to deceive the enemy as to his real strength. We were led to believe that there were at least 100,000 men here; and that the fortifications were frowning terrifically with cannon. All this, my friend, is pure fiction. We have not more than 25,000 men, all told,

and I think cannot count more than 50 light field-pieces. It is true we have some few dozen heavy siege guns, but by no means enough to frighten an enemy seriously bent on mischief. The position of Bowling Green is an admirably selected one, with Green River along our front, and railway communication to Nashville and the whole South. Had we simply to contend with an enemy advancing from Louisville and attacking in front, we should have nothing to fear; but, as you are aware, our flanks and rear are threatened by an immense force, and, although they have made no demonstrations in those quarters, I cannot believe their generals to be so blind as to be unaware of their advantages by the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. Grant, who is now at Cairo, longs for an opportunity to retrieve his disgrace at Belmont, and while he has full command of the rivers, there is nothing to prevent him from advancing with his gunboats and transports upon Nashville. True, the rivers are low at present, and it may be a question whether his vessels can ascend them, even at a flood—this remains to be seen. The only warlike obstructions to his progress would be Forts Henry and Donnelson. If, when Buel advances in concert, we do not 'get out of the way in a hurry,' the Anaconda may give this little army a hug not pleasing to our prospects."

The subjoined is part of a letter from the same friend, at a later date, descriptive of engagements in which he participated:—

"*Murfreesboro', Tenn., Feb. 20th,* 1862.

"FRIEND TOM,—I am 'hit' at last, and must tell you all about it. When writing to you last from

Bowling Green, I had apprehensions that all was not going on well with us, and stories were circulated round head-quarters regarding 'immense forces' 'somewhere;' by which there was reason to conclude we should be compelled to relinquish our hold of Kentucky, and possibly cross the Tennessee! We were not long left in suspense. Buel dared not attack us in front, but waited for Grant to ascend the Cumberland in our rear. Our right flank was threatened also by a large Federal force under Thomas, at Somerset, which was advancing against Crittenden's small force at Beech Grove.

"Zollicoffer, being but second in command to Crittenden at Beech Grove, had but little influence in the management. Our troops had been almost in a starving condition for some time, and had but scant rations for several months. Crittenden was fully informed of the Federal advance at Columbia and Somerset, but did little to prepare for the attack. In fact, it is said that he was incapable of commanding, from social failings, and did not heed the many warnings of friends, who foresaw that the enemy were bent on surrounding him. On learning that Thomas was at Mill Springs, Crittenden set out to meet him, thinking it possible to drive him from his fortified camps. On the morning of the 19th January (Sunday), Zollicoffer's advance exchanged shots with the enemy, and the battle opened with great fury. Zollicoffer's brigade pushed ahead, and drove the Federals some distance through the woods, and were endeavouring to force their way to the summit of a hill which fully commanded the whole field. The Federals fought desperately for this position, but

scarcely anything could withstand the dashing onset of our troops. Misinformed as to their true position and number, Zollicoffer was rapidly advancing up-hill, but unexpectedly rode up to an Indiana regiment, mistaking it for one of his own. Not being able to retreat, he determined to sell his life dearly, so rode forward with his staff, and began pistolling right and left at the officers, but soon fell, mortally wounded, and with him most of his staff. The fall of this commander greatly confused the troops; but finding himself overpowered, and determined to make a bold push for victory, Crittenden himself rode to the front, and endeavoured to gain the hill: after three hours' fighting, he was obliged to retreat to Beech Grove and push onwards to the Cumberland, leaving many dead, wounded, some prisoners, stores, a few pieces of cannon, and other things behind him.*

"When this news was brought to Bowling Green, it explained why Johnstone had been so careful in transporting all supplies and ordnance to the rear for more than two weeks. None doubted that a retreat was inevitable: the enemy had shown their strength on our

* General George B. Crittenden is a Kentuckian, about fifty-five years of age. He entered the United States' service as brevet 2nd lieutenant 4th Infantry, July 1st, 1832; resigned, April 30th, 1833, was appointed captain of mounted rifles, May 27th, 1846, and served with much distinction in the Mexican war, and was appointed lieutenant-colonel mounted rifles, December 30th, 1856. He is generally considered to be an excellent and reliable officer when free from the influence of drink and gay company. It is said that, previous to his appointment as commander at Beech Grove, he had rendered himself unfit for service by intemperance, and there are many who protest that he was greatly under the influence of liquor during the battle of Mill Spring. This vice is too prevalent among talented men of the South.

right, and driven in Crittenden, while Grant was preparing to ascend the Cumberland. The fortifications were dismantled and blown up. General Buckner watched Green River and our whole front; the sick and baggage had been sent away many days before; and while Buckner was engaging the enemy along the river bank, our whole force departed.

"Floyd, as you will remember, had been under Lee in Western Virginia, among the mountains, but as that campaign, from paucity of numbers on our part, had been productive of more expense than profit, he was ordered to cross the mountains and report to Johnstone at Bowling Green. His force was a small one, but well seasoned; so that, upon Grant appearing in the Cumberland, he was ordered to Fort Donnelson, and was chief in command by seniority. Buckner's force was also ordered there, and myself with it, but our total strength did not amount to more than 15,000 men, and we had but little artillery. Very soon Grant steamed up the river, and having captured Fort Henry without difficulty, approached Donnelson to find it prepared for a fierce resistance. His fleet of steamboats came up within a few miles of us and landed immense masses of troops, while light-draught iron-clad gunboats opened on us fiercely, both night and day. When the Federal troops came within view, it was determined to march out and give them battle. In the meantime the fort, indeed, kept up a lively fire from three tiers of guns upon the boats, doing considerable damage, and keeping off their steady advance. The lower tier, or 'water battery,' as it was termed, was served splen-

didly, and sank several vessels, killing commanders of note, and wounding Commodore Foote, chief of the flotilla. If I am not mistaken, we engaged twenty gunboats, and sank or crippled five.

"When it was determined to give battle in the open ground, our men were jubilant, and, though fully aware of the disparity of numbers, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Floyd, Buckner, and Pillow were in chief command: nothing could withstand the impetuosity of our men; they heroically drove the enemy before them at all points with the bayonet. Still, all this heroism was useless; fresh divisions of the enemy arrived hourly, and each day saw their lines around us growing stronger. As often as they approached our outer works they were repelled with great slaughter; yet other regiments would follow, and our men, completely exhausted from want of rest and food, and numbed by the intense cold—fires were prohibited within the works, though snow and rain constantly fell—were completely unstrung and incapable of further action. A council of war being held, it was determined to march out and invite battle, rather than die like rats in a hole. Accordingly, for the third time we marched out against the enemy; but we found them fortified, and loth to meet us in the open, although far away from our guns and under the protection of their own. Never did men fight more gloriously than ours: when I heard their yells ringing in my ears as they advanced at the 'charge,' I almost felt tears rolling down my cheek, as, wounded in the arm, I retired within the fort, incapable of further exertion. This day was the most glorious of

all! Well might the enemy retire to the woods when they saw the boys advancing with deafening shouts and levelled bayonets. All, from the highest to the lowest, performed their part with exemplary valour, and I may safely predict that the defence of Donnelson against such fearful odds will be one of the brightest pages in our future history.

"At the close of the third day—after this last attack—a grand council of war was held; what its purport was I know not, but in the stillness of the night Forrest's cavalry took their departure by the only point of egress remaining, and, soon afterwards, Floyd's command followed them. Thinking the movement was general, I procured a horse, and arrived at Nashville. General Pillow also made his escape with a few of his troops, leaving the brave Kentuckian Buckner to do the best he could with his small command. In explanation of this strange proceeding on the part of our chief, I hear it whispered that Floyd was afraid of falling into the hands of the Federals, having, when Secretary of War under Buchanan, surreptitiously supplied the South with more than the fair proportion of national arms, without which the war could not have been begun. This may be all true enough, but can never exculpate him for deserting his post at such a trying moment.

"As might have been expected, Buckner was appalled at his situation, and after the departure of Pillow, he surrendered the fort and the remaining troops to General Grant, who spoke in complimentary terms of 'the splendid but useless resistance of the rebels.' The number of prisoners was about 6,000; and whatever

else fell into the hands of the enemy was of very little value, as most of the guns were spiked or broken, and with regard to stores, we had none, the men, with but few exceptions, not having tasted food for three days. This affair has thrown great gloom over the country, and of course is the subject of Hallelujah Choruses North! Our people are waking up, however, and begin to understand it requires numbers, as well as 'pluck,' to beat back the invader; and I have no doubt, when properly considered, the fall of Donnelson will be an invaluable lesson to us.—Yours ever,"

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CHAPTER XVI.

Battle of "Elk Horn," Missouri, March 7, 1862—Incidents and Sketches of the War in that State—Colonel Fremont superseded in the command of the Federals—General Van Dorn—Our Guerilla Horse—Breach of Parole by Northern Troops—M'Culloch and M'Intosh killed—Our Forces retire—The Loss on either side.

"*Elk River, M'Donald Co., Mo., March 14th,* 1862.

"DEAR TOM, — Your last was received and perused with much pleasure, and here am I on the confines of Missouri, within a few hours' travel of Arkansas and the Cherokee Indian territory, endeavouring to pen a few lines to satisfy your ardent curiosity. You have, doubtless, had reports of our previous manœuvres since I wrote from Lexington in September, and ere this reaches you in the far East, a thousand newspapers will have related very curious tales regarding our recent battle with the combined forces of Curtis and Sturgis * at Elk Horn, a few miles from here. Still, such details as I may be able to supply will not be unacceptable to you.

"The fall of Lexington was an unexpected and heavy

* Brigadier-General Samuel D. Sturgis, U. S. A., ranked as captain, co. E, 1st Cavalry in 1860. He was stationed near St. Louis when the troubles commenced, and rose rapidly.

blow to the Union party throughout the whole North. Fremont was so exasperated that he instantly began to muster every available man, intending to surround and capture us. Lane had been reinforced, and was advancing from the west; Sturgis was moving from the north; while Fremont, with a heavy command, began to advance from the east, thinking to cut off all retreat by the south. Our victory, however, had aroused a spirit of resistance throughout the length and breadth of the State, and volunteers flocked to Lexington by thousands. A few days after Mulligan's surrender, Price had not less than 25,000 men around him, but lacked arms, provisions, waggons, tents, and ammunition; and besides these from 10,000 to 15,000 more were gathered at different points north of the river, endeavouring to form a junction with us, and, like the rest, unarmed. Price had been promised a heavy waggon train of ammunition and provision from the south-west, and M'Culloch was to have sent an escort for it, but after many trying delays, it was known that the train was not on its way, and thousands of recruits were obliged to disperse to their homes again, hoping that ere long things would be more favourable for taking the field.

"With almost superhuman exertions, Price managed to keep around him some 15,000 men, and as the foe were closing in upon him from different directions, started the baggage and provisions southward, together with most of the infantry; at the same time ordering the cavalry to make demonstrations calculated to deceive Lane, Sturgis, and Fremont. The cavalry acted their part so well that the different columns of the enemy

thought themselves threatened, and halted, while Price's main army had stolen several long marches upon them, and were making rapidly towards the south-west. At Springfield we learned that a different plan of campaign had been decided upon by the Confederate generals, and that Hardee's forces were withdrawn from the south-east. Pushing on towards Neosha, Price formed a junction there with M'Culloch, and the Missouri Legislature, in full session, unanimously passed the Ordinance of Secession, amid salvos of artillery, and with the rapturous approval of representatives from every county in the State.

"As the combined forces of the enemy were still approaching in great numbers, and evidently bent on mischief, Price and M'Culloch fell back to a strong position at Pineville (M'Donald county), and awaited Fremont's approach. The main body of the Federals were at Springfield, but had an advance division much nearer the Confederate leaders. Our boys were particularly anxious for Fremont's advance, for as his main body was composed of Dutch and Germans, they looked forward with pleasure to the task of thrashing them. Imagine then, if you can, our astonishment to find from prisoners that Fremont had been thrust from the command by Lincoln, and that his whole army, in a state of mutiny, was running a race towards Rolla and St. Louis!

"Here was news indeed! Lincoln 'did not approve Fremont's Emancipation proclamation and confiscating programme; the North were fighting,' he said, 'to preserve the Constitution intact, &c., and that we should

be treated in this war as wayward brethren, whose rights were guaranteed on return to duty.' Fremont's heavy expenditure was another objection to him, especially as Frank Blair and other pets of the Administration had so little influence with him, and he had forestalled Lincoln himself in the favour of the abolitionists. Political aspirants thought, too, he was endeavouring to supplant them in the good graces of those who should live to vote in 1864, and his enemies even imagined that he was endeavouring to follow in the footprints of the Napoleons, and make himself Emperor of all the Dutch, most of whom had flocked around him like geese from all parts of the Union. This last accusation was certainly groundless, if for no other reason simply because Fremont lacked the nerve to attempt any *coup* so dazzling. Place the fact in whatever light we please, Fremont received peremptory orders to resign, and the messenger had the greatest difficulty in gaining admittance to his tent; the whole camp being in a terrible uproar, and all discipline abandoned! Halleck, the Veracious, is appointed in his stead, but how long would you insure *his* head?

"On learning that the troops of Fremont had retreated, Price immediately prepared for the pursuit. He followed them several days, capturing many prisoners and large quantities of stores, and at last halted his weary column at Springfield—that city of changing masters! It seemed unwise to proceed farther: the enemy had halted at Rolla, or a little beyond, vastly superior in force, and were making preparations for another advance.

"While recruiting and drilling his men, Price watched for the first movements of the foe, and early in January they began to advance. Price had taken up a strong position and fortified it, expecting that M'Culloch would move forward to his assistance, but that commander did not stir, nor make the slightest diversion in his favour; so that, finding the enemy closing in upon him rapidly, he withdrew from Springfield, and was obliged to cut his way through towards Boston Mountain, where M'Culloch was reported to be. After hard fighting and infinite toil, this was successfully accomplished, and all were agreeably surprised to find General Von Dorn there—the newly-appointed general-in-chief of the Trans-Mississippi Department. This appointment had been wisely made by President Davis, for there was evidently little unanimity of feeling existing among commanders, but less querulousness perhaps on the part of Price than of many others. 'Old Stirling' had begun the war without any means whatever, yet had captured 10,000 stand of arms, 50 cannon, hundreds of tents, together with many other things needful to an active army. No other generals in the department could show half as many proofs of their prowess, though all had done well.

"Our sufferings during the campaign had been extreme, but, setting the inconvenience aside, had tended to harden us and make our limbs as tough as steel. Continually marching through non-inhabited districts, we had to depend upon Providence for supplies. Over mountains, through 'gaps,' across rivers and creeks, our progress was toilsome and weary; but few doctors meddled with any one, and not more than a hundred names

could be found upon the sick lists at any time during our frequent and rapid journeyings. Our cavalry led a hard life, and must have been made of brass to support the trials incident to their daily duty. Among the mountains a party of these 'irregular' horse would watch all the roads, conceal their fires, and hang around the enemy with a pertinacious determination that no man should stir without their knowledge, and at the least opportunity making a dash at the foe, capturing and destroying as they went, living as best they might, and doing whatever they pleased, generally. As scouts these men were invaluable—they were here, there, and everywhere—it was impossible to follow in their track. Their dress was of skins or anything that came to hand, and so long as grass was found for their hardy, wiry Indian horses, the riders cared little for food, dress, leisure, or relief from duty.

"The enemy vowed vengeance against these hardy fellows, and sought to train their own horsemen to the wild, half-Indian kind of life practised by ours. But just imagine obese Dutchmen rivalling the swiftness, daring, and endurance of our wiry frontiersmen! They were posted on mountains and in the 'passes,' to guard fords, bridges, and roads, as ours did, but their loss was continual, and the mysterious disappearance of stores, horses, waggons, and men unaccountable; so at length they were withdrawn, and the experiment abandoned as an expensive and fruitless one. Entirely masters of the roads, and every route by land or water, our horse seldom troubled Price for supplies of any kind, save ammunition, but frequently drove into camp large num-

bers of beeves, hogs, fodder, corn, and whatever could be purloined from the enemy. Flank, front, or rear, the Federals hardly dared to move except in large bodies: guerillas lay in every bush, and many an enemy was found lying dead at his post, without a trace of those who did it. These Partisans were remorseless; they expected little mercy if captured, and spared few found in arms against us. Some of our men falling into the hands of the enemy were hung on the spot; but this only heightened the animosity on either side; and when Federal soldiers were found dangling from trees by the roadside, the enemy thought it expedient to recognize our Partisan Rangers as 'legitimate' soldiers. After this our scouts usually paroled their prisoners.

"But of what avail is the parole with men who seem to have no honourable instincts, and scoff at an oath when voluntarily given? Look at the conduct of Mulligan's men—upwards of 4,000 we paroled at Lexington! Nine-tenths of them were from Illinois and Ohio, and had not been home more than a week, when it was argued, 'No faith should be kept with rebels;' and these men were instantly enrolled into new regiments and sent forth to fight again in some other quarter! This is incontrovertible: and the same perfidy has been enacted in regard to *all* those paroled in various directions, whether the men can be prevailed upon to re-enlist or not. These are stubborn, ugly facts, and no wonder, I say, that Partisans for a time forgot the usages of war, and retaliated with signal vengeance. But to my story once again.

"Scouts informed us that the enemy were strongly

posted on rising ground at a place called Sugar Creek, about sixty miles distant, having a force of some 25,000 men, under Curtis and Sturgis. It was also reported that they did not intend to advance until the arrival of heavy reinforcements, which were rapidly moving up. Although not 20,000 strong, Van Dorn resolved to attack them, and sending word to Albert Pike to hurry forward with his brigade of Indians, moved out of camp on the 4th of March, with Price and M'Culloch's forces, his intention being to surround the enemy's advance, some 8,000 strong, under Siegel, at Bentonville.

"That excellent officer, however, was not to be so caught; he was far superior to Van Dorn in generalship, and successfully slipped through his fingers, fighting as he went towards the main body at the creek. This retreat of Siegel was admirably conducted, and though he could not successfully withstand our advance, he fought manfully and scientifically, losing many men, some prisoners, and stores. He effected a junction with Sturgis and Curtis, however, and on the 7th both armies were in full view of each other. Early in the morning, Van Dorn had made every disposition for attack, and the advance began. The enemy were strongly posted on high ground, as usual, their front being covered with a heavy body of skirmishers and artillery, but they gave way as we advanced in like order upon them, and fell back upon the main body. Price's forces constituted our left and centre, while M'Culloch was on the right.

"To prevent the junction of reinforcements, known to be on the way, Van Dorn's attack was made from the north and west, his columns almost surrounding the foe.

The fight was long and obstinate. Every commander handled his men in an admirable manner; and though the superior metal of our men forced the enemy before them, they constantly re-formed under a superior fire of artillery, and renewed the conflict as fiercely as ever. For *once* we had met good fighters. Our antagonists were nearly all Western men, and their fire was rapid and accurate. We could not bring all our artillery into play, and this proved a great disadvantage; besides which, it was soon perceived that Van Dorn's idea of 'surrounding' the enemy was a bad one; for they were equal to us in number, and in much better position. We boldly pushed forward, however, up hill, under a murderous fire; and when we gained the level, found our work a little easier, so that we captured some hundreds of prisoners, several cannon, one or two standards, many waggons, and some stores, and everything promised a complete rout of the enemy. They repeatedly fell back, but re-formed and continued the fight, Price on the left and centre hurling his Missourians upon them with irresistible fury, so that their line became shaken, and required but a little additional effort to break it in two.

"Perceiving this, Van Dorn ordered M'Culloch to repress his ardour, but keep up the enemy's attention on our right, while he threw forward the whole of the centre and left, so as to completely sweep the field. But M'Culloch and his second in command were both killed, and there were none to direct the progress of the troops, who felt they were now pushing on to victory; the various colonels, in fact, did not stop to inquire who had succeeded to the command, but each was doing his

best in his own way. The enemy were before them, and they neither knew nor cared for anything more: of strategy, they were almost, if not quite, ignorant; the men were in disorder, but still fought on, regiment mixed with regiment. Thinking that his orders would be obeyed, and not knowing that M'Culloch and M'Intosh were among the slain, Van Dorn pushed forward his centre and left as best he could, and after much hard fighting drove the enemy from their position, inflicting much loss. It was now far past noon.

"Curtis and Sturgis, perceiving the confusion on our right, rallied their commands, and presented a formidable front, the skilful Siegel covering the retreat in a slow and masterly manner, so that, though we had thoroughly beaten them, they were retiring in excellent order to other positions some miles to the rear; and success was not so decided as it would have been had the various commands been under better discipline. Cheering on our men, Price and the other commanders re-formed their regiments and began the pursuit in earnest; but it was a continual running fight for the distance of two miles; and the men were so intoxicated with success that discipline seemed forgotten, and thousands fought without orders, 'pitching in' wherever the enemy seemed in force, or inclined to continue the engagement. At last, worn out with fatigue, we all halted, and Van Dorn, taking up his quarters at Elk Horn Tavern, commenced burying the dead, and providing for the wounded, who covered a space of over three miles.

"The camps of the enemy had fallen into our hands, with many prisoners, stores, cannon, &c.; and the men

were so excited with their success that it was impossible to form them into line for exigencies. Van Dorn indeed surmised that reinforcements had reached the enemy in great number, and felt himself too weak to accept another engagement on the morrow, should the enemy force one upon him: he therefore ordered the sick far to the rear, and, destroying so much of the booty as could not be transported, began to prepare for a retreat. Officers did all in their power to gather and re-form their commands during the night; but it was a work of impossibility, as, completely broken down by long marches over hills and mountains, together with many hours of hard fighting, hundreds lay in the bushes completely exhausted, and weak as children. Coupled with this, our supplies were exhausted, our artillery had but a few rounds of cartridge remaining, and our ammunition waggons were miles in the rear. Under the circumstances, Van Dorn wisely decided upon falling back, and refusing another engagement, should the enemy, from reinforcements, have the hardihood to move forward, and try the fortunes of war a second time.

"Early in the morning, scouts informed us that the enemy, having been largely reinforced, were advancing upon us, but Van Dorn had made every disposition for falling back to a strong position some seven miles to the rear, at which point our supplies of ammunition had halted. Covering this movement with a well-displayed disposition of force, the enemy were received with great valour, and their advance checked. Sharp fighting ensued, but they made feeble efforts to move forward, seeming to be highly delighted that we were falling

back, and desirous of nothing more agreeable. In truth, their movements seemed to be nothing more than a feint in force to cover their own retreat! Most of our forces had retired, however, and the idea did not seem to be countenanced by our commander, who withdrew quietly, and halted six miles to the rear, bringing away between three and four hundred prisoners, seven cannon, stores, waggons, and other booty. It was impossible for us to have withstood the enemy a second time, had they been seriously inclined for battle, for all our ammunition was expended, and the artillery, for the most part, had fired their last shell to cover our retreat. The enemy did not follow, however, but, after resting on the old battle-field a few hours, turned their columns eastward, and were in full flight!" [This is incorrect. My friend was too far from the field after the first day's engagement to know the exact truth. The Federals occupied the field after the second day's fight, and remained there until Van Dorn had retreated many miles from it. The truth of history requires this correction.]

"What their loss may have been during the skirmishing of the 6th and the battle of the 7th of March, cannot be ascertained; but, from the large number of dead and wounded, I think that 3,000 would not cover it, irrespective of prisoners and sick that fell into our hands. Our loss was heavy, but nothing near that of the enemy. Price* thinks that 1,000 will cover all.

* This gallant officer received a severe wound in the right arm during the action, but could not be prevailed upon to retire. When the war broke out between the United States and Mexico, Sterling Price resigned his seat in Congress, and led a regiment into New Mexico, capturing Santa Fé, and routing the Mexicans in several engagements.

"I expect that Halleck the Veracious will issue a grand account of this Federal victory for the amusement of the North.

"This is a terribly wild, barren country for a campaign. The boys seem to enjoy good health, however; but it would be of much greater advantage to the cause did proper disciplinarians come among us, for, although brave and hardy enough for any enterprise, we lack educated officers; and without them, little of importance can be effected against a numerous, well-appointed, and highly disciplined enemy. The late battle proved all this; and although we whipped the Yankees by sheer audacity, 'rough and ready' fighting, with any

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Although not a military man by education, he evinced great talent and an uncommon idea of strategy, having frequently out-manœuvred several generals sent against him. His services were of such note that no history of that war fails to bestow upon him the praise his many brilliant achievements deserve. He was Governor of Missouri in 1853, and filled the chair with remarkable ability, having successfully saved the State from the Republican sophistry of Senator Benton, when that demagogue canvassed it in favour of Fremont, his son-in-law. In person General Price is very farmer-like. No one would suppose his predilections to be martial. He is more than fifty years of age, about five feet ten inches in height, strongly made, thick-set, and inclined to obesity. He has a large, round face, of a ruddy complexion, short-cut grey hair, small, and restless grey eyes. In his movements he is slow; in manners extremely social and unpretending, a plain, out-spoken man, true as steel, and an unflinching patriot. There were great objections raised against his commanding a large force; for the few thousands under him were indifferently drilled, and he was considered too lax a disciplinarian to accomplish much against the well-educated officers sent against him. Whatever may have been achieved was due more to the indomitable energy and reckless bravery of his men, than to any great display of consummate generalship. Greatly beloved as he is by the masses, I think Government acted wisely in placing others over him; for there is always danger to be feared from the movements of uneducated, though oftentimes successful, talent.

weapons that may be at hand, cannot maintain a contest successfully with an army ever increasing in number, and supplied with the most costly arms in the world, and with every comfort and improvement provided which science has invented or money can procure. . . . Yours,

"POLK."

CHAPTER XVII.

Jackson's Doings in the Shenandoah Valley—Character of this General—Ashby's Cavalry Force—Heavy Marching—Bivouac in the Snow—Ruse of Jackson and Capture of the Enemy's Stores—Battle of Kearnstown, March 23rd—Scenes and Incidents during the Fight—General Garnett accused as the Cause of our Defeat.

"DEAR MAJOR,—When our regiment received marching orders at Manassas in December, and were ordered up the valley with old Jackson, you were among the first to congratulate me upon 'active service,' and all that kind of thing, but believe me I would willingly have gone back to winter quarters again after a week's trial, for Jackson is the greatest marcher in the world. When we moved up here, our first orders were for a march to Charlestown; next day we moved back to Winchester, in a few days again back to Charlestown, and thence from one place to another, until at last I began to imagine we were commanded by some peripatetic philosophical madman, whose forte was pedestrianism. With little or no baggage, we are a roving, hungry, hardy lot of fellows, and are not patronized at all by parsons or doctors: the latter have a perfect sinecure amongst us.

"'Stonewall' may be a very fine old gentleman, and an honest, good-tempered, industrious man, but I should

admire him much more in a state of rest than continually seeing him moving in the front. And such a dry old stick, too! As for uniform, he has none—his wardrobe isn't worth a dollar, and his horse is quite in keeping, being a poor lean animal of little spirit or activity. And don't he keep his aides moving about! Thirty miles' ride at night through the mud is nothing of a job; and if they don't come up to time, I'd as soon face the devil, for Jackson takes no excuses when duty is on hand. He is about thirty-five years old, of medium height, strongly built, solemn and thoughtful, speaks but little, and always in a calm, decided tone; and from what he says there is no appeal, for he seems to know every hole and corner of this Valley as if he made it, or, at least, as if it had been designed for his own use. He knows all the distances, all the roads, even to cow-paths through the woods, and goat-tracks along the hills. He sits his horse very awkwardly, although, generally speaking, all Virginians are fine horsemen,*

* General Jackson was never known to put his horse out of a trot, except when desirous of escaping the cheering of his men, on which occasions he would raise his cap, discovering a high, bald forehead, and force his old "sorrel" into a gallop. This old "sorrel" war-horse is well known throughout the army; with head down it seldom attempts more than a trot, but stands fire well, and that may be the reason why the general prefers and always rides him. Many gentlemen, imagining that the hero would appear to better advantage on a blood animal, have presented several to him, but they are seldom used. When our army entered Maryland, in September, 1862, in order to get in the rear of General Miles at Harper's Ferry, and secure the 14,000 men under his command, Jackson's corps was stationed east of Frederick, and an influential citizen, in token of admiration, gave the commander a very valuable horse, that he might appear to advantage. Jackson mounted in the public street, and was immediately thrown into the mud! The old "sorrel" was again brought forth, and the general ambled off, very good-humouredly, never essaying to mount "fine" horses again.

and has a fashion of holding his head very high, and chin up, as if searching for something skywards; yet although you can never see his eyes for the cap-peak drawn down over them, nothing escapes *his* observation.

"His movements are sudden and unaccountable; his staff don't pretend to keep up with him, and, consequently, he is frequently seen alone poking about in all sorts of holes and corners, at all times of night and day. I have frequently seen him approach in the dead of night and enter into conversation with sentinels, and ride off through the darkness without saying, 'God bless you,' or anything civil to the officers. The consequence is, that the officers are scared, and the men love him. He was a student at West Point, but never remarkable for any brilliancy. What service he has seen was in Mexico, where he served as lieutenant of artillery. At one of the battles there his captain was about to withdraw the guns, because of the loss suffered by the battery, and also because the range was too great. This did not suit our hero; he advanced *his* piece several hundred yards, and 'shortened the distance,' dismounted his opponent's guns, and remained master of the position.

"After the Mexican war he left the army, and was professor of mathematics and tactics in the University of Virginia, but was generally looked upon by the students as an old fogey of little talent, and over-gifted with piety. It is my opinion, Major, that Jackson will assuredly make his mark in this war, for his untiring industry and eternal watchfulness *must* tell upon

a numerous enemy unacquainted with the country, and incommoded by large baggage-trains. Jackson evidently intends to supply himself at Federal expense, and as he is a true fire-eater and an invincible believer in our 'manifest destiny,' poor Banks will find him a disagreeable opponent to confront in the mountain passes or at the many fords. The Virginians have an idea that he is veritably 'the coming man,' and from the numbers joining him, it looks as if he meant mischief. But to form an accurate idea of the doings of this man, it is necessary to state in proper order the various affairs in which he has been engaged since last I saw you.

"Before Jackson was sent to the Valley in the beginning of December, 1861, General Ashby, with his own regiment and other cavalry detachments, making a total of some 1,200 horse, assisted by a few companies of foot (militia), was watching the river front from Harper's Ferry to Romney, and very little could transpire of which he was not fully informed. At this time the enemy were strongly posted at Romney and Bath southwards, and Banks, with his whole army being north of the Potomac, it was evident that some great movement was in contemplation, which prudence demanded should be watched by a strong force. Accordingly Jackson was sent to Winchester with his old brigade, 3,000 strong, and one battery of four pieces. He had not been in chief command many days ere his restless spirit began to appear, and he seemed bent on mischief—if he could not beat the enemy, he was determined to annoy them.

"As Washington was blockaded on the Lower

Potomac by our various batteries at Cockpit Point and other places, they still received large supplies by the Baltimore and Ohio Canal, which runs parallel with the Potomac from Washington, and branches off on the Upper Potomac to Wheeling. If the 'dams' could be destroyed up the river, Jackson conceived that it would sorely perplex the enemy to supply their large army around Washington. Accordingly the general marched his force to the Potomac, and amid the cold and snows of this region had his men waist-deep in the river endeavouring to tear down 'Dam No. 5.' Although much labour was expended night and day for several days, we did not accomplish our object, but lost somewhat from the continual fire of the enemy. We desisted from the undertaking for a week, and as the enemy had retired from the river bank, we returned again, and after many efforts effectually destroyed the 'dam,' so that the canal was unnavigable, and remained so a long time. The amount of fatigue our men endured over this work, labouring as they constantly did in the water above waist-deep, and in the intense cold, can never be sufficiently appreciated. I feel certain that hundreds of them will be ruined for life by rheumatism and the like.

"When this was accomplished, Jackson was desirous of surprising the Federal force stationed at Bath, and, though inferior to them in number and equipment, was resolved to capture, or crush them. Without much time for preparation, and allowing none to know whither he was bound, Jackson gathered his little force of 2,200 men, and amid the snow, sleet, rain, and ice of the first

days of January, 1862, began his march. No one can tell the horrors of this march. We had to travel over fifty miles of the roughest country in the world, and were obliged to take unfrequented roads to keep the movement secret. Over hills our few waggons toiled along: ice was on the ground, and neither man nor beast could maintain a footing. Sometimes, indeed, horsemen, infantry, waggons and all, would slip over an embankment. Men were bootless, hatless, and ragged; horses could scarcely stir; no tents were carried, and all had to sleep out upon the snow as best they could; for being within a few miles of the enemy's posts, we were not allowed to kindle fires.

"It is no exaggeration to say that I have frequently fallen asleep, and, on awaking, found a foot of snow all over me! We soon discovered that the snow kept us warm, and when the 'halt' sounded, it became customary with our men to make a sort of arbour with sticks, which was covered and packed close with snow on three sides; creeping underneath this and leaving their heads only uncovered, they were comfortable for the night! This was a decided novelty; but, believe me, Jackson was cursed by every one for this mad adventure, and looked upon as a maniac for dragging his command about through a bleak, cold region without supplies, and losing men and horses every mile,—man and beast tumbling down on the ice, and dislocating limbs at every rod. Nor did we accomplish the object for which we started. Ashby's cavalry arrived at the appointed time, and took up a position on the outskirts of Bath to take the enemy in the rear, but it was

impossible for infantry and artillery to get up in time; so taking advantage of our slow travelling, the enemy retreated to the Potomac (not more than one and a half mile distant), and got safe across before we arrived. The cavalry, it is true, did some independent fighting, and skirmished with the enemy in gallant style; but though killing, wounding, and capturing a few, not a thousand such adventures would compensate for the loss sustained by this hurried and painful march. This was about the 4th of January.

"Having rested two or three days in Bath, and lived upon the Federal stores found there, Jackson made daily demonstrations at the river, picket-firing and displaying his force, collecting boats, chopping down timber, and the like, till the enemy imagined that his command was the advance of a large force about to cross into Maryland. Shields was then in command of the Upper Potomac, but had the largest part of his force in Romney, a town south of the Potomac, across the Alleghany, in Western Virginia. He felt certain that we were bent on crossing, and, though forty miles above, transferred his whole command to the north bank to dispute our supposed passage. As soon as Jackson was informed of this, he marched up the south bank to Romney, surprised and captured many of the enemy, and destroyed what he could not carry away of Shields' immense stores!

"Did you ever hear of such a manœuvre in your life? It was a lucky hit for us, and we supplied ourselves with waggon-loads of goods of every description, including wines, brandies, cigars, and a thousand other

things. We forgot much of our annoyance with Jackson in this trip, and all began to think 'he had method in his madness,' and was 'a pretty good sort of old gentleman enough, but a little too much inclined to "double quick" movements.' As might have been expected, Shields was particularly annoyed to find himself imposed upon by the small force under Jackson, and, keenly feeling the loss of his stores and small garrison at Romney, was moving heaven and earth to catch 'Stonewall' in some trap. Jackson was too much of a fox for him, however, and when it became apparent that Banks and Shields were preparing to send heavy forces across into Virginia, Stonewall collected his brave little corps from different points of the river, and had everything in readiness for retiring down the Valley, whenever circumstances should demand it.

"You may be sure that, under such an active marauder as our leader, our waggon train was well supplied with all things needful, thanks to the superabundance of the enemy; and that when we finally bade farewell to the river towns on our return trip, our baggage was much more considerable than when we had arrived there. In truth, most of our infantry and cavalry had amply supplied themselves with all things needful; for among Shields's supplies at Romney, we captured hundreds of rifles, pistols, swords, much cavalry and waggon harness, many horses, and, together with what we picked up here and there in our many inroads within the enemy's lines, made up a respectable amount of booty.

"ASHTON."

"*M'Gackeysville, March 26th*, 1862.

"P.S.—Before this arrives, you will have learned that Jackson has had a fight with Banks and Shields, at a place called Kearnstown, in which affair I received a shot in my arm. I am doing well, thanks to a strong constitution and the unceasing kindness of the Virginian ladies, who act towards us like mothers or sisters. When last I put pen to paper, I did not seriously imagine that old 'Stonewall' intended moving in such fearful weather; but when it was known the general's servant had packed up, I knew we were all bound for a tramp somewhere. 'Whenever I misses massa a little while in de day, I allers knows he's praying a spell; whenever he's out all night, I knows we's goin' to move next day; but when he stays out and comes back to have a long spell of prayin', I knows dare's goin' to be a fought somewhar, mighty quick, and dis chile packs up de walibles and gets out of de way like a sensible coloured pusson!' This coloured thermometer was 'packin' up de walibles'—pots and pans,—so there was nothing to be done but 'grin and bear it.'

"Sure enough we *had* a long trip: our leader marched us nearly blind; but as he was always in front himself, cheering on the men, all bore it patiently. As we drew near a place called Kearnstown, it was ascertained that Banks and his second in command, Shields, were in strong force in and around Winchester, and great circumspection was necessary to entice a part of their commands after us, so as to whip them in detail. Shields came after us, all primed and cocked for a fight, and we 'tolled' him to Kearnstown, where the first shots were

exchanged. We had not many troops (not more than 2,200), while our opponents must have had 10,000. For some time it proved to be an artillery fight, in which our pieces stood up nobly to their work, against heavy odds, and suffered considerable loss. Shields was unable to discover our line of battle, or our real force, but had to feel his way; and as his regiments approached the woods in which we lay, our boys poured in rapid volleys, and could scarcely be restrained from abandoning their covert to charge. Observing their increase of force at different points, we frequently changed ground, and presented a different line of fire, so that they seemed puzzled to make out our intentions or movements.

"About three in the afternoon, on the 23rd of March, it became evident that Shields was advancing upon us with all his force; and we obtained information from a prisoner that Banks, considering the Valley cleared of Jackson, had gone to Washington, leaving Shields in command. Finding that the enemy was rapidly approaching, Jackson disposed his little force of 2,200 as best he could, on the right and left of the road, Brigadier Garnett commading the left, Jackson the centre, and Ashby, with his cavalry, the right. Heavy skirmishing was maintained on both sides until about 5 P.M., when a full brigade of the enemy were observed by Ashby endeavouring to get in on our right and rear, while the fire continually increased in volume in the centre and left. Well knowing that our little force would be totally surrounded if this flank movement should be permitted, Ashby determined to put a

bold face upon matters, and attack them. Observing their advance, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, approaching through open grassy fields, he gathered around him several companies, and dashing out from the woods, killed or captured nearly every one of the sharp-shooters; then riding up to the Federal column, his men discharged their pieces, and galloped back to the woods in a shower of shot from the enemy, which being aimed too high did but kill three of our men, and wound half a dozen more. Determined to clear their front, the Federal cavalry now rode forward at a swinging gallop, but had not proceeded far, when Ashby again advanced, sabre in hand, and his men were soon among the enemy, cutting and shooting right and left, and driving them, in great confusion, across the open ground. So obvious was their rout that the infantry of the enemy opened to let their discomfited horsemen through to the rear.

"While Ashby's gallant little band was thus checking the enemy on the right, and effectually retarding the Federal flank movement, the fight was raging with great fury on the left and centre. Garnett and Jackson found themselves overpowered by numbers, but determined to keep up the fight at all hazards until darkness should come on, through which they might securely retreat down the Valley. Garnett begged for ammunition, but the waggons had long been started on the march, for fear of capture, and he had to rely on the bayonet. This was called into requisition several times, but could not resist the many heavy regiments continually sent to the front. Observing a long stone

fence running across a very large open field, which the enemy were endeavouring to reach, Garnett determined to seize it as a natural breastwork and hold the enemy in check. Shields ordered his men to move forward at the 'double quick' and seize the position, but had not fairly started on the run before the 24th Virginia (Irish) ran rapidly forward, and arrived at the fence first, so that when the enemy approached they were received with a deadly volley at ten paces, which killed two-thirds of them: the rest retreated to their former position in the woods, from whence they maintained an ineffectual fire until dark.

"Despite the heroism of our men, we had suffered so severely, that some time after 7 P.M., Jackson withdrew from the field, with a loss of some 500 killed and wounded, nearly 300 prisoners, and two pieces of artillery. Jackson evidently did not anticipate meeting with such a heavy force of the enemy; for they were reported as retreating from Winchester; but this proved untrue, for they were, as the battle proved, posted in considerable number, and during the fight had the better position of the two, much cavalry, and powerful artillery. Garnett has been censured, and some say by Jackson, and was threatened with a court-martial for not maintaining his ground on the left; but any commander would have acted similarly under the circumstances, for he was entirely out of ammunition, and completely overpowered by artillery; so that he had no alternative but to fall back or be annihilated. His artillery had been captured by numerous cavalry:

yet he inflicted more loss upon the enemy than he himself suffered, and withdrew his small force from the field, as coolly as if on parade.*

"We withdrew rapidly southward, but the enemy did not pursue until next morning, by which time we had got far on our journey. Having rested at Strasburg, we rapidly pushed across the mountains towards Harrisonburg; Ashby's cavalry and the enemy's being continually engaged to our rear in fierce skirmishing, in which the latter suffered considerably. After many hardships and fast travelling, we reached this place on the 26th, the enemy's advance having halted at Harrisonburg. Jackson is much censured for this fight, and although he acted according to orders, is cursed by every one. We lost no baggage, nor any persons of prominence, but the enemy had several officers killed. Shields himself was desperately wounded in the arm by a shell. There seems to be the fulfilment of his own apostrophe to heaven, in this man Shields.

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* Brigadier-General Richard Garnett, who commanded the left, has been accused as the cause of our defeat on this occasion. Jackson commanded him to hold his position at any sacrifice, but being entirely out of ammunition, he did not do so. It was ascertained during the engagement that Shields had already prepared to evacuate Winchester, and that all his baggage had passed through that same morning—he was only fighting, in truth, to secure a safe retreat. Garnett, of course, was unaware of this, or he would have obeyed, and Winchester been ours; for when our forces retired, the enemy were amazed, and, instead of retreating themselves, followed us up very closely and spiritedly. General Garnett is a Virginian; entered the old service as second lieutenant of infantry, July 1st, 184 ; was captain 6th Infantry, May 9th, 1855; and resigned, to enter the Confederate service. He is reputed a very able officer, and has seen much service in Western Virginia, under Lee, and subsequently in every fight in the Valley under Jackson.

He was a very successful and dashing general of volunteers in Mexico; commanded the New York Volunteers there, and at one time led on the Palmetto (South Carolina) Regiment in a storming party, in which he was successful. Several years subsequently, at a banquet in Charleston (South Carolina), he had greatly eulogized the South Carolinians for their gallantry and heroism, and in token of admiration for Southern valour, wished that his right arm might be palsied or shattered, rather than draw a sabre against the sons of the sunny South.

"ASHTON."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Fall of "Island No. 10," April 5th—Battle of Shilo, April 6th—Capture of Guns—General Albert Sidney Johnstone killed—The Battle resumed at Daybreak—The Enemy are reinforced by Buel—The Confederate Army retreats—Great Loss—False Reports of the Federal Generals.

"*Corinth, Miss., April* 10*th*, 1862.

"DEAR TOM,—In exchange for your last entertaining epistle, I send the following hurried scrawl:—It would seem that the army of the West bids fair to rival that of Virginia. As you are doubtless aware, we have fought another great battle, in fact, *two*, which I consider are without parallel on this continent, and approach more closely to European conflicts than anything which either you or I have participated in as yet. To give a plain statement of things, let me begin at the beginning and go through in proper order.

"After the disastrous affair of Fort Donnelson, Johnston re-formed his army, and remained some short time at Murfreesboro', but subsequently fell back to Corinth to defend the Memphis and Charleston railroad. Beauregard came on from Virginia and inspected Columbus. It was deemed inadvisable to defend that place; the works were blown up, and all the cannon and stores transferred to Island No. 10, which, it was

thought, might be converted into a little Gibraltar, and successfully beat back the enemy's flotillas on the Mississippi. The command was given to General Mackall; Beauregard was installed second in command at Corinth.* What few troops we had were being daily augmented by fresh arrivals from Pensacola, New Orleans, and Columbus, so that in a few weeks we had quite a respectable army of about 40,000 men.

"It was known that Buel's force, numbering 40,000 strong, were hurrying on from Kentucky to join Grant, who, with 80,000 men, was about to cross the Tennessee, and drive us by degrees into the Gulf of Mexico, or elsewhere. He had already crossed the river, and was camped at a place rejoicing in some dozen houses, and having Shilo for its name. Johnston gathered every man he could, and marched out to give battle. We camped within five miles of Shilo on Saturday night, April 5th, and could plainly see the long line of camp-fires. Our cavalry had been

* Beauregard had strongly fortified this island, and it successfully withstood a fifteen days' bombardment from a heavy fleet. Being called to superintend operations at a distant point on the mainland, in Mississippi, the command was given to Major-General Mackall, on the 3rd of April, and, two days later, it was captured by the combined land and naval forces of the North, under command of General Pope and Commodore Foote. A large canal, twelve miles long, was dug across a peninsula formed by the winding of the river round the mainland, and thus the island was taken in the rear. The loss to us was a painful one, and quite unlooked for—we expected an engagement there, but its capture was neatly accomplished without it. The enemy captured Mackall himself, two brigadiers, six colonels, 6,000 stand of arms, 5,000 rank and file, 100 pieces of siege artillery, thirty pieces of field artillery, 56,000 solid shot, six steam transports, two gunboats, one floating battery, &c. &c. Did not Beauregard know of the canal being dug before he left? Many think so.

closer for many days before our arrival, and were noticed by the enemy, but not molested. Early next morning (Sunday), and long before dawn, our line of battle was quietly formed, and as we had no camp-fires our presence was not known. Marching in three grand divisions, commanded respectively by Hardee,* Polk, and Bragg, we approached nearer to the enemy's camps, deployed columns, and commenced the attack.

"When about two miles distant from Shilo, the enemy had seen us, and a general alarm was raised, with some appearance of confusion on one part of their line, though Grant had been informed of our vicinity the night before. As we advanced, daylight began to appear, clouds of sharpshooters fanned out in our front, and innumerable little puffs of smoke dotted the dark green landscape over which our lines were rapidly moving. Presently long curls of smoke from the

* Major-General William J. Hardee was brevet lieutenant-colonel 2nd Cavalry, in the old service, and for a long time commandant of cadets and instructor in artillery, cavalry, and infantry tactics, at West Point, New York. His famous work on *Tactics* is the approved text-book, both North and South, and has proved of incalculable benefit to us; for when war commenced, it was our only resource for instruction, and is now in the hands of every one. It was compiled at the desire of, and approved by, President Davis, when Minister of War under President Pierce, being made up of adaptations from the French and English manuals. General Hardee was for a long time on the Southern coast, superintending fortifications, but was appointed to organize and command a brigade in South-Eastern Missouri. After the battle of Lexington (September 1861), he was withdrawn from that State, and sent to reinforce the command of Sidney Johnstone in Tennessee. At Shilo our line of battle marched in three divisions, Hardee commanding the first; and by his rapid, skilful movements, contributing much to the rout of Grant and his large army at that place. He has proved himself an excellent leader and fierce fighter, but is said not to possess much genius for "planning" a campaign.

wooded hillocks to our front were answered by screaming shells and loud reports, and artillery bugles were sounding up and down our line. We galloped to the front, and opened a brisk fire, while to the extreme right and left we could faintly hear pattering volleys of musketry. The sun now rose in true Southern brilliancy, and shortly became intensely warm. At all events, it so seemed to us of the artillery, for we pulled off coats and jackets, strapped them on to caissons, and rolling up our sleeves, began to 'roll into' the Yankees with great gusto. Such a noise you never heard, and I am deaf even now; but feeling determined to pay off old Grant for our scrape at Donnelson, our onset was fierce and dashing, and the continual command was, 'Forward, boys, forward!' Sometimes we moved up a few hundred yards, unlimbered, and worked away awhile, then moved forward again, until at last we found ourselves blazing away among the tents of a Yankee division, having to withstand the fire of not less than twelve pieces with only three out of our four guns, the other having been upset by a stray shell and rendered unserviceable. Our ammunition, too, was nearly exhausted, and as supplies were far to the rear, and our infantry were now rushing through the camp, we stopped firing, and retired to a patch of woods while the guns cooled.

"About this time our brigadier passed by, and said hastily, 'Hold on a while, boys, we are hard at it in front, and will find some better guns for you in a few moments.' In half an hour the musketry fire somewhat subsided, and orders came to unhitch teams, and select

a set of guns from some twenty that had been captured. We did so, and claimed for our use four splendid brass fellows—two six-pound rifles, and two twelve-pound howitzers. Having found lots of ammunition, we were ordered in again, and went forward at a gallop, the newly-found horses being much superior to our old mules, and powerful in harness. Thus re-equipped on the battle-field, we turned the enemy's guns upon them. It was now nearly eleven o'clock. Reports from different parts of the field represented Hardee and Polk as having driven the enemy pell-mell before them, capturing camp after camp, and immense supplies of all kinds. The continual change of scene—from the fields to the woods and from camp to camp—and the incessant fighting, so confused the sense of time, that I could not believe it to be more than 7 A.M. The heat, however, began to be very oppressive, and as we gradually became short-handed, officers dismounted and served the guns with right good-will.

"We were no longer able to range over the field as before: our progress was checked. The enemy had collected in great force towards our front, and had several powerful batteries in full play against our further advance. Had we not been reinforced in time, our little battery would have been snuffed out; but Bragg, under whose care the artillery had been placed, sent ample succour, and the duel between us became hot and determined. I had noticed our infantry cautiously moving up through the woods on their flank, and orders came to cease firing. The enemy saw the danger and moved up their infantry. Suddenly, up

sprang several of our regiments, and, with their customary yell, ran across the open ground and up the slope, without firing. Though dozens of them were knocked over by artillery every moment, they pressed forward, their colonels and colours in front, until, as they drew near the enemy's infantry, volley upon volley of musketry met them with a savage greeting; yet they gallantly carried the position.

"The artillery fight lasted full half an hour, reinforcements went up rapidly, until at last the guns were silenced, a wild yell rent the air, and immediately the order came—'Artillery to the front.' We moved forward with all possible speed, and passed the scene of the fierce engagement I have described, and found not less than twelve guns deserted, as many more having been drawn off during the fight. The loss in infantry seemed large. The enemy had received an awful lesson, but fought to the last. Our opponents at this point were Western men, fellows of true grit, who fought like heroes, disputing every inch of ground with great determination and valour. We came to a place where Kentuckians and Mississippians had encountered some Dutch regiments from Missouri and Ohio—it was like a slaughter-house, and but few of our men were visible among the killed.

"The fight was not over, however, by any means, as incessant musketry on our flanks fully proved. It seemed, from the line of fire, that our wings were out-flanking the enemy, or that they had been fighting too fast for us in the centre. After a little breathing-time, we commenced the onward movement

a third time—deserted camps being to the right, left, and on every side of us. The temptation of so much plunder led scores of our young troops to halt, on some excuse or other; and the result was, that hundreds were lost to their respective regiments, and hung behind for purposes of spoil. I was sorry to see this, and remonstrated with many; but their excuses were so natural or plausible that little could be said: the majority had not been from home more than a month, and having beaten the enemy in their immediate front, thought the game was all over for that day. Many were footsore; others famished; and not a few perfectly exhausted. But now the enemy had re-formed their line again, and had scarcely got into position, before their artillery opened on us with great fury. Their first shot killed several horses and smashed up an empty caisson. We changed position somewhat, and got within better range of our friends, whose horses and caissons were behind an old farm-house. We hammered away at the house and blew the roof off, knocked in the walls, and got a sight of the caissons. We did not much care about the guns, for they were firing very rapidly and wildly.

"After a little manœuvring, we pointed fairly at the caissons, and were about to fire. 'Hold on!' shouted our captain; 'point at the guns until ordered—there is a little game on foot.' The 'game' aforesaid was concocted by our captain and the colonel of our supports. The infantry were to creep up on all-fours, while we maintained a furious fire, and being concealed by the smoke, should wait until all our shot was concentrated

on the caissons, when the infantry were to make a sudden rush, and secure the guns. The plan succeeded admirably: we suddenly opened fire upon the caissons, and blew most of them up; but before the guns could be removed, the infantry were upon them, and desperately engaged with opposing regiments. The guns were ours, and proved to be of beautiful bronze, very elegant and costly.

"The line of the enemy was temporarily broken, but fresh troops came pouring in, and ultimately forced us to retire; yet in strengthening one part of their line, they weakened another, and, by a vigorous push, our infantry and artillery made a wide gap lower down to our left, and rushed through it like a torrent. The fighting now became very confused; different sections of the enemy's line wavered and broke, and were crowded into a very small space by large masses in their rear, which seemed undecided which way to go, or what to do. Of course our generals did not give them much time to consider, but poured in upon them, and drove them in confused masses towards the river. The fight was desperately maintained by the Western men, who fought like panthers, but it was of no avail; our admirable plan of battle was still maintained by the quickness and coolness of our several chiefs, among whom I would especially mention General (Bishop) Polk and old Bragg. The latter, of course, was ever with his beloved artillery, and seemed as cool as a cucumber, among thirty pieces blazing away like furies. Polk, however, had achieved a great success in capturing that arch-braggadocio Prentiss and his

whole brigade—the same bombastic hero who, when in command at Cairo, 'was going to play thunder' with us, as the boys termed it. But while all were in high spirits at our evident success and at the prospect of soon driving the enemy into the Tennessee, couriers, looking pale and sad, passed by, reporting that Johnstone had been killed while personally leading an attack on a powerful battery.* This news wrought us all up to madness, and without waiting for a word of command, all pushed forward and assailed the enemy with irresistible fury, driving them down to the edge of the river in utter confusion and disorder.

"It was now about four o'clock, and Buel was reported as rapidly advancing to Grant's relief, but was yet several miles from the river's edge. From

* Major-General Albert Sidney Johnston was a Kentuckian, and about sixty years of age; tall, commanding, and grave. He was a graduate of West Point in 1820, and appointed lieutenant of 6th Infantry. He served in the Black Hawk (Indian) war, and left the army. He migrated to Texas, and was soon appointed Commander-in-Chief of the State forces; commanded a regiment of Texans in the Mexican war, and was appointed major and paymaster of the United States army; soon after promoted to colonel of 2nd United States Cavalry; and, in 1857, was sent as Commander-in-Chief of United States forces against the Mormons. He was in California when the South seceded; and although Lincoln's spies dogged his footsteps, he managed to escape, and by passing rapidly through the South-western Territories in disguise, arrived safely at Richmond, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the West. President Davis, in answer to those who said Johnston was 'too slow," remarked, "If *he* is not a general, there is not *one* among us!" *Such* praise, from *such* a man, speaks volumes for Johnston's true merit. He was of Scotch descent, and very much beloved in military circles. His early death was a great blow to the South. It is much to be regretted that our Southern generals persist in rushing to the front, for their example is not required to stimulate the men: rather, our soldiers require to be held in check.

some cause I could never ascertain, a halt was sounded, and when the remnants of the enemy's divisions had stacked arms on the river's edge preparatory to their surrender, no one stirred to finish the business by a *coup de main*. It was evidently 'drown or surrender' with them, and they had prepared for the latter, until seeing our inactivity, their gunboats opened furiously, and, save a short cannonade, all subsided into quietness along our lines.

"Night came on, and great confusion reigned among us. Thousands were out in quest of plunder; hundreds had escorted prisoners and wounded; scores were intoxicated with wines and liquors found; yet still the gunboats continued their bombardment; and Buel's * forces arriving in haste, crossed the river, and formed line of battle for the morrow. It could not be denied that we had gained a great victory—thousands of prisoners were in our hands, including many officers of all ranks; we had captured eighty pieces of cannon, enormous quantities of ammunition, and stores of every sort; many hundreds of tents, camp equipage, hundreds of horses and waggons, much clothing, and eatables of

* Major-General Don Carlos Buel is from the State of Ohio, and, previous to this present war, was captain, assistant adjutant-general at Washington. He served during the Mexican campaign, and with distinction, having been twice breveted for gallantry. He was always looked upon as a quiet, methodical, and "safe" officer; and when M'Clellan selected leaders from the "regular" service for the volunteers on General Scott's retirement, Captain Buel was appointed brigadier-general in Kentucky, and soon after rose to the rank of major-general. His deportment is gentle and soldierly; he thoroughly understands his business, and despises that coarse vulgarity so common among Federal leaders of the present day.

every possible description, many standards, and, in fact, waggon-loads of everything pertaining to the camps and commissariat of a superabundantly supplied enemy. But where were our men? With the exception of a few thousands of well-disciplined troops under Bragg and others, our whole army was scattered abroad, as will generally be the case with young and raw troops, if not kept firmly in hand. Yet our outposts brought word hourly that large masses of the enemy were moving across our whole front, and it could not be doubted that ere the sun again rose, the whole of Buel's and Grant's forces combined would be hurled upon us.

"Although Beauregard had committed a great mistake in not pushing the enemy to conclusions the day before, he exerted himself untiringly for the morrow. Stragglers were gathered, positions taken, and the greatest exertions made to secure the invaluable spoil of the battle-field. Every spare horse and waggon in the service was employed in the work, and property worth many millions was conveyed to the rear during night. The artillery were sorely taxed; their horses were occasionally used in transporting supplies during the night, and could scarcely get an hour's rest. Couriers and orderlies were dashing to and fro, inquiring for this or that general, who could not be found; despatch bearers were looking for Beauregard and other chiefs; thousands of wounded were groaning around us; large fires were consuming everything that could not be transported; and so it continued till midnight. Wearied beyond all expression, I lay down on bundles of

straw, with my feet to the fire, and soon was fast asleep.

"I know not how long I had slept, but it seemed that in my dreams I heard constant picket-firing, mingled with which were hurried voices and the clanking of chains. Arousing myself, I found that our battery was about to move off, and that another battle was inevitable. It was not yet twilight, but our men were moving to and fro, and all seemed inspired with new life and confidence. Everywhere large fires indicated the destruction of Federal property, which plainly showed that Beauregard did not consider himself strong enough to hold the ground any longer.

"At dawn picket-fighting increased rapidly; and in an hour after sunrise we fired our first shot. The shattered regiments and brigades collected by Grant gave ground before our men, and every one thought that victory would crown our efforts a second time; but after we had wasted our newly acquired strength on the dispirited battalions of Grant, Buel poured in his fresh troops, and the fight became terrible again. In some places we drove them by unexampled feats of valour, but sheer exhaustion was hourly telling upon both man and beast. Until noon we retained the ground heroically, but it became evident every moment that numbers and strength would ultimately prevail, so that although we had gained everything up to this hour a retreat was ordered.

"Beauregard had prepared all the roads for this movement: there was no hurry or confusion, but everything was conducted as if in review. We slowly fell

back, leaving little of consequence behind, General Breckenridge and his Kentuckians bringing up the rear. We thus in an orderly manner fell back about two miles, and obtaining a favourable position for our small force, re-formed line of battle, and waited several hours. The enemy did not stir; they seemed content to hold the field and not pursue, and did not move five hundred yards from their original position of the morning. General John Pope, of Kentucky, was entrusted with the duty of following us up, but acted very cautiously and fearfully, contenting himself with capturing two or three hundred exhausted and footsore Tennesseans who lay down by the roadside. From personal observation and conversation with those who should know, I think that our total loss would approximate to about 6,000 or 7,000 killed, wounded, and missing: the enemy confess to twice that total among themselves. We lost but little equipage and no guns; but, as I have said, have dozens of fine pieces as trophies, and an awful amount of baggage.

"Yours always,"

* * *

"N.B.—I see that Pope claims to have captured *not less* than 10,000 prisoners, and other prizes in proportion! So says his despatch to Halleck. Truly these Federal generals are a voracious and veracious race of knaves. Beauregard says he had not more than 20,000 men in line in the fight on Monday, and I *know* that Johnstone could not muster twice that number when the fight opened on Sunday! Pope adds in his despatch to

the good folks at Washington, 'As yet I have seen nothing but the "backs" of the rebels!' If he lives long enough, I pledge my existence he will see more in our faces than he'll find time to stay and admire. Write soon.—Yours, again,"

* * *

CHAPTER XIX.

Movements in Virginia, and opening of the Campaign, April, 1862—Troops begin to move on the Upper Potomac in March—M'Clellan prepares to flank Manassas, by marching heavy Masses up the Shenandoah Valley, and crossing the Mountains at Snickersville—A general Retreat is ordered by Johnson—He retires to Culpepper Court-house, and makes his Line behind the Rappahannock—Ruse of the Enemy, and Design upon Yorktown—The Approach to Richmond in that Direction is not so easy as conjectured by M'Clellan—Our "Lines" at Yorktown—M'Clellan's Progress is stopped there—Balloon Reconnaissances of the Enemy—Artillery Assaults on our Works—Great Distress amongst our Troops—Outpost Adventures—Ambitious Generals—Attack on Dam No. 1—Frightful Destruction of Life—Horrible Neglect of the Wounded by the Federals—A Texan in search of a Pair of Boots.

Our batteries along the Potomac below Washington had been so active during winter as to completely blockade the capital, causing much distress and privation among its inhabitants, so that the army itself could not be regularly supplied, and hundreds of horses were dying for want of forage. The only railroad that communicated with Washington was overworked night and day: the Washington and Ohio Canal was broken up, and an immense number of vessels were detained in the Lower Potomac, unable or afraid to run the gauntlet of our batteries scattered up and down the stream. It was in vain that the United States gunboats would some-

times cannonade at long range, and attempt to silence us: when their convoys arrived abreast of some patch of wood, an unknown battery would suddenly open, and sink them with apparent ease. For many weeks no vessels could pass; and down in Hampton Roads a perfect forest of masts was gathered, waiting opportunities to ascend.

Thus, instead of besieging the rebels in Richmond, as had been so often promised; instead of "driving us to the wall," "breaking the backbone of rebellion," or "the terrific Anaconda hugging us to death," &c., all which had been promised a thousand times, M'Clellan's Grand Army was in uncomfortable winter quarters, and could not be furnished with regular rations, because the rebels had cut off supplies from the river. It was plain, however, that public opinion would force M'Clellan into action long before the proper time; for until May the roads in Virginia are impassable. Towards the beginning of March heavy masses of troops were reported moving up towards Harper's Ferry, and almost simultaneously our batteries on the Lower Potomac became wonderfully silent. The Federals claimed a "great success" over them; but the truth was, all guns were quietly removed and the batteries abandoned long before the gunboats gave their final shellings. A "great move" was evidently preparing by both parties, but few could guess its object. Banks and others at Harper's Ferry were in great force, and were beginning to move up the Shenandoah slowly and cautiously. General ("Stonewall") Jackson had been detached from Manassas before Christmas, with about

3,000 men, which, together with those already in the valley, might make a total of 10,000, but certainly not more. He was ably seconded by Generals Ewell and Ashby, and no three men in the Confederacy knew the country better. Although their force was small, and that of the enemy large, they unexpectedly appeared and disappeared like phantoms before Banks and Shields, acting like "Jack-o'-lanterns" to draw them on to destruction.

Our position on the Upper Potomac at Leesburg was also threatened at not less than four points, viz., westward, from Lovettsville and Harper's Fery; northward, from Point of Rocks; eastward, from Edward's Ferry; and our rear from Drainsville. It was thought by some that our movement would be directly westward into the Shenandoah, to Jackson, distant thirty miles; but a heavy force of the enemy was between that point and our present position, and were tightening the lines around us every day. An advance column had sought the Blue Ridge, and were passing south-westward, evidently intending to flank and get in the rear of Johnson by passing through the mountain "gap" at Snickersville. This, of course, Johnson wisely foresaw, and during winter had been quietly transporting his immense stores towards the Rappahannock, removing every cannon that could be spared, and filling the empty embrasures with hollow logs, painted black, which even at a few yards distance much resembled 32 and 64 pounders.

To diminish the number of his troops during the heaviest part of the winter, Johnson had granted thirty

days' furlough to all of the twelve months' volunteers who should enlist for the war. Although the entire army accepted these terms and re-enlisted, only a few thousands were permitted to depart at a time. But although this movement was known to M'Clellan, he did *not* know that for every man going home on furlough, a regiment travelled on the same train towards Culpepper Court-house and our lines on the Rappahannock river. In fact, M'Clellan was quietly maturing plans for the surprise and capture of Centreville and Manassas, when Johnson suddenly gave orders for a general retreat, and all our army began to move rapidly southward.

This retreat was certainly one of the finest things of the war, and the brilliancy of its design and execution presaged a glorious summer campaign. So perfectly were all things arranged and so quietly performed, that all stores, baggage, sick, *matériel*, and guns were removed far to the rear before any of us could realize the possibility of retreat; and it was not until our brigade, after several days' march over hills and impassable roads, came upon the main army defiling southward through Fauquier County, that we discovered the movement to be a general, and not a partial one. All were in the finest spirits, and the line of march was so perfect and orderly that not a hundred stragglers were seen at any time, and the continual tramp of columns was as regular as if on parade. This great retreat was undoubtedly a master feat of the originator; but the exact schedule of movements, routes, time of junction, transportation, and a thousand

other important points were calculated and fulfilled with so much nicety that it fills me with impartial admiration for Lee and Johnson, together with many talented subordinates. Each army corps, in breaking up quarters for the march, effectually destroyed everything that could not find transportation, so that when the enemy advanced they found nought but smoking ruins and shattered breastworks.

With regard to our brigade, Hill had so arranged it, that as we marched out at 3 A.M. (March 4th), immense fires burst out in the valley and on the hills from Harper's Ferry to within a few miles of Drainsville, effectually destroying immense stacks of wheat, straw, hay, clover, &c., so that when our force arrived on a neighbouring hill, the scene was like a grand illumination, for many miles. The Yankees in Maryland and from Sugar Loaf Observatory could not understand it at all, and their telegraph lights and rockets were working in all directions. It is true enough that much property was thus destroyed which did not belong to us; but we had previously offered to purchase these large crops; the owners knew we were about to depart, and would not receive Confederate scrip. Besides, they were well-known Unionists, and although not one of them had ever been molested or insulted, to my positive knowledge, we were *obliged* to destroy all such stores, or they would have fallen into the hands of the enemy. It seemed to be the desire of our generals, as far as practicable, to render the enemy's advance as irksome as possible—to make the once fair fields a barren waste. It did not require much to do this, for

all the farmers had fled southward with movables and valuables, and had left their fields untouched since previous harvest. They "did not know who might be the ruling powers when crops grew," and hence did not sow.

When our whole army had crossed the Rappahannock, it was drawn up in line, and waited a week for the enemy, hoping to entice them to an engagement; but M'Clellan refused the challenge, and moved down the stream near the seaboard. To contract our left, all fell back across the Rapidan, and increased the strength of the right against all flanking manœuvres. Large fleets of transports were gathered at the mouth of the Rappahannock, but few knew their object or destination. Lee, however, who was now commander-in-chief, closely watched the Federal movements, and perceived that while making a show of force along the Lower Rappahannock, they would certainly not attack; their object being to transport their force with great celerity to the Yorktown Peninsula, thinking to surprise Magruder at Yorktown, and quietly seize Richmond before any troops could be marched to oppose them. This undoubtedly was M'Clellan's design; but he proved a novice compared to Lee; for twelve months before, this accomplished soldier had read M'Clellan's plans so effectually, that when the enemy marched up the Peninsula, their progress was suddenly arrested by a long line of powerful fortifications belting the country, from York River to James River, and completely stopping further invasion. 'Tis true, that M'Clellan's force was well handled, and for the most

part lay before Yorktown before our troops were there in strength to oppose them. For ten days, indeed, Magruder displayed his 10,000 men and few guns to such advantage that both M'Clellan and Burnside believed that Lee and Johnson were there before them. The whole army, however, arrived within a few days, and the breastworks frowned with *real* cannon.

But while both armies are resting along their extensive lines, let me say a few words regarding General Lee and the various fortifications on this peninsula from Yorktown to Richmond.

When the war broke out, Robert E. Lee was a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry in the United States army, but was generally considered to be the first engineer in the service. He had greatly distinguished himself in Mexico, and shared with Beauregard the highest honours of that campaign. It was Scott's practice never to patronize subordinate talent, although all his renown was achieved by it; so that while he continually thrust himself upon popular favour, and obtained the highest rank possible in the service, he never spoke a word in favour of those to whom he was undoubtedly indebted for his greatness. For all that Scott and the War Office cared, Lee might have lived and died a lieutenant-colonel, while others infinitely inferior to him were promoted for political reasons.

Virginia having seceded from the Union, Lee tendered his services to his native State. His patrimony was situated on Arlington Heights, overlooking Washington, and he knew every inch of the ground and all its capabilities. He had indeed occupied it with a

small force, but was ordered to fall back to Fairfax Court-house by the Minister of War. He was the only man capable of filling the seat of Minister of War, and, upon going to Richmond, was installed in that office, and fulfilled its Herculean duties with great talent and despatch. The line of the Rapidan and Rappahannock rivers was selected by him as our point of defence; while Beauregard preferred Manassas and Bull Run—much inferior situations, although "accidental" victory crowned our efforts and immortalized the latter place. The defeat of Peagram in Western Virginia by M'Clellan and Rosecranz, at Rich Mountain, occurred before Manassas, as I have mentioned in another place.

A few weeks after the Yankee rout at Manassas, Lee was sent into Western Virginia, with only a few raw recruits, under Wise and Floyd, to contend against the mumerous and well-provided thousands who flocked to the Federal standard from Ohio and other adjacent States, having canal and railroad communication beyond all their necessities. What Lee needed in men he made up by skilful manœuvres, and by well fortifying different mountain passes and important hills. It was said, because he did not fight, that "he was afraid," that "he was one of the old school," &c. The truth is, he did not dare to fight, except on very advantageous terms, which Rosecranz was too much of an officer to grant. There was no excuse for the *latter* not offering or seeking battle, for his force was large, and superabundantly supplied. Lee, however, completely foiled him on every occasion; and thus the time passed,

until the fall of heavy snows completely blocked up the roads, and rendered all that mountainous region an inhospitable waste.

As Charleston (South Carolina) was threatened, Lee left the care of his troops to Floyd and took command there, putting the coasts and harbours in complete defence, and rendering his work almost impregnable. The extensive works, however, which he had planned for the defence of Richmond and its vicinity occupied much of his time, and when our winter quarters broke up, the army were, for the most part, gratified by the announcement that he had been selected by Government for the post of commander-in-chief. Those who knew the true merits of this modest, retiring, but skilful officer, foretold great things of him; nor were the most sanguine expectations disappointed, as subsequent events fully demonstrated. "System" seemed to be suddenly infused into all ranks, and volunteers gradually cooled down into quiet, business-like, stoical regulars. There was less "fuss," and more regularity; so that within a few weeks it was evident some mind was at work which could attend alike to great and little matters. Not that our army was absolutely without order previously, but there now seemed to be more of intellect displayed in the movements, and results were effected with less noise and bluster than formerly.

Of the fortifications at Yorktown and elsewhere on the peninsula, it is desirable to say a few words, otherwise it will be impossible to understand the movements that occurred there. The occupation of Hampton Roads

by large fleets, and the menacing appearance of Fortress Monroe, with its immense number of troops and munitions of war, rendered it necessary for some force to watch the peninsula. This duty was assigned to General Magruder, who often ventured to the vicinity of Newport News (the most southern point of the peninsula), and greatly annoyed General Butler, who then commanded the fortress. Butler was tempted to open the campaign of 1861 before Scott, by marching upon Magruder in the hope of overwhelming him. Having made his preparations, he found the Confederates posted at the village of Little Bethel, and was soundly thrashed by a much inferior force in less than sixty minutes. Magruder remained master of the peninsula, and scoured the country between Yorktown and Newport News until the close of the year. His pickets were numerous and vigilant, and captured several hundred negroes who had run away from their masters and sought the Yankee lines.

Following the example of Butler, Magruder set the "contrabands" to work on his chain of fortifications, extending from Yorktown (on the York River) southwestwardly along the banks of the shallow Warwick to Mulberry Point, on the James River—a distance of about nine miles. The distance from Yorktown to the head waters of the little Warwick was about five miles; the land was low, flat, and marshy, unprofitable alike to friend or foe; but on the point where the chain of redoubts came to the springs of the Warwick, the western banks of that stream were much higher than the eastern, and the land was partly wooded, partly

broken into fields. The Warwick itself was not more than one hundred feet wide at any point, and shallow; and as it was generally dry in summer, Magruder had made a series of dams, which held the waters and converted it into a succession of small lakes. Not only was the river "dammed," but also the marshy, swampy land which extended from Yorktown to its head. Thus, our position on the right was a "water front," and on the left also, for the most part; here, however, as the water was derived from the snows and rains of winter, the depth was generally not more than three feet.

The character of these various works was admirable, and exactly suited to the topography of the immediate district. Yorktown itself, our left, was of immense strength, as was also Mulberry Point, the extremity of our right wing: Lee's Mills was considered the centre of the line. As the enemy would be necessarily obliged to cross or cut the various dams in approaching to attack, these points were protected by batteries of various calibres, enfilading and otherwise. It would be impossible to attempt detailed descriptions of them, for whatever of skill we possessed in science and engineering was there displayed in elaborated earthworks; and sheer madness alone could induce the Federals to attempt the line by assault. M'Clellan saw at a glance the work before him, and prepared to approach by parallels, and shell us out at discretion, while the majority of his troops were elsewhere employed. It was conjectured that his true plan would be to arrest our attention by vigorous bombardments and a display of force in front, while he strongly reinforced

M'Dowell at Fredericksburg, in order to move on Richmond from the north; fleets of gunboats and transports at the same time passing the extremities of our wings on York and James Rivers to throw strong forces on our flanks and rear. This was all seen by every intelligent soldier in the army, and the general expression was: "These immense works are a monument of Magruder's skill and industry, but are of no avail, for the enemy can ascend the rivers on either hand, and then we are emphatically cooped up, to be destroyed at leisure."

Lee and Johnson saw that our position was untenable, but determined to hold it until Huger, at Norfolk, should have dismantled his many fortifications, destroyed the naval establishments, and evacuated the seaboard. This was a military necessity. We had no navy, and could not expect to contend with a first-class naval power in arms against us. Norfolk had supplied us with many cannon and stores of all kinds; but while our ports were blockaded it was sheer madness to incur vast expense in keeping open naval establishments and depôts when all our small craft were blocked up in harbours. This should have been done at first. Ours was a defensive war even upon land; it could not be otherwise on water. It is true that our infant navy achieved great glory in its encounters with the U. S. vessels, and the names of the *Merrimac*, *Manassas*, *Arkansas*, *Sumter*, and *Nashville* can never be forgotten; and it is doubtful whether any navy in the world did so much with such indifferent resources.

While Huger was preparing to evacuate Norfolk, most of our troops were retracing their steps up the peninsula towards Richmond, and not one brigade was unnecessarily detained at Yorktown. General D. H. Hill commanded Yorktown and the left wing; Magruder the right; Longstreet the centre; while Johnson was chief over all. Many episodes and incidents worthy of remembrance daily occurred between the advanced posts of both armies, which served to keep up a bitter feeling between us. M'Clellan made daily reconnaissances with his large balloon, which remained up occasionally many hours: his apparatus and balloon, however, were always two or three miles from the front. Nevertheless, our rifled guns frequently made rather close shots, and compelled the aëronauts to descend. In some instances our shots cut their gearing.

Determined to discover with certainty how many guns were in position, and how many embrasures masked, they occasionally moved down to the front and opened a fierce cannonade with field-pieces, and a few rifled 24-pounders. Such tricks were unsuccessful: the most of our guns were parked in the rear and covered, so that at a distance none could tell what they were. A few moments would have sufficed to bring them down to the batteries, but this we never found necessary. About one hundred guns were always ready night and day, frowning through embrasures, with caissons well protected; and in some places we had a few 24, 32, and 64-pounders ready for the assailants. We never found occasion to use them.

Whenever the enemy approached with this design,

and opened fire upon us, the regiments would spring to their arms behind the breastworks and allow the artillery to amuse themselves. While we were sitting down, the enemy's shell fell thick and fast over our heads, and filled the woods in our rear with volumes of sulphurous smoke. Not one man of ours was lost during these frequent visitations, but the enemy sometimes suffered very severely. On one occasion not less than a dozen 12-pound howitzers opened on our six-gun battery—our pieces were silent, and not a soul stirred. Two corporals begged permission to have a shot each; directing two 12-pound rifles at the Yankees, fully a mile and a half distant, their reports were immediately followed by the explosion of several caissons, killing the commandant and thirty men, twenty horses, and upsetting four pieces! Our boys could not restrain their pleasure, and jumping on the breastworks for more than a mile, waved their hats and howled as Mississippians and Louisianians only *can* howl—a yell with a true Indian ring in it! The remaining pieces of the Yankee battery continued firing with great wildness, rapidity, and fury; still the boys remained on the breastworks, laughing and yelling, and though commanded to come down when shell were chipping the earth near their feet, nothing could induce them to budge until a battery lower down opened on the enemy, and smashed them up with one discharge!

Such experiments were too costly to be repeated, so that any one portion of our lines was seldom visited more than once. The enemy contented themselves with erecting mortar batteries of great strength, so as

to effectually shell us out if possible, when the bombardment regularly opened. M'Clellan's position was certainly an unenviable one, but such was his popularity with the men, that they performed immense labours with axe and spade at his bidding, and seldom grumbled. With a very large army (175,000 men) encamped in low, swampy lands, sickness and disease was very great. As no roads, except a few ordinary ones, existed from Yorktown to any point of his lines, flanks, or rear, it was necessary to fell the forests and make them. Regiments were thus engaged for weeks cutting avenues of communication, while thousands plied the axe and covered the dirt with layers of logs, the interstices of which were then filled with branches, and all covered with a thick coating of tenacious, marly soil. In dry weather, and for the use of light teams, these "corduroyed" roads might well serve; but as this was the month of April, the logs sank lower and lower, so that heavy waggons, and teams dragging siege pieces and mortars, moved but slowly, and the various routes were blocked up by division quartermasters and commissaries endeavouring to transport necessary provision to the front. Such was the scarcity at one time that every waggon in the service was insufficient to supply the daily necessities of his army, and M'Clellan's siege operations were delayed. Many deserters came over to us and begged for food.

But, alas! if such was the state of M'Clellan's forces, what was the condition of our own? Flour and bad bacon, indeed, were for the most part regularly served out in half rations; but as for tea, coffee, sugar,

molasses, rice, baker's bread, or crackers, fresh meat, salt, or clothing!—these were things unknown to us for many months: the only thing of which we had a superabundance was *cartridges!* Sugar, rice, and molasses, *should* have been forthcoming; but then we knew that our few railroads in the South were overworked, night and day, in transporting troops and matériel, and such was the press of Government business that no civilian, except on army affairs, could ever obtain a "permit" to travel twenty miles on the various railroads. The men fully understood the difficulties of our situation, and never uttered a word of complaint. They fried the abominable bacon for its fat, which they mixed with their flour, and this, with water, was the chief food of all for many weeks.

Such was our poverty, indeed, that many negro servants, hitherto faithful to the fortunes of their masters, deserted during the darkness of night, and reported us as ragged, starving, footsore, and spiritless. Except in the latter respect, their reports were but too true. In lieu of coffee or tea, we gathered holly leaves or sassafras roots, to boil down into tea, and felt thankful for this barbarous decoction, although much debility and sickness resulted from using it. All this was so well known to the enemy, that their pickets would taunt ours in coarse language that stirred up our men occasionally to deeds of rashness, such as a surprise of the enemy's outposts *about dinner-time!* The well-fed rice- cracker- fresh meat- sago- ham- bean- pork-molasses- sugar-eating and tea- coffee- and whisky-drinking Yankees, in fine warm clothes, would often

shout to us, "How do git along, you sassafras-drinking sons of——?" "Oh, you mouldy, ragged——rebels! what's the price of soap in Dixie?" Taunts might serve their purpose very well when out of danger behind trees, but, as soon as any of us "fell in" and marched out to give appropriate answers, these gentlemen in blue would invariably "skedaddle!"

I have known instances, indeed, of soldiers from the Gulf States having, unknown to the officers, sallied out beyond our extreme outposts during the night, penetrated the enemy's lines, and brought back provisions in abundance, often having slung over their arms from two to four rifles, the property of Federal sentinels who opposed them. I repeat, I have known several instances of this kind where parties of six would go out on such expeditions, and, from experience in Indian warfare, would scatter in the timber, prowl about the enemy's encampments, and return unscratched with a heavy load of eatables—the chief weight being of coffee and sugar. One or two particular instances I consider worthy of especial mention.

One day while on duty near Dam No. 1, we observed within the enemy's lines a flock of sheep grazing, the distance from us being about two miles. We had been joking on the subject and remarking what fine soup they would make for our hungry men, when I observed a tall ragged Texan intently eyeing them. Lifting his two-feet-and-a-half diameter straw hat from his head, he began to scratch as if in profound meditation. It was towards evening, and he was returning from twenty-four hours' picketing in the front. "What's

the matter?" I inquired. "Nothin'," he replied; "but I was just a-thinking I should like to have some mutton for supper!—*our* folks get nothin' but cartridges to eat." Tired as he was, he answered company roll-call, and shortly afterwards passed me, stealing cautiously towards the enemy, hiding behind fallen timber, and having crossed the dam, disappeared.

After a while I heard several shots fired in the direction of the sheep, but, of course, took little notice of it, for firing was continual from morning till night. As "tattoo" was sounding I was about to repair to my own post, when some unaccountable object seemed to be crossing the dam. One of the guards challenged—"Hold on, boys," was the reply; "wait a minute—I've got him all right;" and before I could recover from astonishment, my friend of the large straw hat appeared clambering up the face of the breastwork, heavily laden with something, and, on close inspection, I found he carried a large sheep and a fat lamb on his back, the legs tied round his neck, a bundle swung around his middle, four rifles hung from his shoulders, and his own trusty Enfield grasped firmly in the right hand, cocked, and loaded. "But where did you get the rifles?" I inquired. "Oh, well, the darned fools wouldn't let me get the mutton peaceable, so I had to shoot four of 'em!" This instance is but one of a class, for which I can vouch from personal knowledge.

The enemy had been taught that we were a pusillanimous race, effeminate, lazy, unacclimated, and physically inferior to themselves. Our mode of life at

home—the abundance of money, dependence upon slave labour, and inaptitude for everything save cotton-, rice-, and sugar-raising—might give countenance to such ideas; and it is equally true that habitual slothfulness had thrown every species of manufacture into their hands. But history should have taught them that the South was ever foremost in fight, and that while Northern troops had never fought south during the Revolution of 1776, Southern armies had traversed all the North, and had left their bones on every battle-field. The same is equally true of the war of 1812, and of the expedition into Mexico, for the impartial student will be surprised at the numbers lost by us compared with the North in those transactions, and at the number of times the Cotton States have shown in the front, in every movement of danger. All this, however, was not considered. When M'Clellan took command of the enemy in August, 1861, his words were, "There shall be no more defeats, no more retreats; our progress will henceforth be unchecked, and glorious." The press also had been continually chanting anthems over their own superiority and our wretchedness; every picket fight had been magnified into "a great success," "complete victory," &c., all printed in alarmingly large capitals, until at last every drummer in M'Clellan's army considered himself a hero.

Surprised to find us more than a match for them in the every-day encounters at the lines, and annoyed to find that their newspapers sometimes told awkward truths by "accident," different ambitious generals

sought to distinguish themselves at their respective posts, and to do something of which to boast. On one occasion it was designed to march a heavy force into the woods near Lee's mills and surprise four of our companies picketed there. Our outposts quietly gave the signal of approach, and as a full brigade turned into a lane in line with our battery, some half dozen second shell were fired very rapidly, and split up the column, cutting the commander and horse completely in two —the fire of our four companies in extended order did the rest, and the New-Englanders broke and fled in great confusion, leaving many dead and wounded behind. They had to retreat within view of our lower batteries, which, as they passed their front, shelled the woods and broke them a second time.

On another occasion, some of our pickets advanced farther than necessary, and captured several field-officers. Expecting retaliation, strict watch was maintained, and on the Sabbath a full regiment appeared to take vengeance on our pickets, but none were seen. The Yankees had not proceeded far, when up rose four companies, and having delivered a slaughtering cross-fire, charged with a terrible yell. The enemy broke, and we were never troubled with them afterwards at that point.

Our outposts, however, could not keep quiet, and every chance that was presented was improved to slaughter the enemy, for they held them in profound contempt. The enemy devised a new plan for picketing. They owned a great many dogs, and when on outpost duty, Mr. Yankee would quietly light his pipe

and play cards, while the dogs rambled through the woods, and gave the alarm of any approach! The faithfulness of their dogs saved them on many occasions from loss, for the animals would howl and retire from any one unless dressed in blue. As woodsmen, the enemy were complete novices compared to us; but this was as might be expected. There were Maryland regiments, however, in their service who were equal to us, but these were not trusted,—M'Clellan thought, and wisely, that with the first opportunity they would "skedaddle" to the rebels!

Our various batteries commanding the dams seemed to give the enemy much uneasiness and annoyance. They erected heavy counter-batteries, but still could not show in force at any point without suffering loss, and so determined to try the experiment of taking one of these defences. Towards Yorktown, the various dams were successively numbered 1, 2, 3, &c., until their approach to Lee's Mills, where the river became sufficiently deep to obviate the erection of more. "Dam No. 1" was consequently situated on land that held but little water, the causeway being about twelve feet broad. The battery which protected it was triangular in form, containing three guns, with a long embankment or rifle-pit connected with it on either side, but situated in very low land. The position of the enemy was much higher, with rising hillocks up and down the face of the swamp, which were, of course, converted into earthworks, and mounted not less than twenty-two guns, commanded by their accomplished artillerist Ayer (I follow Yankee authorities). It was impossible for us to use our guns

with much effect, since they were always assailed by enfilade.

To obviate this, we were constructing a powerful battery in the rear of the first, the work being chiefly performed by the troops on picket there. While this work was in progress, a North Carolina regiment was stretched along the right rifle pit, and four companies of a Louisiana regiment occupied the left. Yankee sharpshooters, posted in trees, had discovered that the three-gun battery was oftentimes comparatively deserted about noon-time, and as the causeway, or dam, was broad, it would not be very difficult to cross the comparatively dry swamp, under cover of their guns, seize the place, break our chain of defences, and throw over large bodies of troops. Accordingly they gathered a large force silently in the woods, and at the hour of noon made a rush across the causeway, our pickets fighting desperately as they retreated, instead of falling back upon the rifle pits without delay, after once firing their pieces, conformably to order. As a consequence, the enemy were half-way across the dam and swamp before any alarm was given.

When the assault was known, the North Carolinians in the right rifle-pit seized their arms, and having fired one volley with destructive effect, unaccountably retired. The Yankees once in possession of the battery and right rifle-pit, were much in the situation of the man who gained an elephant in a raffle, not knowing what to do with it! Swarming over the works, they fought and overcame the few guards who resisted them, and received heavy reinforcements as fast as possible.

The four companies of Louisianians who had gallantly held their pit, were joined by the remainder of the regiment, and rushing into the battery commenced the work of slaughter silently, but with terrible vigour. Having entered the works in two wings, the unfortunate Yankees were thus surrounded, and the first cross-fire delivered by the Louisianians cut them down by scores: many more were destroyed with the sabre-bayonet when our men closed in upon them. Those who attempted to jump out of the breastwork were shot down by our Georgians, who now occupied the right pit. Reinforcements crossing the dam were obstructed by the dead, the wounded, and those seeking to return, so that scores fell right and left into the swamp, and were half buried in mud and water. The saddest part is yet to tell. Smith, who commanded the Yankee brigade, seeing his men overcome and slaughtered in the battery, ordered Ayer's twenty-two guns to open fire, in order to cover the retreat, but in doing this, their shells killed as many of their own men as of ours. The Louisianians in the battery and the Georgians in the rifle-pits continued the work of destruction, and of the few that escaped, many sank into the swamp, and could not extricate themselves from the mud.

This affair lasted about half an hour; the enemy numbered near two thousand, while our force did not exceed half that number. The scene of carnage was frightful; several hundreds of the enemy might be seen lying in all directions in the battery, many along the causeway, and more to the right and left of

it in the swamp. Our loss was unaccountably small, and never did Louisianians use the bayonet with greater good will, for they had met for the first time "real" Yankees (Vermont), who had done more lying and boasting than those of any State in the North,—always excepting the arch-hypocrites and negro-worshippers of Massachusetts. Proud as were our men of this affair, all regretted one thing, viz. that the gentlemen in blue had not proved to be Massachusetts men. There was not a regiment in the service but would have willingly marched fifty miles for a fair fight with double the number of them.

Smith, the Federal commander, kept up the cannonade till long after sundown, but with more destruction to his own wounded than to us; for as we screened ourselves during the fire, it did not cause us the loss of a man. This conduct, if nothing more were added, affords ample justification for the assertions of the enemy that their commander was completely intoxicated during the whole affair, and incapable of conducting it. During the night we endeavoured to extricate the wounded from the swamp, but our men were repeatedly fired upon; and even when a flag of truce was sent across next day, begging, in the name of mercy, that we might be permitted to look after *their* wounded, whose groans and cries were heartrending, this inhuman commander refused to receive it, and our men, being fired upon a second time, retired, and allowed the poor wretches to die from loss of blood or hunger. For two days and nights this barbarous conduct was kept up, and the enemy were allowed to lie festering in the

sun, nor was anything done for them until their own regiments (3rd, 4th, and 6th Vermont) were withdrawn from the scene. This was done, doubtless, to screen the "real" loss from their own troops. During the night, however, many of our men ventured across the dam, and brought in some of their own dead, and buried many of the enemy's slain, to stay the increasing stench that arose from putrefaction. We also dragged out of the swamp some who had sunk to the armpits in mud and water, but who had sustained themselves by clinging to stumps and roots.

Although my thoughts were far from cheerful when standing in the battery and gazing on this awful scene of slaughter, I could not but smile at the indifference of a tall, hard-fisted, and very ragged Texan, who was cautiously "hunting up a pair of boots and pants." He was warned not to show his head above the parapet, for the Yankee sharpshooters, armed with rifles of a long range, with telescopic "sights," were "thick as blackberries" in the woods to the front, and were excellent shots. "Darn the blue-skins, any how; who's scared of the blue-bellies (*i. e.* Eastern men)? Let all the Yankees go to ——, for all *I* care. Let 'em shoot, and be d—d! I'm bound to have a pair of boots anyhow!" And so saying, he passed over the parapet, down its face, and returned with the body of an enemy, which he had fished out of the water. He first pulled off the boots, which proved to be an excellent pair; then proceeding to rifle the pockets, he found sixty dollars in gold. He was much astonished and delighted at these discoveries; but when he examined

the havresack and found it well stored with capital rations, including a canteen full of fine rye whisky, he was electrified with sudden joy, dropped boots, havresack, and money upon the ground, and half-emptied the canteen at a draught. Setting down the can, he smacked his lips, and thus soliloquized: "Well! poor devil, he's gone, like a mighty big sight of 'em; but *he* was a gentleman, and deserved better luck. If he'd been a Massachusetts Yankee, I wouldn't a cared a darn! but these fellows are the right kind. They come along with good boots and pants, lots to eat, money in their pockets, and are no mean judges of whisky. These are the kind of fellows I like to fight!"

It was not from a brutal feeling that our men rifled the dead, but sheer necessity; and although they stripped them of anything needed, the bodies were invariably interred with decency, and *not* mutilated, as the Northern press delighted to asseverate on all occasions. Hardened as we were, men would joke under any circumstances—some would even smoke during action; and it was not uncommon to hear one remark, when burying the enemy, "Well, Lincoln, old Scott, and M'Clellan promised 'em farms each in Virginia when all was over—old Virginny is large enough to accommodate 'em all with lots, seven by two!" But this I wish to repeat—there was no brutality displayed on any occasion that came under my notice on any field on which I was present. It is true the prisoners were unmercifully joked occasionally, but I have always seen the wounded treated with the utmost care; and it became a usual expression in the hospitals, when all

did not progress well with patients, "If I was only a Yankee, the darned doctors would do more for me than now." The dead, on all practicable occasions, were decently buried; and in many cases I have known putrid carcases handled and coffined by our men, and even a board placed at the head of the grave, as at Leesburg, with the words, "Here lies a Yankee; Co. H, 15th Massachusetts." I am emphatic about this subject, for many infamous misrepresentations have been widely circulated regarding us by the Northern press.

CHAPTER XX.

Fall of New Orleans, April 24th—Preparations of Commodore Hollins for the Defence—Bombardment of the Forts—Naval Engagements—Destruction of Cotton—Evacuation of the City—Possession taken by Commodore Farragut—Arrival of General Butler—His brutal Attacks upon the Ladies of New Orleans—Examples from his General Orders.

"*Baton Rouge, April* —, 1862.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Our beautiful city has fallen, and the detested flag of our enemy floats over the mint!

"The story of our disgrace is a long and painful one to me, but remembering your kindness in fully informing us of the progress of events in Virginia, it is but right I return the compliment; though my narrative may be wanting in many particulars which history, at some distant future, can alone be expected to unfold.

"When the bombardment of Fort Sumpter proved that the South was determined to rid her soil of the enemy, troops were also sent to Pensacola, seized Fort M'Rea, Barrancas, and Warrenton, and lay siege to the enemy's fortifications (Fort Pickens) on Santa Rosa Island. Our forces there began to increase very rapidly, and, under the command of General Bragg, were wrought up to a fine spirit of discipline and efficiency. Except the night surprise of the enemy on Santa Rosa, nothing of moment transpired, the respec-

tive forces being content to fortify their positions and otherwise remain inactive. Commodore Hollins, who was cruising in the Gulf when we declared independence, brought his sloop-of-war to New Orleans, surrendered her to the Confederate authorities, and accepted service under our banner. It was natural to surmise that New Orleans would soon be blockaded and attacked by the enemy's fleet; to meet which contingency, General Anderson was put in command of our land forces, and Hollins of the naval department.

"The latter began to prepare for the enemy by the construction of fire rafts, and of various impediments for the bar of the river and other shallow places, besides superintending the construction of some rude, iron-clad floating rams and batteries, the principal of which was a vessel called the *Manassas*. With his small flotilla, Hollins could not pretend to accomplish very much, but he resolved to attack the Federal blockading vessels at the mouth of the river, the destruction of which, it was hoped, would enable us to obtain supplies from Europe before the Federal navy should be reinforced. In this design he was so far successful that he sank one sloop-of-war and disabled several others; but as the ram *Manassas* proved unmanageable, and had injured her machinery, Hollins withdrew and returned to the city, well satisfied with his achievements. In the meantime Lovell had succeeded Anderson in the military command; numerous volunteers had joined our forces, and even the coloured men, free and slave, formed battalions for the defence of the city. Fortifications and breastworks innumerable were thrown up, to prevent

all approach by the lakes of the Mississippi. These works were important, and, as you know something of the topography of the country, I enumerate them, but am not positive as to the number of guns placed in each.

"Fort Jackson was on the west, or right bank of the river, nearly opposite Fort St. Philip, and twenty-five miles from the 'Passes' leading into the Gulf. It was a very strong, casemated fort, intended for over one hundred guns, and will conveniently accommodate five hundred men. Much labour had been expended on this fort, and it was thought to be impregnable, but adverse circumstances destroyed all our hopes regarding it. Fort St. Philip was on the east or left bank of the river, nearly opposite Fort Jackson, seventy miles below the city, and, being a heavy casemated fort, was intended for over one hundred guns. It was bombarded by the English in 1812; it had accommodated four hundred men. Fort Livingstone was situated on Grand Terre Island, at the mouth of Barrataria Bay, and was destined for twenty or more guns. Fort Pike was a casemate fortification placed at the Rigolettes, or North Pass, between Lake Borgue and Lake Pontchartrain, commanding the entrance to the lake, and the main channel to the gulf in that direction. The amount of its armament I could never learn; Fort Macomb guarded the South Pass, between Lakes Borgue and Pontchartrain, and had a dozen or more guns. Fort Dupré was a small fort commanding Bayou Dupré into Lake Borgue. Proctor's Tower was another small work on Lake Borgue; and Battery Bienvenue at the entrance of Bayou Bienvenue into Lake Borgue. Besides these

latter small batteries, mounting a few guns, were the Chalmette Batteries, above Fort Jackson, and much nearer the city.*

"From the enthusiasm of our population, and the alacrity with which they mustered under arms, it was considered impossible for the enemy to successfully 'run' the forts on the river and effect a landing, for a long chain of breastworks stretched away in different parts of the city suburbs, and at one time we had not fewer than 24,000 men under arms, including 3,000 free negroes, who volunteered to defend them. Notwithstanding all this apparent enthusiasm, there were undoubtedly many traitors going to and fro in our midst; and much information was carried to the enemy by runaways, and by fishermen who were allowed free passes to transact their business on the river. Some fifteen or twenty thousand bales of cotton were in warehouses or on the landing ready for shipment, in case the enemy should leave the mouth of the river, together with much tobacco owned by foreign merchants. Our planters persisted in sending cotton down the river, and this acted as a temptation to the enemy to attempt the capture of the city.

"Society in New Orleans showed little sensitiveness to the great struggle in which we were engaged. Festivity was the order of the day; balls, parties, theatres, operas, and the like, continued as if we were not in the midst of a furious war, with our beloved sons, brothers, and relatives bleeding and dying on distant battle-fields.

* All these positions, guarding the approaches to New Orleans from the Gulf, are distinctly shown on the ordinary maps.

We felt too secure. We considered it impossible for any force to capture the place. 'Jackson, with a handful of men, and a few cotton bales, had defeated Packenham in 1812,' many said; and as we considered the enemy much inferior to the British in all respects, and our present defences vastly superior to those of former times, all were confident of victory in case of attack. None doubted the loyalty of our people, our generals, or the Government. Shipwrights were busy in preparing new rams and floating batteries; foundries and steam-hammers were in full blast, night and day, preparing boilers, machinery, and iron plates; and several mammoth rams and iron floating batteries were promised at an early day by the contractors—two Northern men. So much delay, however, occurred in fitting and finishing them, that when the enemy approached we had none of these vessels to assist in the defence. Worse than all, our generals at Corinth were continually calling upon Lovell for troops; so that our original 24,000 rapidly dwindled down to a very low figure. Northern papers boasted that their fleets and forces could annihilate our city at any time; Butler was reported to have said, 'he held the keys of New Orleans;' but all such talk was considered pure Yankee twaddle, and none ever dreamed he had foundation for such boastings.

"Depending entirely upon our river batteries, we anxiously awaited the enemy's approach; but they seemed tardy in their movements, and cruised about the Gulf with evident indecision, so that every one began to smile and say, 'They would think twice before

attempting a rehearsal of the scenes of 1812!' I do not remember what force the enemy had in gunboats, at the mouth of the river, but the fact soon became known that Commodore Farragut was in command, and that he made light of our fortifications. As it was considered unadvisable to attempt a defence of the 'passes,' the works at those points had been dismantled some time before, and the guns carried to the city. We had sunk barriers (sunken vessels, &c.) in the river about a mile below Forts Jackson and Philip, and it was thought they would effectually stop the enemy's progress; but the swiftness of the current carried many away, and before others could be placed there, the enemy slowly steamed up the stream in strong force, on the 16th of April, and prepared to attack the forts.

"In the city these threatening appearances were but little heeded—we considered ourselves impregnable; Farragut's boats were treated with contempt, and even the terrific bombardment was looked upon as a fine spectacle. Duncan, in Fort Jackson, kept all fully informed of the progress of events below; thousands flocked down the river, and on the Levees viewed the bombardment with evident pleasure, for it was soon ascertained that the enemy's fire was inaccurate, and that few, if any, of their eleven-inch shell ever touched the forts. At night the greatest vigilance was maintained to inform commanders of the enemy's movements. On the 23rd the terrific bombardment had continued a whole week; they had thrown over 25,000 shells; and Duncan reported that two of his guns in Fort Jackson were dismounted; half a dozen killed

and wounded was the total loss, and the works were as sound as ever.

"The evening of the 23rd closed as others had done for the past seven days; our defences were thought to be impassable, and strong hopes were entertained that Farragut would soon give up the conflict as fruitless and abortive. Towards 3 A.M. on the morning of the 24th, the enemy were descried creeping up the river in full force, and as they steamed abreast of the forts were received with deafening roars from our artillery. The conflict then became furious; the enemy fought admirably, however, and passed the forts, Farragut leading in the *Hartford;* but had not proceeded far when they encountered our small fleet of seventeen vessels of different kinds. Except the old *Manassas* and the *Louisiana,* the rest of our vessels were vulnerable, so that the destruction, confusion, and noise were terrible. The *Louisiana* was unmanageable, and could only use two of her nine guns; so when it was perceived that nothing could prevent the enemy from breaking our line, she was run ashore, and blown up, although the enemy's broadsides had not injured her in the least. The *Governor Moore,* another of our boats, acted nobly among the enemy's twelve heavy sloops of war and gunboats, and fired her last cartridge at point blank range, but was also run ashore and blown up to prevent capture.

"The action was in full progress when news reached the city that Farragut's fleets had passed the forts, and had successfully engaged our ships. The scene of confusion that ensued in town defies all description.

People were amazed, and could scarcely realize the awful fact, and ran hither and thither in speechless astonishment. Very soon the flames seen issuing from shipyards in Algiers and other places, convinced them that the news was authentic, and that Government officers were then busily engaged destroying everything that was likely to be of value to the enemy. The unfinished *Mississippi* and other vessels were scuttled or fired, ammunition destroyed, and shot sunk in the river. The people, on their part, proceeded to the various cotton presses, rolled out thousands of bales, and applied the torch; countless cotton ships were also sunk or fired, steamboats by the dozen similarly destroyed. As the roar of cannon drew nearer, the heat of the sun, and conflagrations in every direction, made the atmosphere oppressively hot, while dense columns of smoke darkened the air. The scene was one of terrible grandeur, the effect of which was much heightened by the tolling of alarm bells in the city.

"Banks, and all who had anything to save, were busy sending away their valuables; and their having done so in good time prevented several millions of specie from falling into the hands of the enemy. Long lines of army waggons, carriages, pedestrians, and horsemen, left the town by every avenue; the wildest consternation and dejection seemed to have seized all; the revulsion of feeling was awful. Having narrowly escaped capture in the naval engagement, Lovell rode rapidly by the Levee road, and arrived in town about 2 P.M. Crowds gathered round him while he related the chief features of the engagement

below, bearing testimony to the heroism of our little navy of indifferent vessels, and seeming heart-broken at the unexpected calamity which had befallen us. He considered it advisable for his few soldiers to retire without the limits of the city to avert a bombardment, and this idea was fully endorsed by the City Council. Accordingly, late in the day, his whole force of not more than 2,000 effective men departed by rail some fifteen miles above the city, with orders to keep within easy call in case of emergency. It now became a difficult task for the City Council to preserve order, as many, under the guise of patriotism, were laying violent hands on the property of others. Sad faces and angry gesticulation met one at every turn; people seemed paralyzed, and could not comprehend the extent of the great and humiliating visitation. The thing was incredible!

"At Fort Jackson and Fort Philip our loss had been trifling—not a hundred men in all. Their guns were untouched; ammunition plentiful; the walls intact! yet Farragut had passed them, under an annihilating shower of rifled shot, and was still approaching, carrying all before him, shelling right and left wherever there seemed to be the least appearance of opposition. He was within a few miles of the city—the smoke from his vessels could be plainly seen curling over the woods in the bends of the river, and he must soon arrive. Whatever was to be accomplished must be done quickly; no time was to be lost in idle recrimination or empty rage; moments were precious, and the watchword of all was *work!* Large stores of tobacco were now

burned on every hand, save where a foreign flag floated to protect it. Sugar, molasses, and rice, in thousands of hogsheads, were thrown into the river, or scattered through the streets and gutters. Men seemed wrought into a frenzy of desperation, and broke, or burned, or sank everything that might prove of use to the enemy, so that within a few hours subsequent to Lovell's official information the whole city presented an indescribable scene of confusion, and property worth many millions was destroyed in an incredibly short space of time. This scene of uproar and confusion continued throughout the day and all night, while now and then heavy guns could be heard down the river, as if the enemy were cautiously approaching and firing at every object that seemed suspicious. Crowds of the poor were enjoying a rich harvest by this wholesale destruction of property, and scores of them could be seen with baskets, and bags, and drays, carrying off to to their homes whatever of sugar, molasses, rice, bacon, &c. fell in their way. A low murmuring noise filled the air—it was the conversation of assembled thousands. Many were unanimous for destroying the city, rather than permit it to fall into the hands of the enemy; but the opinion prevailed that, owing to the great numbers of poor, the place was entirely at the mercy of the foe, and nothing should be done to tempt a bombardment.

"On the morning of the 25th, Farragut's advance was observed steaming up towards the city. When abreast of the Chalmette batteries, on both sides of the city, he was saluted with volleys from the earth-works,

but, being uninjured, ran past and cast anchor at intervals before the city, with ports open and every preparation made for a bombardment. Farragut then opened communication with the mayor, and demanded the surrender of the town, together with Lovell's forces; but the latter were now far away, and Mayor Monroe commenced a spirited correspondence with the commodore. He admitted they had no force with which to oppose the enemy; yet as they came uninvited, and as the people disclaimed all relationship with the Northern Government, it was impossible to make a formal surrender of the place. If the admiral desired the removal of objectionable flags floating over the City Hall, he must do it by his own force; for not a man, woman, or child, of any colour, could be found in their midst who would lay a traitor's hand upon the flag of their adoption.

"In the meantime, the destruction of property continued on every hand; and at length Farragut was so exasperated, that he swore he would reduce the place to ashes unless the State flag was removed from the principal buildings. Still, so long as Forts St. Philip, Jackson, and the Chalmette batteries remained intact, it was thought that something might be done to save the city, and in this hope the correspondence was protracted. But evil tidings were in store for us! While Farragut and Mayor Monroe were exchanging angry letters of great length, the sad news reached us that Forts St. Philip and Jackson had surrendered to the enemy on account of a mutiny among their garrisons. When Duncan heard it, he used every means in

his power to persuade his men to return to their duty, and even threatened to turn his guns upon them. He was in earnest, and a desperate man; but, on examining his guns, he found many spiked, several dismounted, and not less than three hundred men clamouring around him for a surrender. The situation of the heroic Duncan was pitiable. He begged, besought his men to stand to their arms, vowed that the forts were impregnable, and that he could blow up all Butler's transports * in a trice, if they only resolved to stand by him to the last; for it was an eternal shame to give up the works, provisioned as they were, and scarcely touched by the enemy. All the eloquence in the world, however, could not affect these soulless traitors; and as poor Duncan, ragged, dusty, powder-blackened, and exhausted, narrated the circumstance of his fall, he wept like a child, while crowds around him remained mute with astonishment, and hung their heads as men doomed to humiliation and shame.

"Farragut, being informed of all these things, was in a hurry to expedite the full and formal surrender of the city before the arrival of Butler, who was now known to be on his way. The correspondence between the commodore and the mayor had lasted from the 24th to the 28th, and on the last-named day Farragut vowed to bombard the city if the State flag was not hauled down, giving forty-eight hours' formal notice for the removal of women and children. He did not put this threat

* Butler's land forces were on Ship Island and Mississippi City. Had he attempted to march overland upon New Orleans, the "Levees" would have been cut and his men drowned in the swamps.

into execution, however, but reiterated his demand on Monday the 30th, without effect. On Tuesday morning, he sent on shore a party of two hundred marines, with two brass howitzers, who marched through the streets, and, forming before the City Hall, the objectionable State banner—the sign of all State rights—was torn down, and the Stars and Stripes, an emblem of tyrannical oppression, raised instead. The ceremony was witnessed by a silent crowd of many thousands, but it went off quietly; the force returning to their ships without a word of reproach or the least sign of resistance.

"But the detested flag had not long remained on the dome, when some young men ascended and tore it down, and dragged it through the streets in triumph. Then Farragut moved his vessels closer to the city, and again threatened to bombard it, but again abstained from doing so. Many of the citizens fired upon the vessels, but did no harm. Yet, the first man that advanced to meet Farragut on his landing, and welcome the return of Federal authority to the city, had scarcely taken the commodore's hand, ere a shot from the crowd sent him to eternity! The enemy, however, were careful not to move about in detached parties; for there were bands of desperate men who had vowed to slay all who came in their way, so that they remained on board, and did not attempt to stir through the city until the arrival of Butler's force, which landed on the 1st of May.*

* The rule of General Butler in New Orleans has been for ever rendered odious and detestable by his many acts of cruelty, despotism,

"This is the simple narration of our fall and lasting disgrace. No blame can attach to Lovell or to other officers in command—all did their duty; but none

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and indecency. Nor shall I add more than say, that he has rendered himself contemptible to friends and foes throughout the civilized world. His General Orders are a mass of cruelty and folly — an eternal monument of his debased and indefensible character; and in his persecution of women, he has shown his unmanly disposition and temper, beyond all former example. I subjoin a few specimens of his General Orders:—

"*Head-quarters, Department of the Gulf,*
New Orleans, 1862.

"General Orders, No. 150.

"Mrs. Philips, wife of Philip Philips, having been once imprisoned for her traitorous proclivities and acts at Washington, and released by the Government, and having been found training her children to spit upon officers of the United States, for which act of one of those children both her husband and herself apologized and were forgiven, is now found on the balcony of her house, during the passage of the funeral procession of Lieutenant De Kay, laughing and mocking at his remains; and upon being inquired of by the commanding general if this fact were so, contemptuously replies—'I was in good spirits that day.'

"It is, therefore, ordered that she be not 'regarded and treated as a common woman,' of whom no officer or soldier is bound to take notice, but as an uncommon, bad, and dangerous woman, stirring up strife and inciting to riot.

"And that, therefore, she be confined at Ship Island, in the State of Mississippi, within proper limits there till further orders, and that she be allowed one female servant and no more, if she so chooses. That one of the houses for hospital purposes be assigned her as quarters, and a soldier's ration each day be served out to her, with the means of cooking the same, and that no verbal or written communication be allowed with her, except through this office, and that she be kept in close confinement until removed to Ship Island.

"By command of Major-General Butler.
"R. S. Davis,
"*Captain and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

The truth of the case is as follows:—Mrs. Philips (wife of Philip Philips, formerly United States senator from Alabama), was standing on her balcony; and when the *cortége* passed, many children in the next

expected that Farragut would ever dream of running the batteries below; and none could imagine that the enemy could find entrance into the forts and corrupt

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house—who had a dancing party—ran to the balcony, and all began to laugh. She was treated barbarously on Ship Island, and went deranged; but Butler laughed at her sufferings, and would not mitigate the punishment, saying that "all women were strumpets who laughed at Federal soldiers." He wished it to be believed that he was fearless, yet he wore armour under his clothes, slept on board ship, and was never for a moment without an armed guard, whether in or out of his house, while several pistols, ready cocked and capped, lay beside him, and sentinels walked within five paces of him. He had a large sign placed in his office in the St. Charles's Hotel, with the inscription: "*A she adder bites worse than a male adder.*"

"Special Order, No. 151.

"Fidel Keller has been found exhibiting a human skeleton in his window, in a public place, in this city, labelled 'Chickahominy,' in large letters, meaning and intending that the bones should be taken by the populace to be the bones of a United States soldier slain in that battle, in order to bring the authority of the United States and our army into contempt, and for that purpose had stated to the passers-by that the bones were those of a Yankee soldier, whereas, in truth and fact, they were the bones purchased some weeks before of a Mexican consul, to whom they were pledged by a medical student.

"It is, therefore, ordered that for this desecration of the dead, he be confined at Ship Island for two years at hard labour, and that he be allowed to communicate with no person on the island, except Mrs. Philips, who has been sent there for a like offence.

"Any written message may be sent to him through these headquarters.

"Upon this order being read to him, the said Keller requested that so much of it as associated him with 'that woman' might be recalled, which request was, therefore, reduced to writing by him, as follows:—

"'*New Orleans, June* 30, 1862.

"'Mr. Keller desires that a part of the sentence which refers to the communication with Mrs. Phillips be stricken out, as he does not wish to have communication with Mrs. Phillips.'

"(Signed) F. Keller.

"'Witness: D. Waters.'

["Said

the men. Had Government shown less confidence in the land defences and hurried on the construction of a powerful fleet of iron-clads, Farragut's passage of the

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"Said request seeming to the Commanding General to be reasonable, so much of said orders is revoked, and the remainder will be executed. —By order of Major-General Butler.

"R. S. DAVIS,
"*Captain and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

The *truth is*, that Mr. Keller was informed by the soldiers that the Mrs. Philips on the island was a prostitute; and as he knew there was an infamous character of the same name, he declined all communication with her. Having discovered his mistake, and found that the lady was Mrs. Senator Philips, he wrote frequently to Butler to recal his protest, and be allowed to see the afflicted lady. The request was refused, and his punishment increased.

"*Head-quarters, Department of the Gulf,*
"*New Orleans, June* 30, 1862.

"Special Order, No. 152.

"John W. Andrews exhibited a cross, the emblem of the suffering of our blessed Saviour, fashioned for personal ornament, which he said was made from the bones of a Yankee soldier, and having shown this, too, without rebuke, in the Louisiana Club, which claims to be composed of chivalric gentlemen:

"It is, therefore, ordered that for this desecration of the dead, he be confined at hard labour for two years on the fortifications at Ship Island, and that he be allowed no verbal or written communication to or with any one except through these head-quarters.—By order of Major-General Butler.

"R. S. DAVIS,
"*Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General.*

A lady friend, who has known Butler for years, writes as follows:— "I have known Butler by sight and reputation some fifteen years, and so was not at all surprised by his Order No. 28, nor would any woman be who has lived so long in the city of which he is a resident. It seemed to me quite natural that he should seek to place as many ladies as possible in a position in which he would feel most at home with them. If there be feminine spite in the insinuation, it is a pity his character is not likely to contradict it. You know how unscrupulous

forts would have involved him in certain destruction. History may reveal on whose heads should rest the blame and shame. There has been vile treason among us, but who the traitors are few can tell; yet it is preposterous to suppose that Government would have neglected anything for our defence and safety had not overweening confidence of those in command led them to report daily that 'the city was impregnable, and fit for a defence of any length.' Our pride and vanity are sorely punished, our routes to Texas and the Gulf completely broken up, and ere long you will find the Father of Waters swept by innumerable gunboats, totally

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he has always been as a politician; but perhaps you don't know that in his legal practice he is as coarse and brutal as he is able. One day he was cross-examining a witness with his usual insolence, when somebody ventured to hint that even General Butler might condescend to treat an eminent professor of Harvard College with a little respect. 'Pooh,' said bully Ben, 'how long is it since we hanged one of those fellows?'"

Considering the character of the infamous order issued by Butler with reference to the ladies of New Orleans, the following will be thought a well-designed act of retributive justice. Preparations were making for a dress parade, and a number of officers had congregated in front of the St. Charles, Butler's head-quarters. A handsome carriage was driven in front of the hotel, accompanied by servants in livery, with every sign of wealth and taste in the owner of the equipage. The occupant, dressed in the latest fashion and sparkling with jewellery, drew from her pocket her gold card-case, and taking therefrom her card, sent it up to Butler's rooms. The next day himself and lady called at the residence indicated on the card—a fine mansion in a fashionable part of the city—where a couple of hours were agreeably spent in conversation, followed by the introduction of wine and cake, when the highly delighted visitors took their departure. Picayune Butler did not appreciate the fact that he had been made the victim of a successful "sell," until he learned shortly afterwards that he had been paying his respects to the proprietress of one of the most celebrated *bagnios* in the State, who is at this time "*considered a woman of the town, plying her vocation as such.*"

severing us from all communication with States west of the river. Excuse haste; I am dejected and weary, shamed, mortified, humiliated. I scarcely know what to think or say, but am confident if Providence has punished our once gay city by turning it over to the enemy, it will return to us again, purified from all that has long festered in our midst, and brought upon our country this unspeakable calamity.

"Yours, &c.

"EVANS."

CHAPTER XXI.

Of our Officers generally—Regimental Officers—Surgeons and Parsons—Episcopalian Ministers—Roman Catholic Priests—Jesuits on the Field of Battle.

An army so suddenly gathered as ours will always abound in incompetent officers. The privilege of volunteers to elect their own officers may seem at first like an excellent provision for the selection of the most competent, but experience has proved that this privilege, uncontrolled by some competent authority, is the parent of many abuses, and countenances great incapacity. The question with the men is, *not* "who is the best soldier," or "the most experienced among us," but "whom do we like best?" Hence the most wealthy are usually selected for offices of importance and trust, although experience almost invariably proves that the greatest amount of talent is found in the modest and unpretending.

We had not been in service long ere this was apparent to all, and though many officers were nothing but an incumbrance, pride and love of power would not permit them to resign the gilded stars or shoulder-straps of office. Murmurs and complaints indeed were

not wanting against some in every corps who had been elevated by momentary popularity, nor did this discontent arise from that unhappy habit of murmuring so prevalent among newly raised troops. What the capacity of our generals might be none dared to inquire—it was enough that the Administration, or General-in-Chief, had selected and entrusted them with commands, and the men were far too patriotic to question their discretion and choice. But in regard to regimental officers the men were not so delicate: they were criticized unmercifully, and their deficiencies magnified tenfold.

In regard to the medical staff, Government had unconsciously, perhaps, yet grievously erred. How so great a multitude of incompetents could have cajoled the Medical Board is to me a profound mystery. In every regiment there were not less than a dozen doctors, from whom, for the most part, our men had as much to fear as from their Northern enemies. Our company boasted of six who put M.D. to their names by virtue of diplomas from some far-distant college or other; but if shaken all together their medical knowledge would not have sufficed to prescribe with safety a dose of simples! This is truth; and were I to lengthen the subject by adverting to the terrible loss arising from malpractice in, or profound ignorance of, the fundamentals of surgery, as evidenced on the plains of Manassas, I might sorrowfully exclaim with the celebrated Dr. Stone of New Orleans, "our army has suffered infinitely more from surgical ignorance than from shot or steel of the enemy." Such fearful havoc I could never have imagined, as occurred from medical incompetency.

Dead were being daily buried in scores; hundreds, if not thousands, were lost to our little army before and after Manassas, from the blind stupidity and culpable pride of medical pretenders. But how could we expect otherwise? The young delighted in this fine field of practice, and became expert at the expense of the living; their elders (I cannot say betters) would lounge about and discourse pompously of everything but their profession, while the hospital stores gave abundant opportunities for indulging in their favourite habits of intoxication. Time, certainly, improved this state of things, as it afforded the younger opportunities of improvement, but at what an expense of life and limb was their professional education completed!

Another class who patriotically rushed to Richmond and obtained salaries to which they were unaccustomed, was a race of long-jawed, loud-mouthed ranters, termed for courtesy's sake ministers of the Gospel. With profound respect for a class "called of heaven" for the administration of holy offices, I may be allowed to observe that, taken as a whole, these long-bodied individuals who were saddled on our regiments simply considered themselves "called" to receive 120 dols. per month, with the rank of captain, and the privilege of eating good dinners wherever chance or Providence provided—to be terribly valiant in words, and offensively loquacious upon every topic of life, save men's salvation. Where they all came from, none knew or cared to know, especially as but little was seen or heard of them, save when some fortunate "mess" had turkey or chickens, and *then*, of course, the minister was sure to put in his

appearance, and fuss about until invited to dine. Most of these gentlemen were particularly condescending in their small talk, could wink at "trifles" after a few weeks' residence, and sometimes betrayed alarming proficiency in handling cards at a social game of poker.

The sermons preached to us were decidedly original. On one occasion I was almost petrified to hear one of the most popular of these camp preachers confess before an audience of a thousand intelligent beings that "it has never yet been positively known whether Christ came down from heaven to save the body or the soul of a man!" I also remember having heard such words of wisdom from the lips of some of these worthies as the following: "It is certain that God is infinite, and therefore He requires some infinite habitation—therefore space is infinite, and was possibly prior to God." Another quietly remarked to his hearers, "Man cannot fulfil the law—all you have to do is to believe, trust to God for and in all things, and as to the rest you may do as you please." Again, another said, "If I disagree with my brother upon points of religion, it is not much matter; he may believe in universal salvation; another denies that Christ was God; one believes in infant baptism, and another does not; but all these little things are not of much consequence, my brethren; all are trying to get to heaven as best they can, and all no doubt will finally reach there—*at least, we hope so!*"

It is hardly necessary to say that little or no good was effected in the army by these "gospel ministers" (as they termed themselves); their conduct was not as correct as it might be; and they seemed so eaten up

with indolence that they were usually considered as bores and drones. They were seldom or never found administering to the sick or dying; service was offered occasionally; but in time of battle or in the hour of anguish at the hospital, they were looked for in vain. Little, however, could be expected from such a class of men. The majority had received "calls" to retire from blacksmithing or wood-chopping to preach the gospel, and as they enjoyed but little celebrity or remuneration at home, they patriotically offered their services to Government, and were assigned duty among us. The proof of their "divine vocation" is seen in their subsequent conduct, for when Government, in its calmer moments, reduced their salaries, these spiritual heroes for the most part resigned, alleging as reasons that 80 dollars per month and rations was insufficient *remuneration* (!)

Nevertheless, truth compels me to add, by way of exception to this general condemnation, that many good and true men were to be found, who, by their upright conduct, self-denial, and zeal, counterbalanced much of the evil here adverted to. Among others who were distinguished for their correct deportment, persevering industry, unaffected piety, restless activity, and sound moral instruction, I would mention the Episcopalians and Roman Catholic priests. The latter, especially, were remarkably zealous: their services were conducted every morning in tents set apart for the purpose; and on Sunday large crowds of the more southern soldiery were regular in their attendance and devout in their behaviour; and I have not unfrequently seen General

Beauregard and other officers kneeling with scores of privates at the Holy Communion Table. Such an instance occurred on the morning of Manassas, and I could not help remarking it, as I rode past in the twilight on that eventful occasion.

The Jesuits were perfect soldiers in their demeanour; ever at the head of a column in the advance, ever the last in a retreat; and on the battle-field a black cassock, in a bending posture, would always betray the disciple of Loyola, ministering to the wounded or dying. No hospital could be found wherein was not a pale-faced, meek, and untiring man of this order. Soldierly in their education and bearing, they are ready for anything —to preach, prescribe for the sick, or offer a wise suggestion on military or social affairs. It is to the foresight and judgment of one of them that Beauregard and Johnson escaped death or capture at Manassas, for had they not met one of these missionaries during the heat of the conflict, and heeded his modest advice, one or other of these calamities must have inevitably ensued.

CHAPTER XXII.

Things at Yorktown Lines continued—We evacuate Yorktown Lines—Battle of Williamsburg, May 5th—It is claimed, as usual, by the Federals as a "Brilliant Victory"—Facts of the Matter—We offer the Enemy Battle twice before entering our Lines around Richmond, &c.

EVERY day saw our troops gradually leaving the lines, and the labour imposed upon us who remained was excessive and exhausting. We had in truth been doing "double duty" in the front ever since our arrival; but the brigade having "unfortunately" won good repute in the army, we endured the natural consequences, and were worked almost to death. It seems strange that generals should thus treat all troops of any celebrity; but such I noticed was almost invariably the case, while prim and spruce brigades, which had done nothing but eat rations and parade, were always found snugly encamped to the rear, luxuriating in idleness. Our position might be considered very "honourable," and officers might pompously speak of "posts of honour," and such like, but many like myself would have been infinitely more contented with less of the "honour" and a greater allowance of rations, in a position somewhat more distant than the one occupied ever

since our arrival. Sleeping without blankets on wet clay, or upon a bed of fence rails, often indeed sleeping on the fence itself, balancing and roosting on rails like game-cocks, was not very poetical or easy, although the general might strut about and talk largely of "reputation," "imperishable glory," and the like; and being awakened twice or thrice each night by stray bullets whistling around breastworks, was not quite so desirable as some ambitious youths "at home" might imagine! I had seen much service, it is true; but the climax seemed attained among the muddy, watery, slippery roads and breastworks of Yorktown lines. I know not what style of picture artists may draw of us in forthcoming times, but suppose men of genius will paint in glorious colours, in which all the pomp and circumstance of war will be duly portrayed, with bands and banners, fine cloth and gold lace; but should any disciple of the beautiful and true require "a living model," he can dress his subject at the nearest rag-shop, and I promise it will be pronounced "truthful and life-like" by any who fought in '61 and '62. Except our arms and accoutrements, all things else were worthless. Garments were perforated in all manner of places; some had shoes; but few rejoiced in more than one suit of under-clothes, which had never seen soap for months—for soap we had none. A little longer stay at Yorktown lines, and I might have exclaimed with Falstaff, "There is but half a shirt in my whole company."

When nearly all the troops had left, we of the honourable rearguard received notice to pack up and prepare for departure. Having nothing to pack, it was

with great facility that we formed in line and marched out of the breastworks about 9 P.M., Saturday, May 3rd. A strong picket-guard was left in front "to keep up appearances;" but the enemy were as well aware as ourselves of our every movement, having made frequent ascents with their large balloon to satisfy themselves on this point. The works were left intact, but, save a few unwieldy columbiads, all ordnance had been carried off many days previously. Our men made "dummies," and put them in the embrasures, besides stuffing old clothes to represent sentinels. These latter had placards on their backs highly complimentary of course to the "incoming" Yankees: but without noise, and in perfect order, we sallied forth towards Williamsburg. The artillerists at Yorktown had applied slow matches to their large pieces, so that during the whole night the heavens were illuminated by discharges, the immense shells bursting in all directions among the Yankee advance posts.*

When we had travelled some fifteen miles, a "halt" was sounded, for a few moments' rest; but I was so

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* A good story is told about Congressmen, a number of whom proceeded to Yorktown to see the sights after the evacuation. A Michigan colonel was in command of the guard. Citizens were prohibited admittance. Several came up and asked the corporal for permission to pass, on the plea that they were Congressmen. The corporal stated the case to the colonel.

"They are Congressmen, are they?" asked the colonel.

"So they say."

"Well, let them pass, and go where they please," said the colonel. "Let them tramp on the torpedos, go into the magazines, and where there is any prospect of their being blown to the devil, for *that is the quickest way to end the war.*"—*Northern Paper.*

fatigued that I fell sound asleep, and did not wake till long after sunrise, by which time our troops had all passed, except a few stragglers, who hurried on in great haste, bringing the agreeable news that the Yankee cavalry in great force were close at our heels! I immediately took to the woods for safety, and reached Williamsburg about noon. Expecting the enemy to pursue, our brigade was in battle array; but up to 2 P.M. none had appeared, so the line of march was resumed, and we halted in the streets of Williamsburg, before Johnson's head-quarters. The Warwick and Yorktown roads converge a short distance east of this little town, the whole eastern part of it being cleared like a lawn, and exactly suitable for a fight. Several earthworks fully commanded all this open space and the east portion of the town, having been erected by Magruder to protect his late winter-quarters. A few pieces of artillery were pointed eastward along the roads, when suddenly the enemy appeared, and, under cover of the woods, commenced shelling our redoubts.

It was evident a fight must come off at this place, so several brigades were countermarched through Williamsburg, and took up positions in a strip of wood on the edge of the town. The artillery were exchanging shots very briskly, and the greatest confusion was manifested by the inhabitants. The "pattering" of musketry now became audible, but it was generally supposed that the fight would be postponed until the morrow (Monday). The enemy's cavalry, however, were particularly active in charging upon a few stragglers who endeavoured to break across the open ground, when several squadrons

of ours attacked them sword in hand, upon which they broke, re-formed on a rising ground, and as our men galloped towards them a second time, they discharged their revolvers and disappeared. We captured many, and the advance of infantry in line across the open ground drove them through the woods for two miles. At sunset all was over: our outposts were fully two miles east of the town in the woods, and maintained their ground. General Longstreet was entrusted with defending the rear of the army, and made every disposition to entice the foe into open ground, so that he might soundly thrash them on the morrow. The retreat of the main army continued as if nothing had happened; and as our flank was threatened by a force which had been hurried with great despatch up the York River, Hood's Texan brigade was "double quicked" to Westpoint to oppose the movement.

While our brigade bivouacked west of the town waiting for orders, I could not help laughing at the wobegone features of some of our men, who, supposed to be sick, were sent to King's Mill Landing on the James, for shipment to Richmond; but the Yankee cavalry, unexpectedly appearing, dispersed them like chaff. Several days before our departure from Yorktown, the doctors had informed us that all incapable of marching to Richmond (75 miles) should give their arms to the ordnance sergeants, and proceed to King's Mill Landing (7 miles), where steamboats would be ready for their conveyance. As no fight was deemed possible, many "played possum," or "old soldier," and pretended to be terribly affected by rheumatism. But the steamboats had all gone, and

to the astonishment of our "sick" the Federal cavalry appeared on a neighbouring hill, when all these limping, rheumatically-affected gentlemen threw away their walking-sticks and clubs, and made a rush towards Williamsburg. While laughing and chatting round the camp-fire, near the roadside, a cavalry friend of mine rode up spattered with mud: "Tom, letter for you—can't stop—warm work to-morrow!" and galloped off through the mud at a fearful rate.

Our conversation had been prolonged far into the night, and as great activity was being displayed by Longstreet, prudence suggested the necessity of obtaining some little rest. It was not thought that a general engagement would ensue on the morrow, but it was imagined that the enemy would move heaven and earth to snatch some sort of victory from our rearguard, in order to magnify it abroad. When the stars paled, our men were awakened and fell into line without drums or bugles. Outposts in the woods below Williamsburg were strengthened, and ordered to fall back in good order should the enemy attack in force. The foe, under Generals Heinzleman, Hooker, and Kearney, were not long in approaching: long lines of blue coats were reported coming up the roads, with strong bodies of skirmishers on the flanks. The "popping" of pickets and outposts soon changed into the distant "pattering" volleys of men in line; artillery began to roar, and the battle of Williamsburg was fairly opened.

Our advance now began to fall back as directed, and were endeavouring to entice the enemy into open ground. It seemed to be the wish of Longstreet to

have "a fair fight and no favour." For this purpose our troops were drawn up in the long open "green" previously described, several breastworks were in the rear, and heavy supports behind them. Finding our men rapidly giving ground, the enemy left the woods, where they had been fighting under cover, and boldly came forth on the green, in beautiful order, to attack several earthworks in which were no cannon. They advanced with cheers, and waving banners; but when they had half surrounded those places, and were within seventy paces, up rose our men in the works, and poured volleys into their faces. They broke in utter confusion, sought the woods, and were mown down by grape shot from guns to the right and left. Similar experiments were tried by the enemy during the morning, but always with disastrous consequences. One redoubt was assailed not less than three times by different brigades, and successfully repused by a single regiment of South Carolinians, under Jenkins. They actually entered one mud-work which had been held by North Carolinians, but while in momentary possession a regiment of Louisianians swarmed over the parapets and killed all within it. Cannonading was incessant along the line, which, as could be observed by the smoke, was beautifully kept.

Every trick that could be imagined was resorted to by Longstreet to entice Heinzleman into open ground; but that officer remembered Manassas and knew perfectly well the mettle of our regiments. In vain brigade after brigade dashed across the "open," jumped the fences, and attacked the foe in the woods, and then fell back to invite them on; but it could not be accom-

plished. About noon it seemed as if Longstreet was desirous of retreating,—the enemy perceived it and ventured into the open ground. As quick as thought they were attacked with great fury, and our defence was changed into an attack! Artillery seemed to have acquired new life; galloping into the open, they unlimbered and commenced a fearful duel at short range! Gun after gun was abandoned by the enemy, while artillerymen unemployed would dash with spare horses under fire, and secure the trophies. Infantry in all directions were shouting and entering the woods in front, and every one seemed to wear a pleased and laughing countenance. "If they *won't* advance to Richmond, we'll make them advance to Yorktown," was the common expression.

From the line of fire it would seem that Heinzleman *was* inclined to return, for our musketry and artillery were advanced a mile in the woods. But rain had fallen the previous night and rendered our progress irksome and slow, for the roads were of light sand, or deep tenacious mud. Wherever we moved the woods were strewn with dead bodies, and arms plentiful. Those of our men who possessed only old muskets or inferior weapons exchanged them for better while advancing, so that the enemy had not thrown them away many minutes ere they were being handled by superior artists, and with deadly effect. The wounded, if at all able, would invariably pick up a good rifle on their way to the rear; so that spare ordnance waggons were continually moving off with valuable spoil.

After driving the enemy about a mile through the timber, and with considerable slaughter, Longstreet halted his veteran division, and re-formed. He then endeavoured to entice Heinzleman into an advance, but, failing in this, he "let loose" his men once again, and the Federals were driven still farther back at all points. The enemy were approaching their supports, while we were leaving ours behind us. This would not answer, so that having conquered fully two miles of ground, and driven the enemy from our front, we began to retire, carrying off whatever was likely to prove useful. I myself counted six field-pieces, and several thousand stand of arms, and (though not said in vanity, but for sake of example) among several hundred prisoners were five troopers of the "5th U. S. Dragoons," whom I had captured without trouble. At nightfall the field was scoured in search of arms, and many prisoners were taken who, lying on their faces during close action, pretended to be dead, but willingly came forward and seemed anxious to be paroled, but *not* exchanged. Having done as much as possible for our dead and wounded, and thrown strong picket-guards along our front, our men were allowed several hours for rest; and about 2 A.M. next morning the line of retreat was continued, and all the forces marched away as undisturbed as if the enemy were a thousand miles distant. As we never had any "spare" transportation in the most prosperous times (and of course very little in presence of an enemy who could well supply us), many of our wounded were left behind in Williamsburg, and scores of dead left unburied. This, of course, was a "military

necessity." Longstreet was far in the rear with his corps, and had to hurry on to the main army. No enemy pursued, however, and it was not until Tuesday evening (May 6), sixteen hours after we had left, that the enemy entered Williamsburg in force.

This affair was heralded by M'Clellan as a "complete victory;" and the newspapers quoted M'Clellan's despatch, in large capitals, "The enemy are running! I will drive them to the wall!" Large editions, expressly for European circulation, spoke of the rebellion as "nigh broken up," and described our troops as "ragged, hungry, footsore, and dispirited—all they want now is one more twist of the Anaconda's coil," &c. I will not deny that two or three hundred Dutch, Jews, and unnaturalized foreigners were captured by the enemy's cavalry, and that some few of them, tired of war, took the oath of allegiance, and went North; but this was blazoned abroad with great exaggeration, and the silly multitude of Abolitionists piously believed what newspaper penny-a-liners wrote, and thought the backbone of rebellion *was* broken. Facts are stubborn things, and truth stranger than fiction; but if driving our enemy fully two miles over the battle-field by an inferior force, capturing their cannon, together with thousands of arms, and hundreds of prisoners, killing and wounding an aggregate of four thousand or more, sleeping on the battle-field, and retiring at leisure with great booty —if all these things, by any conceivable logic, can be twisted into a "Complete Federal Victory," "Grand Smash-up of the Rebels," &c., as claimed by the official despatches and newspapers of the North, I should very

much like to see what a Federal *defeat* is like. They have lied, however, so often and so unblushingly, that we can but laugh at their overweening vanity and unscrupulous falsehood: words are thrown away on the subject.

From prisoners we ascertained that Heinzleman, Sumner, Hooker, Kearney, and other divisional commanders, had directed the Federals, from which it was easy to infer that their force numbered 40,000 strong. Longstreet commanded on our side, and I *know* did not handle more than 25,000 men. The character of the fighting at the onset was brilliant and dashing on both sides, and the enemy displayed more spirit for a few hours than I had ever seen before on battle-fields; but when they had fairly met our men once or twice, they evinced little desire of marching into open ground. The several charges made by them on our rifle-pits were well conceived and gallantly attempted, but our fire was so steady and unerring, the rush of our men so determined, that, despite all their teaching and splendid appearance, they invariably broke before our "ragged rebels."

Several incidents which came under my notice are illustrative of events that were happening along our whole line. We captured several of "Sickles' Brigade" —an organization of New York "bullies" and "roughs;" and the position of which corps was ascertained to be on the edge of timber to our front, where they had erected a barrier by piling branches against the fence-rails, behind and through which they maintained a galling fire, but would not advance into the open. The

19th Mississippi were in front of this place, and, learning that the immortal Dan Sickles and his "pets" were opposite, formed ranks (700 strong), rushed across the "green," and with deafening yells assaulted the place, clambered over the fence, delivered their fire at ten paces, and drove this brigade several hundred yards before them into the woods, capturing many prisoners. Superior officers were displeased at the affair—the regiment was recalled, and assumed its old position without a word. The gallant colonel of this regiment (Colonel Lomax) was shot during the day; his negro servant recovered the body in the Yankee lines, and carried it on his back several miles, conveyed it to Richmond to the bereaved wife, and kept the promise he had made her—viz. *never to let his master's body fall into the hands of the enemy.*

Though I disapprove of eulogizing particular regiments, except for special reasons, there are several corps which have been mentioned in terms of praise by the enemy, and if I add a few words regarding them, it is but to show the general spirit of the army, and what other regiments would have done if similarly circumstanced. Some of the South Carolinians, under Colonel Jenkins, were ordered to hold a redoubt, in which, I believe, no cannon were mounted; it was a little in advance of the general line, and an especial mark for the enemy's shells. The men did not expose themselves, but lay close under the walls, and except that the colonel appeared on horseback, standing on one of the platforms, no one would have supposed that it was held by more than a corporal's guard. Guns from a neigh-

bouring battery replied to the enemy, and for half an hour the Carolinians seemed to be lost in a little island, round which an angry ocean raged in vain.

The enemy ceased their fire, and troops approaching to attack the redoubt, rushed across the intervening space, and then surrounding the work in horseshoe form, approached still nearer. Those who knew the character of Jenkins were well aware that he was but quietly awaiting the proper moment. It came when the foe were not more than seventy paces distant, when, in a moment, up rose the Carolinians in the redoubt, a simultaneous report was heard, and hundreds of the enemy fell in all directions. They re-formed rapidly, and advanced a few steps nearer, when another volley, heavier than the first, circled the parapet with smoke, and the enemy fled in great disorder. A cheer rose from the redoubt, artillery opened with deafening sounds, and the Carolinians, as before, crouched under the walls. Three several attempts were made to take the work, but each signally failed, the last being most disastrous, for Jenkins, seeing a fine opportunity to charge, withdrew part of his regiment behind the work, and when the volley was given, a "charge" was ordered, and the Yankees retired confusedly to the cover of the woods, and made no more efforts to take the position. Had they possessed themselves of the place it could not have served them, for our guns in regular line would have massacred them in it.

Another small redoubt was held by North Carolinians; the enemy stealthily approached and took it by escalade, our men suffering considerably in retiring.

A Louisiana regiment was in the rear, and saw the whole affair. Without waiting for orders, they rushed across the open ground, dashed headlong into the redoubt, and all who escaped over the parapet were shot down or bayoneted by two companies who remained outside for that purpose. In this, as in all other instances I have witnessed of the Louisianians, their recklessness and daring have always astonished me, yet, considering their material, half Creole, half Irish, none need be astonished to find them nonpareils, when fighting for their homes and liberty against a negro-worshipping mixture of Dutch and Yankee. In this, as in all other fights witnessed by me, the cavalry had very little to do,—the Yankee horse were always in the rear collecting stragglers, and forcing men to keep their lines. The day before had witnessed slight cavalry skirmishes, resulting in our favour, but nothing of the kind had transpired on Monday—it was entirely an affair of infantry and artillery.

The artillery, it cannot be denied, behaved nobly, and, it must be confessed, effectually "snuffed out" the enemy more than once during the day. I cannot account for the fact, yet in all truth it *is* fact. When no one opposes them, the drill and accuracy of the enemy are very fine, but I have ever remarked that when ours meet them at close quarters, they work their guns very rapidly, but fire extremely wild. When Mowry's and Couts' field batteries were sustaining a duello against great odds, and had disabled several of the enemy's pieces, fresh ones were ever at hand to replace them, and keep up the fire. Once during the

day Couts had silenced four guns, and some of the Richmond howitzers, unemployed, seeing him overworked, volunteered to dash in under fire, and bring the guns off. Unhitching the horses from their howitzers, they galloped into the smoke, and within a few yards of the foe brought off four magnificent rifled pieces, which they very gallantly presented to the chivalrous Couts upon the field, and in view of both armies. Obtaining permission to open fire on the enemy, the howitzers, under M'Carthy, drove their guns up to within a hundred yards of the enemy, and worked them with such effect, that they were driven from their position in the woods within half an hour. The whole face of the timber in M'Carthy's front was literally blown to pieces, and when we subsequently advanced in that direction, our path was impeded by dismounted cannons, caissons, numbers of dead horses, and scores of infantry.

The morning after Williamsburg, I, with others, was detailed to escort a batch of prisoners to Richmond, and in hurrying on I overtook troops marching to West Point, the head of the York River; rumours being rife that Franklin and other Federal generals were disembarking a large force there to assail us on the flank. The main army, however, had travelled with such celerity, that they were beyond the line of West Point, so that the Texans, in that vicinity, actually constituted part of our rearguard; Longstreet, as usual, farther to the rear with his victorious and veteran force, being not far distant in case of emergency. The idea of this flank movement did credit to the genius of

M'Clellan, but its performance was a miserable failure. Franklin's forces at that point far outnumbered ours, for Hood's Texan brigade was the chief corps to oppose him. After disembarking, Franklin lingered and loitered near his transports and gunboats, until Hood had beat about to find his whereabouts. Without proper knowledge of the topography of the country, Franklin put his troops in motion, and had not progressed many miles ere he discovered Hood advantageously posted in line of battle, and without giving time to deploy the Texans were upon him, decimating his ranks with unerring aim. The fight was wild and confused—Franklin hurriedly fell back before an inferior force, and did not halt until under the guns of his flotilla. Hood had punished him severely in a two hours' fight, and sensibly fell back to the main army at his leisure. This affair was claimed as "a decided success" by the Federals, but *facts* speak for themselves.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Military Transactions in May—Our Army continues to fall back upon Richmond—I am despatched to the City with Prisoners—Hospitality of the Virginian Farmers—News received *en route*—Evacuation of Norfolk—Destruction of the *Merrimac*—The Defences of Richmond—Treatment of Prisoners—Our Army forms Line of Battle North of the Chickahominy—Position of M'Clellan—I receive a Staff Appointment—Table Talk, &c.

As before remarked, I was ordered to conduct a batch of prisoners to Richmond, and, to spare them unnecessary pain in running the gauntlet of our army camped along the roads, it was deemed best to proceed by the James River. At night we sought the shelter of the farmhouses on our route, and met with a truly hospitable reception. Everything that could be possibly provided for our comfort was lavishly displayed, and I was agreeably impressed with the neatness and comfort exhibited in their dwellings. Courtly, high-toned, and refined, the style of these old Virginians impressed me much with what I could remember of the hale and hearty squires of England, whom they very much resembled in manner and means. My prisoners seemed delighted with their treatment, and many professed their willingness to take the oath of allegiance, and remain South, as some of them subsequently did, and,

entering our ranks, made excellent soldiers. Throughout our progress across this beautiful section of country, I never heard an offensive word whispered regarding my charge, and although we sometimes remained all night in houses of those whose sons had already died in the war, except a few words of natural complaint, I never heard or saw anything that would indicate the existence of that revengeful feeling which the Northern papers were continually asserting against us. My own feeling, now the battle was over, was to treat them as I would have wished to be treated, had our positions been reversed, and, although it necessitated an outlay I could ill spare, there was nothing I could purchase for their comfort that I failed to do. Had fortune thrown in my way such men as Seward, Lincoln, Blair, Sumner, or Hale, I should have been tempted to use some of the handcuffs out of the waggon-loads which old Scott had sent to Manassas for very different individuals. In such a case it would have been a good joke; but in the present instance, a cruel one.

When we hailed a steamboat above Berkeley, I learned the following facts. Huger, I was informed, had not made a successful evacuation of Norfolk, and much valuable property had fallen into the enemy's hands. This arose from an act of treachery on the part of a Government employé. When Huger received orders to evacuate, he immediately made every possible arrangement for that purpose. Immense stores were conveyed away, and most of the troops had left, when the captain of a small steamboat hitherto in our employ

(a Northerner by birth) thought to make capital by going over to the enemy a few miles distant at Fortress Monroe. The enemy immediately commenced shelling our works at Sewell's Point, and, receiving no response, determined upon landing troops. Several vessels had already escaped up James River, from Norfolk, and others were sunk; but it became a matter of dispute as to what should be done with the *Merrimac*, which, a short time before, had become famous by sinking the *Cumberland* and other vessels under the guns of Fortress Monroe. It was alleged that her draught of water was too great for James River; pilots disputed the possibility of steering her safely over the "bars," if lightened; but while this indecision reigned in council, the enemy's guns were heard at Sewell's Point: the *Merrimac* was hastily coaled, and slowly steamed down to frighten the enemy off. It was thought that a night engagement might ensue, but as it was positively stated that she would not answer helm, she ended her brief but glorious career by being blown up shortly after midnight, and within a mile of the enemy! * The Federals were so quick in their move-

* It appears from an authentic account of the event that the officers of the *Virginia* had no orders for her destruction; but after the evacuation of Norfolk they held a council on board, and determined to carry her into James River, if possible, which could be done, the pilot said, on eighteen feet draught. The ship was then drawing twenty-two feet, but all hands were set to work lightening her by throwing overboard coal, ballast, &c. By midnight she was lightened to eighteen feet; but it was then found that her wooden hull, below the plating, was exposed, and that the westerly wind prevailing had so lowered the water in James River, that with eighteen feet draught she could not be taken up far beyond Newport News. Thus daylight would find her under the guns of the iron-clads *Galena* and *Monitor*, which could easily capture

ments that our "burning parties" had scarcely made their escape from the various ship-yards ere Norfolk was again in the hands of the Yankees. Huger conducted his retreat with great order, and was far out of harm's way.

In our progress up the James we hailed and conversed with the *Patrick Henry* and other war vessels, which were steaming about City Point (fifteen miles from Richmond), in anticipation of the enemy's approach, and assisted a gunboat in towing up the iron-clad *Virginia No.* 2, which required completion. This was

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or destroy her by firing into her below the armour. Another council was held, and it was resolved to destroy the great ship. Her decks and roof were saturated with oil, her crew of three hundred and fifty men were disembarked in small boats, trains of powder were laid from each port-hole to different parts of the vessel, and these were lighted at a given signal. Simultaneously the ship was on fire in many parts, and after burning several hours the flames reached the magazine about four o'clock in the morning, when the *Virginia* was blown up with an explosion heard thirty-two miles distant.

In a despatch sent to the *New York Times*, from Fortress Monroe, under date of the 14th, we read:—

"At four o'clock this morning a bright light was observed from Fortress Monroe in the direction of Craney Island. Precisely at half-past four o'clock an explosion took place which made the earth and water tremble for miles around. In the midst of the bright flame which shot up in the distance, the timbers and iron of a steamer could be seen flying through the air. No doubt was entertained that the *Merrimac* had ceased to exist.

"From men found on the island we ascertained that the *Merrimac* lay buried on Saturday at a point nearly a mile from the head of the island. During the night she had been brought back and brought ashore. Her entire officers and crew were landed on the island, and a slow match was then applied to her magazine. She was torn to fragments by the time her crew got out of reach of her. Negroes state that the officers and crew of the *Merrimac* passed through the adjoining county on the mainland about eight o'clock in the morning, to the number of two hundred. They said they were on their way to Suffolk, on the line of the river leading from Craney Island to Norfolk."

the first time I had seen any specimen of our infant navy, and must confess the splendid appearance, quickness, cleanliness, neatness, and obedience of the seamen were in favourable contrast with the sleepy, lackadaisical dandyism of the officers—many of whom were mere lads. That they all had "pluck" and "dash" in superabundance, their quick eye and recent services well betokened; but there was a "something" in their affectation, their manner of walking, and their use of the telescope which impressed me with a strong idea that the greater part were "novices," and owed their gold bands and white gloves more to political and family influence than "service" or sound qualification. The men were truly magnificent specimens of bone and muscle—mostly foreign born, from the merchant navy; and, dressed as they all were in the neat blue uniforms captured at Norfolk, reminded me much of what I had seen of the British navy in American waters—bronzed and rosy fellows, active as cats, and fit to fight a frigate at any odds.

While at City Point I was informed that General Magruder was alarmingly unwell at one of the many beautiful residences near this point; but it was whispered confidentially, "Oh! he's not very sick! he's been on a spree because Johnson would not fight at Yorktown! It is only the effect of too much Bourbon and chagrin!" This was probably the truth. This accomplished but "nervous" officer very much desired to fight and immortalize his name at Yorktown, behind the lines he had so scientifically planned and perfected in secrecy; but Lee and Johnson could penetrate more

deeply into the enemy's plans there than the fighting engineer deemed worthy of consideration; and to engage a superior force, with our flanks unprotected and assailable at any hour by powerful and resistless fleets, would have been an act of madness. As it was, we could not retreat without a severe fight, and had reason to consider ourselves extremely fortunate in escaping as we did. The true line of defence, as foreseen by the astute Lee a year before, was nearer Richmond; and it had been magnificently mapped and fortified by that officer, without noise or puff, even when the majority of the unthinking were loth to consider him anything more than a quiet, inoffensive officer, possessing more of religion than strategy. For my own part, though smiled at by the would-be wiseheads, I heartily rejoiced to hear of Lee's appointment as Commander-in-Chief; nor were my opinions of him hastily formed, or doomed to disappointment, as results will amply prove.

In approaching Richmond, my eye was actively engaged in scanning the landscape and river banks for batteries to resist the coming enemy, but none were visible, nor indeed were any in progress. A few earthworks below City Point had been successively abandoned, and those which had the hardihood to oppose the Federal gunboats were destroyed by the first broadside. Nearer the city, I observed an immense raft concealed under the banks and trees, which was said to be amply sufficient to blockade the river. It was not closed, but could be within an hour's notice. We had passed several bluffs, which, if properly fortified, could effec-

tually stop the enemy in the narrow windings of the river, but as yet no works were erected, and no cannon mounted. This I considered gross negligence or incapacity in Secretary Mallory, who had charge of naval affairs. Some charged the administration with imbecility; others shook their heads, as if the final hour were rapidly approaching; while a few, I thought, betrayed more pleasure than pain in the anxiety and the feverish excitement of the majority.

Of President Davis I knew something, but nothing in his character was like the picture angrily drawn of him by the unthinking. He could *not* attend to everything; after appointments were made, the most he could do was to *suggest* on matters pertaining to the duties or requirements of those in the various chairs of office. It would not only be presumption, but gross ignorance, to suppose that *he* did this, or ordered that. His own duties were more than any dozen men, except himself, could have pretended to perform; still, although labouring night and day, planning, counselling, providing, receiving visitors, writing, speaking, he was blamed for everything that went amiss. He bore it all, however, without murmuring. The press might abuse him, office seekers annoy him, petty councillors bore him, mistakes and bickerings of his Cabinet vex him; State, political, social, or religious deputations pester him with demands, petitions, and a thousand other daily annoyances; yet the poor, pale, hard-working President bore it all with philosophic equanimity. Putting on his blue flannel overcoat, he would mount his chestnut mare, smoke a cigar, and take a quiet ride, unattended, through the

streets in the afternoon, as calmly and unostentatiously as if he were merely Mr. J. Davis, proprietor of a 200-acre farm, with a round dozen of bouncing babies. Heigho! who would envy the poor President? If a negro were worked a twentieth as much, his master would be imprisoned or fined for inhuman treatment!

After delivering my prisoners at Lilly's Tobacco Warehouse—the chief of many such establishments in the city—I endeavoured to obtain accommodation at the "Spottswood" and other hotels, but found it an impossibility, every house being crowded to excess. I must confess, too, my personal appearance was anything but prepossessing, and when I pushed my way through a crowd of dandily attired officers and civilians, I was gazed upon as something of a phenomenon; for *my* part I looked upon them with contempt, for although dressed in all the colours of the different arms of the service, from generals down to captains, their unblemished linen and gold braid told me plainly they were for the most part impostors, boring the various departments for commissions, or for some kind of employment, and disporting their figures on the sunny side of Capitol Square. In vain I offered any price for a bed, and even proposed giving five dollars for the privilege of sleeping on the floor of the reception room. All that I have said of Richmond in a previous chapter—of the fabulous prices obtained for necessaries, the scenes of perpetual gaiety, the uninterrupted waste of money, and the imposition everywhere practised—might be here repeated; but enough. The one redeeming feature of the city may, however, be mentioned. I never saw the least symp-

toms of intoxication in the streets, owing to the discipline of martial law, and the almost impossibility of obtaining liquors.

The prisoners, as I have said, were confined in tobacco-warehouses fitted up for their use, near the river, which served admirably for temporary prisons. Being very large, four stories high, and of great capacity, they were capable of accommodating several hundreds of men each, and being well guarded, it was almost impossible for a prisoner to effect his escape. The food allotted to those in durance was that usually allowed to soldiers, but in greater quantity and variety than ever fell to our lot in camp. Every convenience was allowed them, and, except room for out-of-door exercise, I saw nothing in the arrangements that merited the denunciations of the Northern press about our barbarous treatment of prisoners in our terrible tobacco-warehouses. Considering all things, they seemed to enjoy themselves very much; they were permitted every facility for purchasing things not allowed by our regulations for diet; ministers and others frequently visited them—particularly Catholic priests—and books, clothing, and money were often bestowed upon them. On the other hand, the men, generally speaking, behaved themselves as became their situation; though occasionally some ill-bred fellow among them would excite to sedition, and the culprit being discovered, he was removed, and punished. Several, I know, were shot for attempting to escape; and on one or two occasions men particularly vulgar to ladies in passing, after having been duly warned, and on a repetition of the offence, were shot at

and wounded by the guards. Hundreds were sent south, in various directions, to make room for fresh arrivals, and from the preparations of Government for additional prisons and hospitals it became very evident that stirring events were expected at no distant day.

Hospitals were numerous, the chief being Chimborazo on the east, and Camp Winder west of the city, each capable of accommodating several thousands. Their situation was the best to be had, and Government had done all in its power to render them comfortable and commodious. They looked like large forts at a distance, with their whitened walls and banners; but on close inspection proved to be long rows of wooden buildings, marked off into divisions, streets, and wards: on inspection I found an abundance of all things provided that the medical department could possibly furnish; though some kinds of medicines were very scarce, particularly quinine, of which very little could be obtained, even at twenty dollars per ounce. The doctors, however, appeared to me to be very indifferent, and lacking of much kindness and capacity; they were seldom in their offices, often promenading with ladies, and were great consumers of whatever wines and liquors Government intended for the sick. This may account for the pressure of business among coffin-contractors and grave-diggers, and for the stream of hearses continually running to and from the cemeteries. I saw but few clergymen in the hospitals, but was deeply impressed with the piety, self-devotion, and unceasing attentions of those good angels called "Sisters of Charity," who were ever in motion, night and day, in

ministering to the sick. They had an especial hospital of their own on the Brooke turnpike road, called "St. Joseph's;" and it was a perfect paradise of cleanliness and comfort.

From information I could gather round the War Office, it appears that Johnson had remained in line of battle more than a week several miles north of the Chickahominy, in the vain hope that M'Clellan would attack. The Federals, however, remained at a respectful distance, and seemed as disinclined for combat in open ground, with a river in our rear, as they were when we invited them in March, with the Rapidan in our front. Slowly advancing towards Richmond, M'Clellan took up the pursuit, and sharp skirmishing occurred as we crossed the Chickahominy at Mechanicsville bridge, five miles from Richmond. It surprised me much to hear that our whole army was so near the city, and it surprised me still more to learn that I was transferred from my regiment to an officer's position on the staff. My future duties would be light, pay increased, forage allowed, with daily opportunities of passing and repassing to town. I felt ashamed to leave my old regiment, with which I had served so long, for I thought it looked unpatriotic to leave the gallant foot to go prancing at the heels of a chief of artillery. My company did not object. I could benefit them considerably in many ways, and, promising to be with them in the hour of battle, I mounted my unruly mare, drew all arrears from the paymaster, and invited several of my old superior officers to a supper in town, in order to finish

my career in the infantry with due honour and solemnity.

We were in high spirits during our little supper, and much was said regarding the merits and qualifications of various generals and heads of departments, which would have startled the gentlemen mentioned could they have heard it. But when were soldiers in want of topics for conversation? Captain Smithers and Major Jones, at one end of the table, were professionally discussing the results of the war, and were very declamatory in style; Lieutenant Jenkins was narrating some romantic adventure among the pretty Quakeresses of Loudon County, and had two listeners; Lieutenant-Colonel Dobbs was explaining "formations" and "changes of front" to Captain Johnstone, who, Scotchman-like, was disputing the authority of Dobbs' version of "Hardee;" while Lieutenant Moore entertained half a dozen round the fire with his reminiscences of the Emerald Isle.

Said Major Jones, emptying his glass, "Smithers, I entirely disagree with you. The campaign wasn't worth a cent till Lee took the helm, and I believe that Davis himself endeavoured to map out operations before that. See what miserable failures Roanoke and Donnelson were. Who was commander-in-chief before Lee? Nobody that I know; and the fact of sending men to be cooped up, surrounded, and destroyed on that island speaks volumes for the stupidity and incapacity of somebody. I don't mean to say that a stouter resistance might not have been made by a better general than Wise. Wise has proved himself a first-rate orator,

writer, and politician—is greatly beloved in Virginia—but all these things go to show that it requires something more than popularity to make a general. Fort Donnelson, also, was left to be erected by the State of Tennessee, and see what a miserable waste of money it was. Fort Henry was evacuated even by the Federals on account of the flow of water into it; and although Donnelson was something better, far more eligible sites could have been selected, and the Government grant of half a million put to a better use. Look at New Orleans also! Lovell, a man without reputation, was left in supreme command of that all-important place; the batteries below it were insufficient against iron-clads; the construction of new gunboats was given to Northerners resident there, and although their inactivity and incapacity were known to the authorities, they were allowed to shilly-shally until the enemy came, and passed by the forts unscratched—our ships were burned, Lovell evacuated the city, and it fell. Don't tell me, Smithers, every one knows there has been gross mismanagement in several cases; until Lee came in there was no visible head at work, and those that were at work, the fathers of these blunders, had better keep themselves invisible still."

"Don't say anything more, Major," said Johnstone, with a strong accent; "I have a great respect for 'Hardee,' for he is a good kind of Scotchman from Glasgow, as my friend M'Gregor informs me, but there is no doubt about it that Beauregard was badly whipped at Manassas by that old Stirling man, M'Dowell. I knew some of the M'Dowells in Scotland,

and good people they were. Beauregard is a good officer, and all he wants is a little Scotch blood in him to make a first-rate strategist. But we all know that had old Mac followed us up vigorously after passing Sudley Ford, we should never have been here now, I'm thinking, drinking bad whisky at four o'clock o' the morning. Why, man, our right wing was never engaged at all. Longstreet, Jones, and Ewell hardly fired a shot all day; and there was the left overlapped by the Yankees at three in the afternoon, and when we *did* drive them back, and got them into a panic, Beauregard hadn't more than two regiments at their heels. Old Evans, at Leesburg, did the thing handsomely; he killed more than the number of his own men actually engaged; made prisoners of twice as many, and drowned the rest. I hear he came from Fife before entering the Northern army. Yes, dear old Scotland has given a good many men in this war—there's M'Clellan from Argyle, and Scott from Dumfries, and——"

Johnstone might have gone on claiming Southern celebrities for natives of Scotia, but Moore, becoming indignant, swore roundly that Beauregard was from Limerick, and Lee from Cork, so that those of us who had not gone beyond a dozen glasses were obliged to take care of those who had, and to conduct them to chambers where they might dream over the question of Homer and Garibaldi being Irish or Scotch, without fear of using empty bottles for weapons.

Having seen some, who required it, comfortably provided for the night, Dobbs and myself retired to the

same room; while smoking, the conversation turned on Jackson, whose movements in the valley began to excite interest about this time. The Major had seen him at Manassas, and spoke of him dispassionately. He had not achieved much greatness in that conflict, but received a name there which will be as imperishable as history.

"I received letters a few days ago from Ashton," said my friend, "who is now with Jackson in the Valley; you knew Ashton very well. Amuse yourself while I take a nap, for 'tis nearly dawn, and I must be out in camp early."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Preparations for the Defence of Richmond in May—Operation of the Conscript Law—Earthworks and other Defences designed by Lee—Arrival of Federal Boats and Iron-clads—Works at Drury's Bluff—Immense Raft—Capture of Richmond anticipated—Position of the two Armies on the Chickahominy—Number of Troops on either side—M'Clellan advances.

At this period the Conscript law came into operation, and there was much grumbling among such as fell under its provisions. Those who had been in the army at all, for however short a period, were not averse to remaining in the ranks; for they knew absolute necessity alone had compelled Congress to pass such a law, and if liberty was to be gained, it must be by great sacrifices of individual convenience and pleasure. Lincoln had called out 75,000 men at the commencement of the war, and having received every additional man the States offered, he had now an army of not less than seven hundred thousand in the field. There was little opposition made in our several States to the call of the President; some thought, indeed, the act was an unconstitutional one; yet the men were rapidly supplied, and discussion deferred until times of peace. Accordingly, when Johnson had fallen back to

his line of defence around Richmond, we found many new regiments awaiting to join us.

The exactions of this law, however, were very oppressive to many, and seemingly despotic; hundreds who had volunteered for and served one year, had not been resident in the South more than a few months when the war broke out: so that to put such men on an equality with those born on the soil who had not served at all, seemed like the shadow of absolutism. There was much murmuring, therefore; and many, rather than serve for an indefinite period as the price of citizenship, abandoned the cause, and sought protection from the consuls of their several countries.

The character of the conscripts, who entered willingly on the service, was excellent, and they bore the jokes of the volunteers with a good grace. Physically, they were the flower of the nation, tall, well-made, sinewy fellows, who considered their knapsacks no greater weight than a pair of gloves. We all expected them to behave well in action, nor were we disappointed. Their shooting was splendid. Many of them would have entered the army before, but had been in regiments which were refused service at the beginning of the war; some did not know how much they were needed; and others again, though brave and ripe enough for a fight at any time, had formed such disagreeable notions of camp life from letters and journals, that they felt a decided repugnance to entering the ranks until compelled. Taken altogether, the morale of our troops, though always good, at this period was excellent. As they took up the lines assigned them, nought

but good humour and hilarity was visible, for they well knew that Johnson *could not* fall back farther, and that the conflict must soon come. This they desired, and were aching to pay back with interest the taunts and insults of the overfed and bombastic Yankees of the Yorktown lines.

A part of Huger's division from Norfolk had arrived through Petersburg and the south side of the James; rapid progress was made with defensive works and obstructions to prevent gunboats ascending the river; earthworks of magnitude arose on every side around Richmond; and the speedy appearance of Yankee encampments north of the Chickahominy gave eloquent indications that things were coming to a crisis. The earthworks had been designed by Lee more than ten months ere our army reached their position. They were constructed in different shapes, to suit the conformation of the ground; they swept all the roads, crowned every hillock, and mounds of red earth could be seen in striking contrast with the rich green aspect of the landscape. Redoubts, rifle-pits, casemate batteries, horn works, and enfilading batteries were visible in great number, in and out of the woods, in all directions; some were mounted with heavy siege pieces, of various calibre, but the majority were intended for field guns. Heavy ordnance was scarce, and home-made cannon often proved worthless and brittle, in many instances killing those who put them to the "proof."

It was reported that the enemy's gunboats and ironclads were approaching up the river, and had contemptuously "snuffed out" several mud batteries that

had the temerity to fire. The *Monitor*, *Galena*, and other iron-clads, were actually at City Point, fifteen miles from Richmond, and feverish excitement possessed all, save the calm, cold, smiling gentlemen of the War Office. Many large boxes from the various departments stood on the side walks ominously labelled "Lynchburg," and I could not help smiling to see how the features of bystanders lengthened while gazing upon them. "Well," said they, "I suppose Johnson is going to give up Richmond like everything else, and will continue to 'fall back' until we are all swimming in the Gulf of Mexico." There was not the slightest trepidation observable in the Government offices; all things went on as usual, and President Davis took his evening ride as placidly as ever. It was seen, however, that the enemy could never come up the river to Richmond, for heavy works had been hastily erected and mounted at Drury's Bluff. The immense raft was considered impregnable; the crew of the late *Merrimac* manned several large rifled pieces, the banks and woods swarmed with sharpshooters, while several excellent rifled field batteries were ready, with the supports, to the rear.

At length, when the enemy's gunboats came within easy range, the sailors at the land batteries on the south side, and the guns of the Washington Artillery corps on the north bank, poured such a stream of shot and shell into them as to present an unbroken sheet of flame from the woods. At the same time, care was taken that our firing should be accurate. No sooner had the gunboats opened the shutters of their ports, than every

gun was directed at the vulnerable point, and a shower of small shot poured in, so that the gunboats were soon rendered useless, and "backed out" to greater range.* Dozens of our shell, we could perceive, exploded among their gunners below deck, and such was the destruction that none of the crews ventured to appear above board. Their firing, however, was hotly maintained, but, as our position was on a bluff, their shell passed overhead, and did but trifling damage. This lasted for several hours, when the discomfiture of the foe was so complete, that all their gunboats and iron-clads withdrew in disgust, and never troubled us again. From Northern accounts we learned that not less than twenty gunners were killed in one iron-clad alone, and several boats so much shattered internally, that they were quietly taken down to Fortress Monroe for repairs, and members of the press were forbidden to visit or inspect them. It was admitted that our shore batteries had fully repulsed them, and this acknowledgment from men accustomed to the falsification of facts speaks volumes for our success.

Notwithstanding the efforts of Government to prepare for the approaching conflict, the ominous look of large packing-boxes on the pavements, and the removal of iron safes, led thousands to believe the army would

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* A late Northern paper says:—"The armour of the *Galena*, which was pierced by the projectiles of the rebel batteries below Richmond, was three inches thick. The *Monitor* has thus far stood the fire with her five-inch plates, but as guns of enormous calibre and projectiles of great momentum are in vogue, it is safe to increase the thickness of the armour."

evacuate Richmond, and perhaps give up Virginia also, as untenable. Many conveyed property to the interior, and there existed a feverish excitement among the little merchants. Jews and Germans were converting everything into cash at ruinous rates of discount, sometimes paying 400 dollars in paper for 100 dollars in cash; while others of their brethren changed goods into tobacco, which they stowed away in cellars, preparatory to M'Clellan's arrival; though very secretly accomplished, the thing was known, and no notice taken of it by our authorities. The idea of giving up Richmond was heart-breaking, but so doubtful were appearances that it was not until Governor Letcher, in an audience with President Davis, had been positively assured that "Virginia should not be given up, but defended until the streets of Richmond ran with blood," that any certainty was felt regarding ministerial measures. When the Governor rehearsed the substance of his interview with the President to the assembled Legislature, a popular outburst of feeling ensued: all swore to reduce the place to ashes rather than surrender, and the faces of all were flushed with patriotic pride as they armed themselves for the coming conflict. The enemy, indeed, had vigorously pushed their advance to the neighbourhood of the capital, and on the right of their line were but four miles distant from it.

To understand the posture of affairs at this time it is necessary to form an intelligible idea of the locality and of the positions occupied by the rival armies. Richmond is situated at what may be considered the head of the Yorktown peninsula. On the south side the penin-

sula is washed by the James River; on the north, by the York River, to within seventy miles of the capital. The York River is continued by its tributary the Pamunkey River, which approaches within a few miles of the capital. At the foot of the peninsula, where the James flows into Chesapeake Bay, are Newport News and Hampton Roads. So much for the general geography of the Richmond peninsula, as shown on ordinary maps.

The approaching battle-fields may be represented by an imaginary square, the sides of which indicate the four quarters. At the bottom or south will be Richmond, and the rear of our army; the upper side, or north, will represent the rear of M'Clellan's forces. We must now suppose that a river rises in the southwest, and runs easterly, but in the centre of the diagram flows rapidly north-eastwardly—this is the Chickahominy, cutting the imaginary equator diagonally; and the equator itself is the common front of both armies. It will thus be seen that M'Clellan's right rested north, and his left south of the stream, the communication being maintained with both wings by several bridges, his centre resting on both sides of the stream at Bottom's Bridge.

From Richmond there are five roads which cut the Chickahominy at right angles, in the following order, from west to east:—the Brook (or Hanover Court-house) Turnpike; the Mechanicsville Turnpike (the village of Mechanicsville being on the north side of the river, and the head-quarters of FitzJohn Porter, commanding the Federal right wing); the Nine Mile Road;

York River Railroad; the Williamsburg road; the Charles City road; and the Darbytown road. From the curve of the river across our front, our left and the enemy's right rested *on* the stream, but at the Charles City road (our right and the enemy's left) were far from the stream, it being many miles to their rear.

The whole front, a distance of about seven miles, was strongly defended by field-works of all kinds, to suit the ground. Between our left and the enemy's right, the ground dipped, the head of the stream being in the centre, but friend and foe had high ground which commanded Mechanicsville Bridge; the pickets of either army being within a hundred yards of the bridge. This bottom land on our left, being partly well timbered by the swampy nature of the ground, was the scene of daily skirmishing, and from the superior position of their guns, and their closer proximity to the bridge, it was indisputably in the enemy's possession, and was well defended by elaborate works. The distance of the enemy's right was not more than four miles from Richmond; that of their left about seven miles.

M'Clellan did not attempt to push his left and centre across the Chickahominy until more than a week after the tents and flags of his right were seen around Mechanicsville; in fact, the weather was unsuitable, and the proposed line of formation was in an unhealthy swamp of woods and fields. The circumstances left M'Clellan no choice. Between Richmond and the Chickahominy there is an insensible fall of the land, and we had already occupied the relatively higher position, where the lands were better cultivated and

drier, and less encumbered with timber. Our line being thus formed, M'Clellan had no alternative but to camp his forces in counter line, although he must have seen that his hospitals would soon be crowded, from chills, fevers, ague, and rheumatism among his troops.

Having taken up his position, M'Clellan began to fortify various points, and particularly the continuations of the five roads mentioned which passed through his lines. Thousands of men were daily employed in throwing up earthworks, building new or repairing old roads, felling timber to uncover our front, and locate his divisions, so that for a few days scarcely a shot was exchanged by pickets, save on our left, and *there* Fitz-John Porter's sharpshooters and our own were blazing away night and day. As it was for some time considered probable that the enemy would attempt to force the James, our right was extended two miles towards it; but after the repulse at Drury's Bluff, there seemed to be no further indications of any new attempt, and Longstreet removed his division, and camped in regular line across the Charles City road.

Our effective force, including Huger's arrival from Norfolk, was about 80,000; it could not have been much more, for the strength of the several divisions was not near their maximum; and our army, as well as M'Clellan's, was terribly weakened by sickness and ailments of various kinds; in our case arising from insufficient clothing, poor flour, and bad bacon, owing to the poverty of our commissariat. M'Clellan confesses to have lost 30,000 men, from all causes, since

his operations began on the peninsula (March) up to the middle of May. This appears incredible, but we have his own words to vouch for the fact. Our loss from all causes was great, but not a tenth of this number. The transports of the enemy brought immense supplies of every kind up to the head of the York River (West Point), and depôts were numerous up the Pamunkey, being easily supplied thence to the army by excellent roads, and the York River Railroad, which Johnson, in retreat, wisely or unwisely, left intact. The Northern merchantmen also ascended the James River, steamed up the Chickahominy, and made immense deposits of all things along its banks, conveniently in the rear. Guns and munitions were thus abundantly provided, and ere many weeks, M'Clellan's army was snugly provided for in their lines before Richmond.

Our generals, as usual, were calculating upon the capture of this booty, before many suns had set. In fact, it has been suggested, and I believe it to be true, that Johnson's only reason for leaving the York River Railroad untouched in his retreat, was to invite the enemy to make immense deposits at the depôts in West Point, and along the Pamunkey, in order eventually that himself and Jackson, by combined movements, should capture all, and replenish our exhausted stores. Be this as it may, it is certain that inconceivable quantities of baggage and *matériel* accumulated in the rear, and so confident were Northern merchants of M'Clellan's success, that *they* also gathered immense stores in the rear, so as to be able to open sales

in Richmond simultaneously with its occupation! Ridiculous as this may seem, the most incontestable facts prove it to be true.

Both armies had now been nearly a month in position, and did nothing from day to day but skirmish, and waste ammunition in fruitless cannonades. Our men were camped in the woods and fields adjacent to the roads; picket-guards, strong bodies of skirmishers with supports, presented an unbroken front to the enemy, but they did not seem inclined to take the initiative. Whole brigades were in line in open fields, night and day, within a mile of the enemy, inviting an attack, yet the foe never came from the woods, but contented himself with throwing up formidable redoubts, and creeping towards Richmond inch by inch. It was evidently M'Clellan's wish to avoid a field fight, his idea being either to starve us out, or gradually get near enough to shell Richmond at discretion. Every inducement was held out by Johnson to draw the enemy from their works and woods into the open space before us, but his endeavours were unavailing.

At length it became known to our commanders that M'Clellan designed moving his left and centre nearer to us, and it was determined to attack him before his heavy masses could be brought up in proper order. Several reconnaissances were made to test the truth of the information we had received, and it was also confirmed by the daily reports of our pickets. In due time all doubt was removed. General Casey drove in our pickets, and camped on the Williamsburg road, within a mile of us; the left centre and centre of the

enemy down the railway and Nine Mile Road were at the same time thrown forward, and every appearance indicated that they meant to precipitate an action. In this attitude of expectation I must leave the two armies for a short time, in order to follow the fortunes of Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley.

CHAPTER XXV.

Occurrences in the Shenandoah Valley—Battles of "Front Royal," May 23—Capture of Winchester and Thousands of Prisoners by Jackson—Rout of Banks's Corps—Immense Booty.

ASHTON's letter from the Valley * read as follows:—

"Our retreat after the battle of Kearnstown was very rapid and fatiguing: Jackson forced his men along the Valley Pike all night, for we were but few in number, and Shields' forces very large. Without much rest, we pushed through Strasburg, and took the road towards Charlottesville, and had thus got a start of over twenty miles ere the enemy's cavalry came in sight. Ashby, as usual, was in the rear, and nobly beat back the foe, and saved us from annihilation; every rise in the road was disputed by him, until at last the Federals seemed weary of fighting, and contented themselves with hovering in the rear.

"At Harrisonburg the enemy gave up the pursuit, but we continued our route, ten miles farther, to McGackeysville, having travelled the whole distance of seventy miles without halting for more than a few hours. At McGackeysville we found that Ewell, with a force of 10,000 men, had crossed the Blue Ridge,

* See end of Chapter XXIII., p. 311.

and formed a junction with Jackson. This surprised us, it having been thought that his division was with Johnson; it appeared, however, that he had been hovering around Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock, watching a division of M'Dowell, who held the nucleus of a force * destined to march on Richmond from the west, while M'Clellan made his attack on the east. Knowing that M'Dowell dared not move alone, and that Shields threatened to annihilate Jackson, Ewell had wisely crossed the Ridge and hastened to our assistance.

"It was now hoped by all, that Shields would leave the Valley, push on through Harrisonburg, and attack us at McGackeysville; but, after some days, it was ascertained that he remained enjoying the fruits of the battle of Kearnstown, and was waiting until Milroy and Blenker should clear Western Virginia, and arrive on a line with him, when they would all join M'Dowell at Fredericksburg. Jackson was not many days at McGackeysville, when a courier from the Georgian, Colonel Johnson, arrived, and informed him that Blenker and Milroy, with their Dutch division, were advancing eastward in Western Virginia, and that his small force of 1,500 men was falling back before them.

"When this news was received, Jackson, finding his original command fully rested, left Ewell's force of 10,000 at McGackeysville, and sallied out during the night, none knew whither. Keeping to the moun-

* This force, in addition to his own division, was to consist of the troops of Banks and Shields from the Shenandoah Valley, and those of Milroy, Blenker, and Fremont, from Western Virginia.

tains until he arrived at Port Republic, he struck the Valley Pike there, proceeded on, by night and day, towards Staunton, and then, without entering the town, shaped his course north-west through the mountains. After a fatiguing march of seventy miles in three days, through valleys, over mountains, and along frightfully muddy roads, he arrived at 9 A.M., May 10th, in sight of Colonel Johnson's little force, which was drawn up in a narrow valley, at a village called M'Dowell, with the heavy brigades of Milroy and Blenker in line of battle before him. This valley was not more than 200 yards wide, having steep mountains on either hand, that on our left being called Bull Pasture Mountain. Jackson's men having been allowed a rest of two hours, he and Johnson immediately prepared for battle, and skirmishing began in all directions.

Milroy and Blenker seemed confident of success, and handled their troops admirably: they had several pieces of artillery, we had none. At 2 P.M., the fight commenced in earnest, and Jackson immediately pushed his men forward to bring matters to a crisis. Observing that they suffered from our incessant and accurate musketry fire, and that their commands would not stand close work, Milroy and Blenker marched their men by the right flank up, and on, to Bull Pasture Mountain, leaving their artillery strongly posted on the mountain to our right, thinking to gain an elevated position, and destroy us. Their artillery was a great annoyance, but we soon followed the plan of our enemy —marched up the mountain by the left flank, and when arrived at the top, fighting as we went, found it to be an

admirable place for an engagement, being perfectly flat. The contest was here renewed with great fury, and we drove the enemy a considerable distance, until night put an end to hostilities, and the enemy slunk off in the darkness. Arrangements were made in expectation of the engagement being renewed in the morning, but when our pickets, finding no opposition, moved forward a considerable distance, it was discovered that the foe had left their dead and wounded, together with a quantity of stores, and had hastily decamped.

"Every arrangement was instantly made for pursuit, and ere midnight our cavalry scouts came in and reported that large fires were seen burning in the direction of Franklin, and that in the hurry and confusion of defeat and a forced march, immense supplies lay along the road, and that quantities were burning in all directions. We buried our own dead, about 100 in number, and that of the enemy, some 300, and at daylight commenced the pursuit. The distance to Franklin was forty miles, and the road one of the roughest that mortal was ever doomed to travel; but so rapid were the movements of the enemy that, although we travelled the forty miles in less than twenty hours, they had reached Franklin before us, and were drawn up in a strong position, occupying the right and left of a road that ran between two mountains, Franklin being in their rear. Jackson thought it probable we might be able to flank them, and sent out a force of cavalry to reconnoitre, who reported that not a single road or cow-path was discovered by which we could get round the enemy.

They had artillery on the hills, and every movement we made was clearly seen by them, so that it was deemed unadvisable to attack with our small force, strongly posted as they were, and inaccessible except in front, through the gorge.

"Learning that his success at M'Dowell had so frightened Milroy and Blenker that they had called upon Fremont, who was a few marches behind, Jackson determined to deceive them and fall back. After remaining at Franklin part of two days, he ordered his cavalry to be unusually active and make incessant demonstrations in all quarters; if necessary, they were to fall back on M'Dowell, leaving the enemy to infer that strong forces were near at hand; Jackson in the meanwhile refreshed his own and Johnson's men, and began to retreat through M'Dowell more swiftly than he had advanced. Marching at a rapid rate, he reached the Valley Pike at Mount Crawford, eighteen miles from Staunton, and learned that Banks's force had fallen back from Harrisonburg to Strasburg. Moving at a fast rate down the Valley Pike, Jackson proceeded onwards to Newmarket, and was there joined by Ewell's force of 10,000, which had been awaiting us at Swift Run Gap. Our whole force now amounted to about 14,000 men. After a little rest we all proceeded across the Shenandoah Mountains, and camped near Lurah, in Page Valley, about twelve miles from Front Royal—the rear of Banks's army in the Valley.

"This requires some explanation. When Shields found Jackson strongly posted at McGackeysville, he declined to advance against him, as I have already mentioned,

and withdrawing his forces from between Woodstock and Harrisonburg, he regained the Valley, determined to push on towards M'Dowell at Fredericksburg, and commence the 'on to Richmond' movement from the west. Banks, also, had the same destination, having his force scattered up and down the Valley, the rear being at Front Royal. Blenker and Milroy were similarly bound through Western Virginia, but their defeat had diverted Fremont from his proper route, who immediately went to their assistance. Thinking, therefore, that Jackson was busily engaged in that distant quarter, and not likely to trouble them in the Valley again, Banks and Shields were quietly making their way towards Fredericksburg, unconscious of danger, when, on the morning of May 22nd, Jackson and Ewell, with 14,000 men, were meditating an attack on their rear.

"To make all sure, Ewell was detached with 10,000 men to seize Winchester, the enemy's grand depôt, before they could turn and flee, and—as Banks would be obliged to pass through that town—to man the fortifications, and keep him to the southward, while Jackson should strike his column on the flanks, and seize the baggage. With this object Ewell started northwards, and we southwards, towards Front Royal. Although we had been camped within twelve miles of the latter place several days, our movements and position had been kept so secret that the Federal commandant knew nothing of our presence until the attack was actually made on the morning of the 23rd of May. The Louisianians, as skirmishers, having encircled the place, Jackson, in battle array, marched up to the village, and

after some little fighting captured the 1st Federal Maryland Regiment, 700 strong, under command of Colonel Kenly, and immediately seized the town, together with immense stores. During the afternoon our cavalry attacked the enemy at Buckton station on the railroad, and after smart skirmishing, captured several hundred prisoners, and such quantities of stores that they had to be destroyed. Judge of Banks's astonishment when informed of this! Never dreaming of such a trick, he had established extensive depôts up and down the valley — that at Winchester being worth millions of dollars. He had but one way to retreat—by the Valley Pike—and that was held by us; with Ewell marching rapidly towards Winchester to seize the fortifications, and get still farther in his rear.

"We had accomplished much at Front Royal and Buckton station, and, expecting that Banks would not attempt to move for several days, were meditating proper methods of attack along their line of retreat, for Banks had a very large army, and could not well be assailed in regular form by our small force; but judge of our surprise when, next morning (24th), word was brought that Banks's whole command was racing up the Pike towards Winchester at an awful rate, and in the wildest excitement. Such marching you never saw—cavalry and infantry and baggage-waggons were dashing along at headlong speed in hot haste to reach Winchester, the roads being strewn for miles with every imaginable article known to campaigning. Our cavalry and infantry attacked them at all points, and in every conceivable way; but this army of 20,000 men pushed

along, running and fighting as they went, jumping over fences, leaving waggons, cannon, and thousands of prisoners in our hands. Cavalry were incessantly charging the foe or driving batches of prisoners to the rear. Now the enemy's infantry would halt, and make a show of fighting, but our men gave a yell and a volley, our cavalry plunged into their broken ranks, and they were ruthlessly cut down. In truth, we had been marched and overworked too much to take full advantage of the glorious opportunity now presented; but all did the best they could. The retreat of the enemy was so rapid that it was impossible for infantry to keep up with them, and most of the duty devolved on cavalry. They seized hundreds of fresh cavalry horses, remounted, and were again after the enemy at full gallop, capturing scores of prisoners every mile, and yet the pursuit continued all day.

"At the village of Middleton a New Jersey regiment of horse turned to fight, but our cavalry rode against them so furiously that the enemy were instantly unhorsed, 50 of them being killed, 100 wounded, and 250 captured; so that from waggons, baggage, dead, wounded, and prisoners, the roads were almost impassable. Waggons by the dozen were driven from the road, and the traces having been cut, the teams might be seen running wildly about in all directions. The scene was that of Manassas over again. Every field was crowded with fugitives who waited to be captured, while scores of ambulances were filled with footsore or wounded Federals, and driven to the rear, the men seeming speechless from astonishment.

Colonels, majors, captains, rank and file, were marched indiscriminately to the rear, while on dashed our wearied cavalry, pistolling and cutting down the still retreating enemy. So it continued all day long on the 24th, until, perfectly broken down with the labour, we camped at Newtown, a few miles from Winchester.

"Ewell had not been able to get into Winchester before Banks arrived; and as the place was strongly fortified, Jackson deferred all attack until the 25th, by which time it was hoped our exhausted infantry would arrive. For miles along the road towards and beyond Winchester, large and innumerable fires told that the enemy were destroying their supplies, and already on their retreat towards the Potomac. Such a sight I could never have conceived. The whole country seemed on fire, yet every approach towards Winchester was still as death, which led many to suppose we should have a hard fight before gaining the town on the morrow.

"We had between two and three hundred waggons in our possession untouched, and supplies of every description beyond calculation, so that our wearied and famished soldiery enjoyed themselves hugely, and did not care a straw what the morrow might bring forth. We had beaten Banks—that was an all-sufficing fact; and Jackson, who had been cursed for his long marches and incessant fighting, was now idolized, and every one saw into and loudly applauded his rapid movements and his unexampled success. Standing on a hill near our camps, the sight on the night of the 24th was awfully grand; whichever way the eye might turn, fires illuminated the dark and distant landscape,

and it seemed that the destruction and loss to the enemy were incalculable. Their immense amount of supplies and baggage is explained by the fact that this part of the Valley had been used as the grand depôt, not only for Banks himself, but for supplying the commands of Shields, Fremont, Milroy, Blenker, and others, besides the accumulated stores destined for M'Dowell. Such a race, riot, confusion, loss in men and matériel as Banks suffered on that eventful day are totally beyond my power to describe.

"Early on the morning of the 25th, Jackson began to move on Winchester. Dense columns of smoke issuing from the town made it evident that the enemy were busily engaged in burning stores; but as Jackson did not relish this idea, he pushed forward, and, meeting with a feeble resistance, we rushed into the town, driving the foe through every street; even women and children assisting us by throwing brickbats, or whatever they conveniently could, from the windows. The fight was neither long nor sanguinary; the Federals were more scared than hurt, yet our cavalry commenced a hot pursuit, and hung within a few yards of their rear, fighting and chasing them in the same style as the day before. By our opportune arrival, much property was saved of incalculable value, including several hundred boxes of new arms of various sorts, for all branches of the service, besides a vast supply of medicines, a few cannon, and countless articles of value.

"It was about noon ere the pursuit commenced in force; and as our men were now well clothed, and provided with an abundance of all the necessaries and

many of the luxuries of life, all were gay and anxious to push forward, and, if possible, drive the enemy into the Potomac. Hurrying forward towards Charleston, we found that Banks had shaped his course towards Williamsport, and ere he had crossed over to that town, our advance was well up with him; while the number of dead, wounded, and prisoners along the road showed what havoc Ashby had made amongst the foe with his cavalry. Hats, caps, muskets, boots, waggons, dead, wounded, prisoners, burning stores, sabres, pistols, &c., lined every yard of the road, while hundreds of fatigued and famished Yankees concealed themselves in every wood, making their way towards the Potomac as best they could, footsore, unarmed, ragged, and totally demoralized. Had our men been marched less, and fully recruited from their terrible mountain fights and journeys, it would have been impossible for Banks to have drawn off a single regiment; but, as we were far more fatigued than they, the punishment inflicted and the vigour of our pursuit were not half as effective as they might have been. Never giving up, however, Ashby still hung on their rear, and unmercifully thrashed them whenever they turned to fight. At last, totally prostrated from fatigue, and helpless as children, we reached the vicinity of Williamsport, on the evening of the 26th, and found that all who remained of the enemy had effected a passage across the river at different points, and were safe in Maryland.

"The bare idea of our excessive labour during the pursuit on the 24th, 25th, and 26th, is enough to terrify me, for the whole route travelled was more than

fifty miles, and every furlong of it witnessed an encounter of some sort, so that when we found the foe had escaped, most of us felt infinite relief. The complete details of our success can never be known, but, speaking roughly, we had captured thousands of prisoners, killed and wounded hundreds more, seized miles of baggage-waggons, immense stores of every imaginable description, together with many cannons, thousands of small arms, ammunition by hundreds of tons, clothing, medicines, public documents of value, thousands of shoes, and had burned millions' worth of property for want of transportation. Throughout the whole route from Strasburg to Williamsport, in every lane and every field, booty still lay where the enemy had left it, and for many days after our arrival on the Potomac, cavalry had little else to do but sally forth, and pick up small parties of prisoners endeavouring to make their way to the river. All description of this memorable defeat of the enemy under Banks must fall short of the reality. Such sights I never expected to behold in the whole course of my existence. The confusion, rout, noise, destruction, incessant discharge of arms, the utter prostration and consternation of the enemy were appalling, and, although I know nothing of this kind will ever be heard North, and that the Federal leaders will speak lightly of the facts,* God forbid that any army of

* The following Northern items regarding these events will not be uninteresting, as illustrative of their feeling and "exaggeration of truth," viz.:—

"*Washington, May 26th.*—We have passed a very exciting day in Washington. The intelligence received last evening to the effect that

ours should be so broken up and so totally demoralized as was that of the vain-glorious and arrant

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General Banks had fallen back from Strasburg to Winchester, was understood to indicate rather a precautionary measure on his part, than the result of any immediate movement of the enemy. The tidings of this morning, announcing the occupation of Winchester by Jackson, and the withdrawal of Banks, after an engagement of six hours in the direction of Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, placed matters in a new light, and aroused serious apprehensions, not only for the safety of his little command, but for the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, the city of Baltimore, and even the capital. Later in the day the reports of the rioting in Baltimore and of the rout of the entire force of Banks, by the quick march and overwhelming numbers of Jackson, intensified the excitement. The secessionist sympathizers, too greatly elated to conceal their joy, openly expressed their belief that the host of Jeff. Davis will overrun Maryland and the district within twenty-four hours."

One Truth about the War told by a Yankee.—Wilson, says a Northern journal, one of the senators from Massachusetts in the Yankee Congress, confessed or charged the other day, in a speech from his desk, that there was an organized system of lying practised in the management of the war. This is probably the first truth that Wilson himself has ever told about the war. It is notorious that old Scott justifies lying as a necessary part of the science of war. To such a mind, treason to his native State, his hereditary sovereign, presented no difficulty. It is probable that he first introduced the system of lying as a part of the strategy of war, and, indeed, as the means of beginning it, for he was at Washington for some months before the close of Buchanan's administration. The first lie that we remember, bearing directly on the beginning of hostilities, was the pledge made by Buchanan to the South Carolina delegation in Congress that the military status of Charleston harbour should not be changed. The pledge was violated on the night of the 26th December, 1860, by Major Anderson removing his forces from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, and attempting to destroy the defences of the former. The second important lie in the initiation of hostilities was the assembling of troops in force at Washington on the pretext that an attack would be made on the capital, and the inauguration of Lincoln would not otherwise be permitted. The third was, the assurance that due notice would be given to the authorities of Charleston, if it were determined to reinforce or provision Fort Sumter. The notice was not given until the fleet despatched for the purpose was presumed to be at the mouth of Charleston harbour. But we have no idea of going further with the narrative. The lying of the Yankee Government,

Abolitionist General N. P. Banks! How many millions of dollars they have lost in this retreat of three days

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generals, newspapers, and people about the war, is an Augean stable into which we will neither take our readers nor go ourselves.

NORTHERN ACCOUNT OF "FRONT ROYAL" AND "WINCHESTER."—The following extract from the correspondence of the *New York World* admits the defeat of the Federals, and tries to palliate it by exaggerating the superiority of the Confederates in numbers:—

"William H. Mapes, commanding pioneer corps, arrived and reported to Colonel Kenley, who gave orders immediately where they should be stationed, and they continued with the remainder of the little force, doing noble service, and holding in check successfully not less than six times their number. Seeing the danger of their position, the commander of the brigade gave the order to retreat, which they did in excellent order, across the Shenandoah. Mapes was then ordered to burn the bridge, which was accordingly fired, by placing upon it piles of fence rails, but was not destroyed. The rebels came on so closely and hotly that we were driven away, and did not succeed in the attempt. They soon arrived, and crossed the bridge on the north branch of the Shenandoah, which they succeeded in firing and destroying, but not, however, in detaining the rebels, who, cavalry and infantry, plunged in and forded it, and were soon upon the other side.

"Soon was received the unwelcome news that the enemy had surrounded them, flanking them with superior numbers right and left.

"Our men, undaunted, dashed upon them with such vigour as to effect their escape, and cut their way out from the coils of the rebels thrown around them, not, however, without being again surrounded and so effectually beset on every side, behind and before, with the most insurmountable superiority, both in the numbers and freshness of the rebel troops, that they were completely destroyed or captured, together with their noble colonel and other field officers.

"The severity of the fight beggars all attempt at description."

(The enemy tried to effect their retreat through Winchester, and the same writer gives a graphic account of the disasters attending that retreat, and the still greater slaughter at Winchester.)

"Presently General Williams, who had not left Strasburg, came riding rapidly with his staff to the head of the column, and the soldiers raised a hearty cheer as he passed, which continued up the column as he advanced up the front. General Banks soon followed, and was greeted with similar manifestations of pleasure and confidence in their commander.

will never be known, and perhaps cannot be calculated; but this I do know, that we are now wallowing in the

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"We followed closely, and the road was filled with waggons, some broken down, others with the mules cut suddenly away, and all deserted by their drivers, who had taken fright on the appearance of a few of the enemy's cavalry, and fled in a Bull Run stampede.

"The infantry were kept somewhat in the rear until the general and his body-guard had advanced, to ascertain the position of the enemy, and the space between was filled with the baggage waggons, which were being repossessed by their timorous guardians, under the inspiring influence of waggon-master's whip, who, enraged at the cowardly rout, was driving them back with unmerciful lashes to their deserted charges. Men were now seen flocking back, and the baggage train was again supplied with teamsters.

* * * * *

"The other end of our column encountered the force which was to have been sent to attack our rear. First the Zouaves d'Afrique, body-guard of General Banks, has been stationed in the rear, to burn the bridge across Meadow Creek, three miles from Strasburg, after all had passed except the cavalry, under General Hatch, who was yet to come up and ford the river. While they were besmearing the bridge with tar, unexpecting any danger, the enemy charged down upon them from the mountain on the left, cutting them up in the most unmerciful manner, and capturing all of them except five.

* * * * *

"Presently there was a commotion, a sobbing among the women, and a running to and fro, which brought me to my feet in time to find our forces were started on a retreat; and, as I saw flames rising from the burning buildings not far off, and heavy volumes of smoke roll upward from them, I began to realize that we were to abandon Winchester. The enemy were in the other end of the town, as the rattle and echo of the musketry up the streets and between the houses most plainly indicated. All the streets were in commotion. Cavalry were rushing away in disorder, and infantry, frightened by the rapidity of their mounted companions, were in consternation. All were trying to escape faster than their neighbours, dreading most of all to be the last.

"Presently the enemy's cannon boomed in the rear, and a small cloud of smoke in the sky, suddenly appearing, and then dissolving, showed where the shell had exploded. Some shells fell among our men, and the panic was quite general for a short time. Guns, knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, bayonets, and bayonet-cases, lay scattered upon the ground in great confusion, thrown away by the panic-stricken soldiers.

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luxuries of life, and Jackson has sufficient stores to last an indefinite time, should we successfully transport them out of the Valley. Excuse haste, and believe me yours,

"ASHTON."

"Colonel Gordon and staff are safe; also General Williams and staff. While retreating through Winchester, women from the houses opened fire of pistols upon our soldiers, and killed a great many of them."

My reader will not fail to observe from the above, that General Banks's body-guard is composed of negroes, and that the women of Winchester killed "a great many" of the Yankees.

END OF VOL I.

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